★ May 1, 1948

THE NEW YORKER

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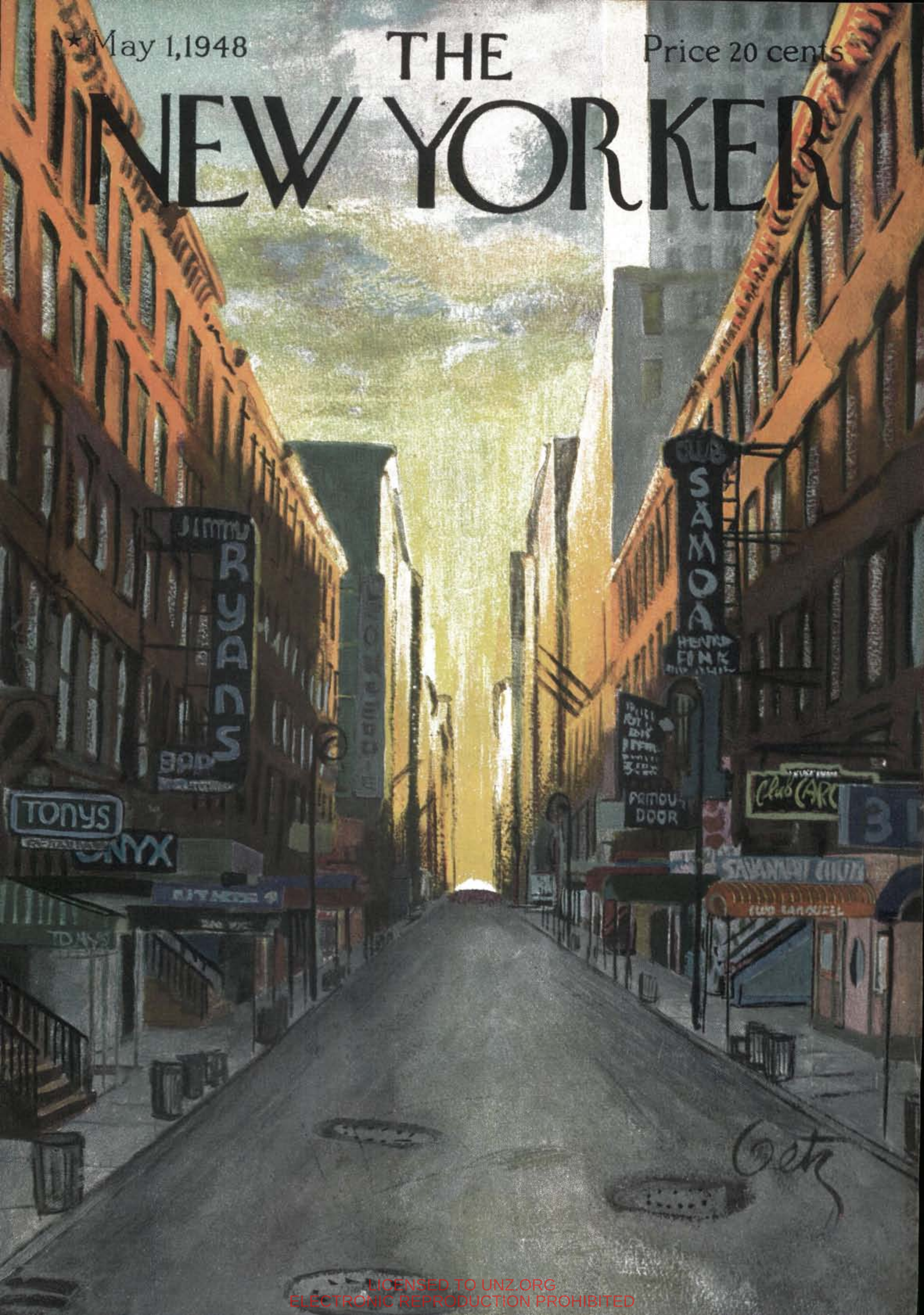
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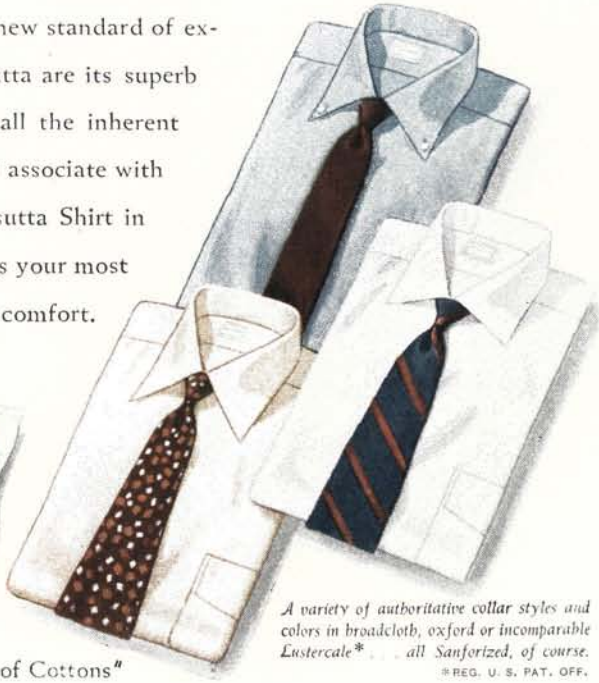

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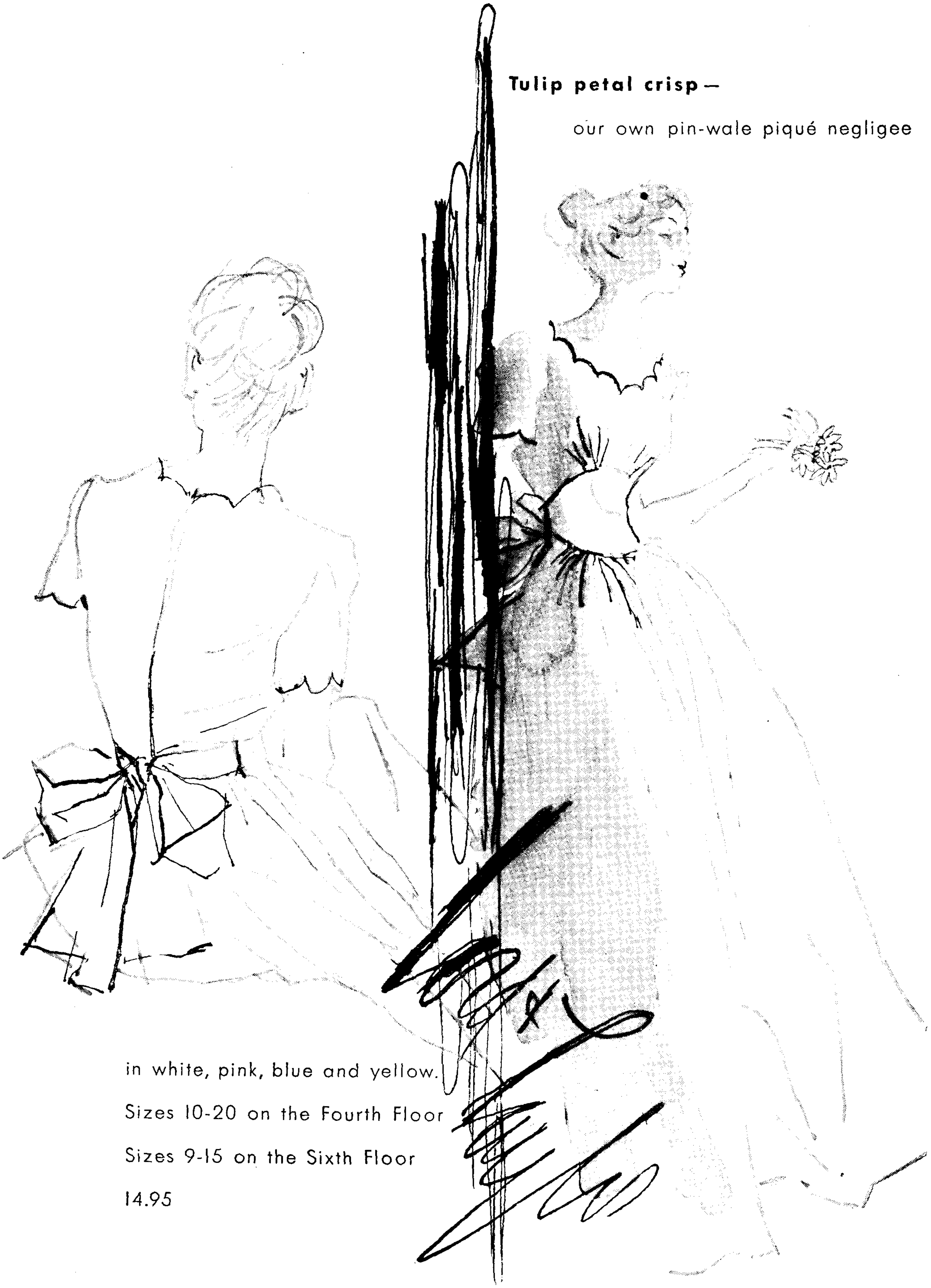

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New York Manh

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Command Decision—Even though this play about a heroic officer and the bitter choice he has to make may remind you of a lot of others, it is a sound, tense piece of work. Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, Paul McGrath, and Edmon Ryan. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Cup of Trembling—Elisabeth Bergner is very talented and appealing in this otherwise exasperating account of how a dipsomaniac got the way she is. Millard Mitchell, Anthony Ross, John Carradine, and Arlene Francis are among those who try to straighten her out. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

For Love or Money—Young June Lockhart's really exemplary performance is all the important news about this comedy. John Loder and Vicki Cummings assist her with the silly plot. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Heiress—Ruth and Augustus Goetz, aided by Jed Harris's resourceful direction, have turned the Henry James novel concerning the brutal jilting of a plain girl into an absorbing play. Wendy Hiller, Basil Rathbone, and Patricia Collinge are in the capable cast. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Joy to the World—Lively staging is not quite enough to save this rather untidy mixture of Hollywood humor and political argument. Alfred Drake and Marsha Hunt are very decorative in the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Man and Superman—Mr. Shaw's 1903 essay on women and marriage has been accorded a splendid production by Maurice Evans, who also stars in it, but it still shows its age. Frances Rowe, Carmen Mathews, Malcolm Keen, and Chester Stratton. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Me and Molly—The Goldberg family of radio fame comes to something that is well short of life but intermittently amusing. With Gertrude Berg, who wrote it, and Philip Loeb. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Medea—Judith Anderson giving what may easily be a historic performance in Robinson Jeffers' adaptation of the tragedy. She is respectfully abetted by Dennis King and Florence Reed. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mister Roberts—One of the best books about the war made into one of the most rewarding stage comedies in several seasons. Henry Fonda, Robert Keith, David Wayne, and William Harrigan lead an excellent cast. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Respectful Prostitute—Meg Mundy gives a very touching performance in Jean-Paul Sartre's generally effective melodrama dealing with the race problem. "The Happy Journey," by Thornton Wilder, serves as a curtain-raiser. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

Strange Bedfellows—A comedy about some early suffragists that has its funny moments but also, unfortunately, a great many foolish ones. With Joan Tetzel and John Archer. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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A Streetcar Named Desire—Tennessee Williams' tremendously compelling and eloquent drama concerning the tragic end of a woman's life. Jessica Tandy, Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Kim Hunter head the superb cast. Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Winslow Boy—Terence Rattigan has gone to a British *cause célèbre* for this good, moving play having to do with a naval cadet and his suit against the Crown. The company, brought over from England, includes Alan Webb, Frank Allenby, and Valerie White. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 1.)

Long Runs—born yesterday: Paul Douglas and Judy Holliday in the piece about a conniving junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **harvey:** Josephine Hull, the familiar rabbit, and, now, Jack Buchanan. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Play's the Thing—Louis Calhern in P. G. Wodehouse's adaptation of the Molnar play. Directed by Gilbert Miller and produced by Mr. Miller, James Russo, and Michael Ellis. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Allegro—An elaborate account of thirty-five years in a man's life, which might have made a pretty soap opera. Richard Rodgers' songs are better than Oscar Hammerstein's book and Agnes de Mille's dances, but even they are below standard. The principals are Annamary Dickey, John Battles, John Conte, Roberta Jonay, and Lisa Kirk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Angel in the Wings—Six of the nineteen numbers in this revue contain the Hartmans, and these are all wonderful. The other sketches, which include Hank Ladd, Nadine Gae, and Peter Hamilton, are fairly routine, but perhaps it doesn't matter. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Button Shoes—Nanette Fabray's piercing birdcalls and Jerome Robbins' preposterous Mack Sennett ballet are the high points here, but it is all quite good sport. With Phil Silvers, Joey Faye, Jack McCauley, and Mark Dawson. (Shubert, *44th St., W. CI 6-5990.* Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!—The ballet is the butt of most of the jokes in this comedy, and Nancy Walker delivers them hilariously. Jerome Robbins has arranged a couple of nice dances, though by no means his best; Hugh Martin is responsible for the songs; *and in* the cast are Harold Lang, Janet Reed, Katharine Sergava, and Alice Pearce. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Make Mine Manhattan—This revue offers at least two superlatively funny numbers and some others that are funny enough. David Burns and Sid Caesar are the leading comics, Arnold B. Horwitt wrote the book, and Richard Lewine turned out the songs. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—annie get your gun: Ethel Merman as the lady sharpshooter. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **brigadoon:** Melodic Scottish whimsey. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **finian's rainbow:** A leprechaun in the Deep South. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **oklahoma!:** Grandpa himself. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:30; Sunday evenings at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(There are *often last-minute* changes, so you'd be wise to verify the dates and curtain times.)

Inside U.S.A.—Beatrice Lillie and Jack Haley

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in a musical revue with sketches by Arnold Auerbach, Moss Hart, and Arnold B. Horwitt. The music is by Arthur Schwartz and the lyrics are by Howard Dietz. Produced by Mr. Schwartz. Opens Friday, April 30. (New Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Habimah—The National Theatre of Palestine, presenting a repertory of four plays in Hebrew. Opens Saturday, May 1, with "The Dybbuk," which will continue through Thursday, May 6. "David's Crown" will be presented for six days starting Saturday, May 8. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Fridays, at 8:30. Matinées Sundays and Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Hold It!—A musical comedy with a book by Art Arthur and Matt Brooks, a score by Gerald Marks, and lyrics by Sam Lerner. The cast includes Johnny Downs, Red Buttons, and Jet McDonald. Produced by Sammy Lambert and directed by Robert Perry. Opens Wednesday, May 5. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:30.)

Sally—Willie Howard in a revival of the Jerome Kern musical. The lyrics are by P. G. Wodehouse and Clifford Grey, and the book is by Guy Bolton. Produced by Hunt Stromberg, Jr., and William Berney, and directed by Billy Gilbert. Opens Thursday, May 6. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Alchemist—Ben Jonson's comedy, the first of three plays to be presented by the New York City Theatre Company, which includes José Ferrer, George Coulouris, Hiram Sherman, and Nan McFarland. The director is Morton Da Costa. Opens Thursday, May 6. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—No tent, but everything else. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Performances daily at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M. The doors open at 1 and 7, to accommodate those who like to amble around among the sideshows in the basement.)

Billie Holiday—The Fifty-second Street blues singer, backed up by Cozy Cole, the drummer; the Slam Stewart Trio; and several others. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mondays and Tuesdays, at 9; extra performance Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. May close Sunday, May 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Theatre—Final performances—Thursday evening, April 29: "Les Sylphides," "Pillar of Fire," and "Shadow of the Wind." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 30: "Theme and Variations," "Fall River Legend," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 1: "Princess Aurora," "Fancy Free," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 1: "Aleko," "Pas de Quatre," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 2: "Aleko," "Tally-Ho," "Pas de Deux," and "Interplay." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 2: "Theme and Variations," "Fall River Legend," and "Pillar of Fire." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 4: "Billy the Kid," "Facsimile," "Fall River Legend," and "On Stage!" . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 5: "Gala Performance," "Undertow," and "Shadow of the Wind." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 6: "Les Sylphides," "Fall River Legend," "Pas de Deux," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 7: "Petrouchka," "Interplay," and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 8: "Interplay," "Petrouchka," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 8: "Romeo and Juliet," "Pas de Deux," "Fall River Legend," and "Theme and Variations." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

new ballets—

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tante." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 30: "Renard," "Orpheus," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 1: "Punch and the Child," "Renard," and "Symphonie Concertante." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 1: "Punch and the Child," "Elégie," "Orpheus," and "Symphony in C." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8980. Evenings at 8:45. Matinée at 2:30.)

Dance Recital—Jane Dudley, Sophie Maslow, and William Bales, with their dance group. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday evening, May 1, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, unless otherwise noted.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—In the Trianon Room, the orchestra of Lary Siry, one of Park Avenue's earliest and most prominent settlers. No dancing on Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Carlos Molina's rumba band and Harold Nagel's orchestra provide an almost continuous musicale in the lofty Bowman Room. Closed Sundays.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—A great big show that is quite beautiful but (except for the cavortings of Mata and Hari) just a little bit dumb. Dance music by Billy Banks' band.

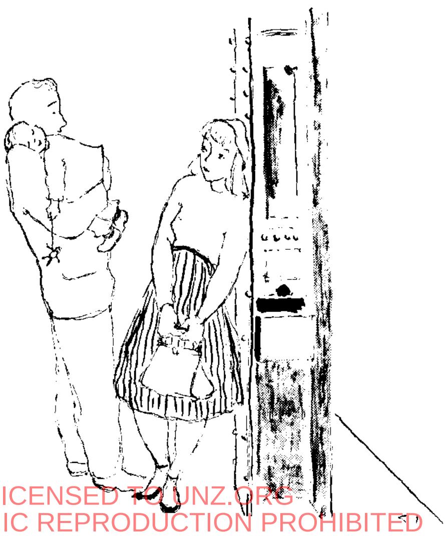
Le Directoire, 128 E. 58th St. (MU 8-2150)—The Williams Brothers, throwing their own (and sometimes Kay Thompson's) weight around in lively style. Miss Thompson is also supported by Ted Straeter's resplendent dance band, Gao's rumba band, and a disappearing stage.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—As much of a fixture in Ivy League curricula as the Senior Prom, and often a dead ringer for it. Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's cheerful orchestras. Closed Sundays.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—It all goes to show what can happen when you turn a decorator loose with $0,673,481. Peter Walters is at the piano during cocktails and dinner, and Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing afterward.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—In Manhattan's wilderness, this is Paradise enow for the dress-for-dinner crowd. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room offers a well-behaved show at dinner and supper. Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ A small orchestra plays for tea dancing daily and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre.



Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—In the Persian Room, Florence Desmond, poking very crisp fun at some V.I.P.s. The impeccable Stuart Ross is at the piano. Florian ZaBach's and Mark Monte's orchestras. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Rendez-Vous Room, which is a deep curtsy to the "Merry Widow" days, there are high-style dining and dancing to the music of Payson Ré's and Nycola Matthey's orchestras. Closed Mondays.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Emery Deutsch's decorous orchestra during dinner in the Oval Room; no dancing.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—It's getting close to Commencement Day at the old St. Regis. The Iridium Room, which has débutante-party music by Hal Saunders' orchestra and much bouncier music by Johnny Guarnieri's trio, closes for the summer on Saturday, May 1, and the Maisonette, which has Milt Shaw's and Pepito Arvelo's dance orchestras and Frances Maddux's musings on life in the upper brackets, closes on Monday, May 3. Starting Tuesday, May 4, the Maisonette's two bands will be practically out-of-doors up on the Roof. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra provides the glossy clientele of the Café Lounge with dance music, and a rather placid show provides it with a chance to doze. Tea dancing daily. No show Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A democratic recreation room where deb and subdeb meet on an equal footing. Ernie Warren's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing on Sunday afternoons.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The stately Carl Brisson, pursuing the even tenor of his way through a polite repertory. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band for dancing after nine.

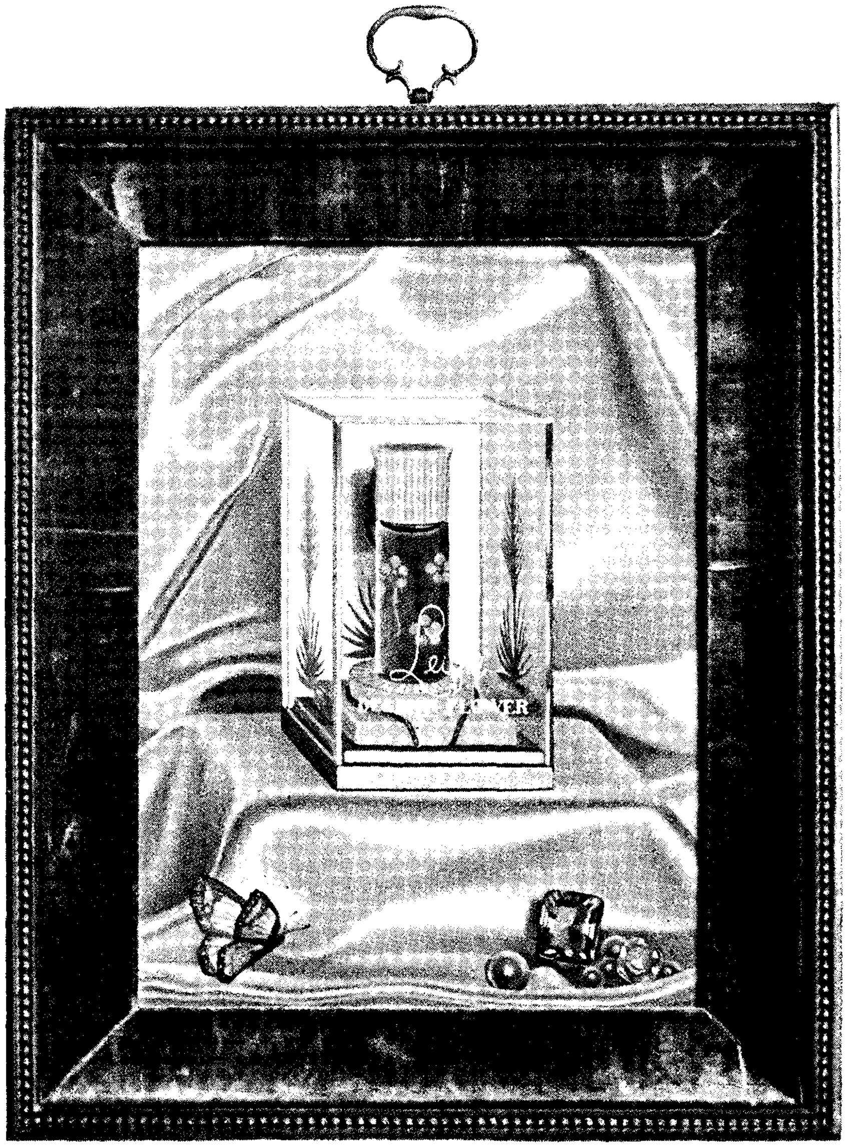
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Tito Guizar, that eloquent refugee from singing-cowhand movies, is in the Sert Room at suppertime, and there is dancing all evening to the neat orchestra of Emil Coleman, aided, at the supper hour, by Mischa Borr's band. No show Sundays. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Except on Sundays, Cy Walter plays intricate piano after nine o'clock and Les Crosley does the honors at cocktails and dinner. . . . **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and a rumba trio play for dancing in this comfortable nook. Closed Sundays. . . . **DORSET BAR,** 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): A sumptuous setting for the piano music of Les Crosley, after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **I-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' circumspect piano music. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): In the implausible starlight, Earl Fox plays the piano after ten-thirty. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-0234): Piano by Bunty Pendleton at the cocktail hour and by Harry Taylor after nine. Closed Sundays. . . . ***LITTLE CASINO,*** *243* Sullivan St. (OR 4-9583): Jimmy Daniels, presiding over a tiny *boîte* that should fondly remind you of the last time you saw Paris. Garland Wilson and Norene Tate at the piano, and Mae Barnes, chanting in a very audible fashion. Closed Mondays. . . . **PENTHOUSE,** 30 W. 59th St. (PL 9-3561): The gay little oriole known as Maxine Sullivan starts chirping from this treetop at ten-thirty, except on Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A throwback to the twenties, what with Faconi's violin music at dinner and the Sonny Kendis Trio after ten. . . . **PERROQUET,** Second Ave. at 58th St. (PL 5-7761): Around ten every night except Mondays, Hugh Shannon gets to work on his

which he sings some *fetching*



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

songs about the world's oldest passion. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): An old-timer still going strong. Jacques Thaler rambles along at the piano after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Russian-hillbilly merriment, together with Western Hemisphere dance music. Closes Sunday, May 2, for the season. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Good-natured Latin-American tumult, interrupted only when the customers indulge in a spot of dancing themselves. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Nightly, except Sundays, Patricia Bright, impersonating a few celebrities, and songs by Tony Craig. . . . **ENCORE**, 9 E. 48th St. (EL 5-8226): The newest of the dusk-till-dawn enterprises has just got under way with Mervyn Nelson, the Deep River Boys, and the Cedric Wallace Trio. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, funnier than anything that's happened here in months. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Irwin Corey, speaking, and Alice Pearce, singing double-talk in five or six languages, one of which sounds like English. Also, Phil Gordon, cutting up at the piano, and the Ellis Larkin Trio. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): Paula Drake's songs are not for the average nursery, but you'll laugh. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Pete Seeger's banjo songs, Louise Howard's clowning, and Melrose Colbert's blues. Dance music by the Ram Ramirez Trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy and her ageless songs-about-town in this worldly hideaway. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Timmie Rogers is the humorist, Gene Rodgers and Cliff Jackson are the solo pianists, and Ed Hall is the leader of the band. Dancing; closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, the Paul Bunyan of the trumpet, along with Joe Sullivan, Georg Brunis, Peanuts Hucko, and other top-grade performers. Tuesday nights are uninhibited free-for-alls, when other masters of the art drop in to take a hand. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Not exactly the ball of fire it used to be, but it still has Billy Butterfield, Bob Haggard, and Pee Wee Russell. Sunday afternoon is visitors' hour here. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Chippie Hill's full-blown singing and Johnny Blower's trio; dancing. Laura Leeds sings, too, Fridays through Sundays. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-0440): Wilbur de Paris's exemplary septet, which includes Sidney de Paris and Buster Bailey, sprinkling Childs' familiar griddle cakes with hot harmonics; dancing. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROYAL ROOST**, Broadway at 47th St. (CI 6-9559): Life under Broadway, paced by the Three Flames. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Errol Garner's trio, of which the important part is, naturally, the boss's piano playing.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Woody Herman's orchestra. On Mondays, dance music until nine only, by a fill-in band. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Ted Steele's orchestra. No dancing on Mondays, and only after eight-thirty on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. . . . **NEW YORKER**, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000): Shep Fields' orchestra (to be replaced, starting Wednesday, May 5, by Ray Eberle's) and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Dick Jurgens' orchestra will be replaced by Larry Clinton's on Monday, May 3. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Lawrence Welk's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

CHARLES CAGLE—Landscapes and portraits, fresh in color and very alive in composition. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St.; through May 1.)

PHILIP EVERGOOD—New paintings, ranging in subject from vociferous social commentary to wholly delightful wry fantasy. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through May 8.)

MAURICE FREEDMAN—Boldly painted, well-organized canvases, chiefly of Maine-coast subjects. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through April 30.)

JAN GELB—Mild-mannered mysticism exemplified in a show of paintings, drawings, and prints. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through May 19.)

MICHEL G. GILBERT—American scenes by a young Frenchman, done with restraint and taste. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.; through April 30.)

GEORGE GROSZ—A series of new, vivid, nightmarelike water colors, portraying the artist's conception of mankind's approaching doom. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through May 1.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French and American painters; through May 1. . . . **JACQUES SELIGMANN**, 5 E. 57th St.: A small, neat group of paintings by six young Americans; through May 5.

DAVID HARE—New sculptures, wiry, airy, and energetic, by an American Surrealist. (Kootz, 15 E. 57th St.; through May 8.)

WILLIAM HARNETT—An unusual opportunity to see a roomful of this nineteenth-century American's strict and unerringly designed still-lifes. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through May 1.)

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE TURF—An almost exhaustingly thoroughgoing collection of paintings of horses and racing scenes, for the benefit of the New York Infirmary. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through May 1.)

RICHARD PETER HOFFMAN—Crisp, stylish abstractions based on Pennsylvania Dutch themes. (Salpeter, 128 E. 56th St. Weekdays, noon to 6 P.M.; through May 8.)

SIV HOLME—Stately and serene abstract figure paintings in muted tones. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; through May 8.)

PAUL KLEE—Forty paintings, most of them newly brought to this country, by this master of delicate simplification. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through May 22.)

LAWRENCE KUPFERMAN—Non-objective paintings, unusually handsome in their color and integration. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through May 1.)

WIFREDO LAM—The Cuban abstractionist, in a new set of savagely oracular paintings. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through May 8.)

RICHARD LIPPOLD—Abstract wire sculptures in a fragile and unusual style. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through May 8.)

SEYMOUR LIPTON—Lead and bronze sculptures, mingling the baroque and the abstract with considerable power, in his first show in five years. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through May 8.)

MARIANO—More of this Cuban painter's lushly colored and intricately filled canvases. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through May 1.)

MODERN FRENCH—At the **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57th St.: Utrillo, Bombois, Vlaminck, and other contemporary painters; through May 15. . . . **CULTURAL DIVISION OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY**, 934 Fifth Ave., at 75th St.: Recent prints by Matisse, Picasso, Braque, and others; through May 22.

CLIFFORD ODETS—Small, bright paintings, whimsical and fairly trivial. (New Art Circle, 42 E. 57th St.; through May 8.)

PAINTINGS OF SHIPS—Monet, Renoir, Pissarro, and other Impressionists, in a series of ingratiating marine studies. (Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57th St.; through May 1.)

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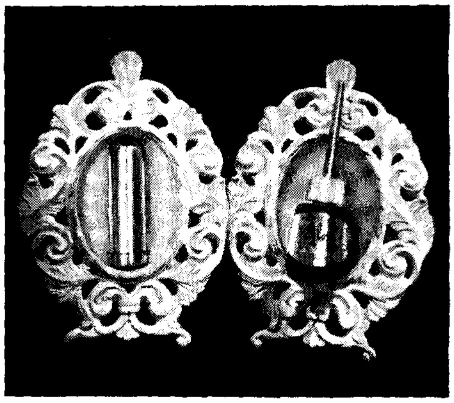

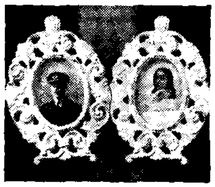

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

landscapes and flower paintings. (Bignou, 32 E. 57th St.; through May 8.)

Post-Impressionists—A generous, carefully selected loan show of works by Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, Seurat, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Rousseau, for the benefit of the Girl Scout Council of Greater New York. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through May 8.)

Vlaminck—Eighteen oils and a couple of water colors, some early, some recent, and all of them worth while. (Lilienfeld, 32 E. 57th St.; through May 1.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **CARLEBACH**, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.: Charles Seliger; through May 8. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Jacqueline Lamba; through May 8. . . . **HUGO**, 26 E. 55th St.: René Magritte; through June 15. . . . **VAN DIEMEN**, 21 E. 57th St.: Bogdanovich; through May 15. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 65 E. 57th St.: Kurt Jungstedt; through May 15. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER**, 44 W. 56th St.: Anne Poor; through May 15. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Frederick Papsdorf; through May 22. . . . **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Drawings; through May 28. . . . **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57th St.: John LaFarge; through May 15.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Museum's second annual show of prints. (Tuesdays, 1:30 to 9:30 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 23.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show by eighty contemporary photographers; through July 11. . . . ¶ Art work by children of eight countries, including Jewish children who have been in concentration camps; through May 23. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by Kandinsky, Hilla Rebay, and others. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The Museum has inaugurated a policy of occasional one-man showings by contemporary artists with an excellently arranged retrospective of works by Yasuo Kuniyoshi. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 9.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, and for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

San Carlo Opera Company—Final performances —Thursday evening, April 29: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 30: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 1: "Rigoletto." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 2: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 2: "Aïda." (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Nightly at 8:20. Matinée at 3.)

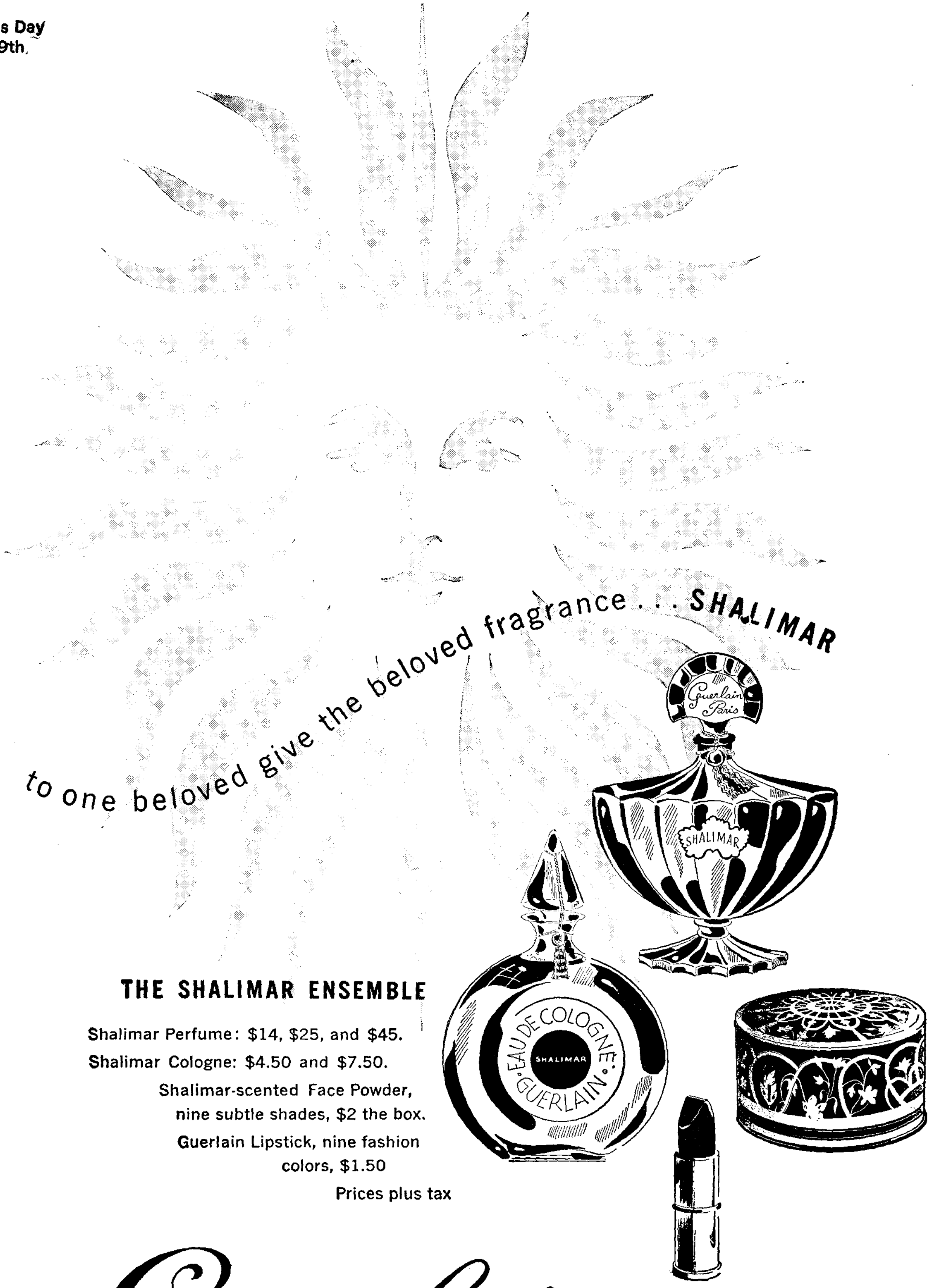
ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

N.B.C. Symphony—Fritz Reiner conducting, with the five finalists in the Rachmaninoff Fund's piano contest as soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday evening, April 29, at 8:30.)

Carnegie Hall Pop Concerts—Saturday, May 1: Maggie Teyte, soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 2: Ferruccio Burco conducting, with Anna Burco, soprano. . . . ¶ Monday, May 3: Louis Armstrong, Earl Hines, Jack Teagarden, and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 4: A program of Gershwin music, with Muriel Rahn, soprano, and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 5: Rosa Bok, soprano, and Mario Berini, tenor. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 6: Nestor Chayres, tenor; Yolanda Diaz, contralto; and others. . . . ¶ Friday, May 7: Tatiana Pobers, soprano; William Horne, tenor; and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 8: Ellen Faull, soprano; Ralph Herbert, baritone; and Leo Nadelmann, piano. (Nightly at 8:30.)

Manhattan College Glee Club—Brother Basilian directing. (Town Hall. Friday evening, April 30, at 8:30.)

Mother's Day
May 9th,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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing. (Town Hall. Thursday evening, May 6, at 8:30.)

BELL CHORUS—Thomas Richner directing. (Town Hall. Friday evening, May 7, at 8:30. For tickets, call EX 4-4600, Ext. 2736.)

RECITALS

MURIEL RAHN—Soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, May 2, at 3.)

JOSEPH LIPSCOMB—Tenor. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Sunday evening, May 2, at 8:30.)

CHAMBER-MUSIC ASSOCIATES—The Galimir Quartet; Robert Cornman, piano; and others. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Tuesday evening, May 4, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

JAZZ CONCERTS—Kid Ory's Creole Jazz Band, with Chippie Hill and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, April 30, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Fats Pichon, Timmie Rogers, Chippie Hill, and others. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, May 1, at 11:30.) . . . ¶ Dizzy Gillespie and his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday evening, May 8, at 11:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Giants, Thursday, April 29, at 2 P.M. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Boston, Friday through Sunday, April 30-May 2, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Washington, Thursday, April 29, at 2:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. St. Louis, Tuesday through Thursday, May 4-6, at 2:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, May 7, at 2:30 P.M., and Saturday, May 8, at 2 P.M.

GOLF—Goodall Round Robin Tournament. (Wykagyl Country Club, New Rochelle, N.Y. Thursday through Sunday, May 6-9.)

HORSE SHOW—Essex Troop Horse Show. (Newark, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, April 29-May 2.) . . . ¶ Bucks County Horse Show. (Doylestown, Pa. Thursday through Sunday, May 6-9.) . . . ¶ Secor Farms Horse Show. (White Plains, N.Y. Saturday and Sunday, May 8-9.)

HUNT RACING—Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club. (Flourtown, Pa. Saturday, May 1.) . . . ¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 8.)

RACING—At **JAMAICA:** Weekdays at 1:30 P.M. The Interborough Handicap and the Youthful Stakes, May 1; the Firenze Handicap, May 8. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:15 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Saturdays between 10:47 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.) . . . **PIMLICO:** Weekdays, starting Monday, May 3. The Dixie Handicap, May 8.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—A special session of the General Assembly, to discuss the Palestine question, is now in progress at Flushing Meadow. Four or five hundred seats for each plenary meeting are available to the public. For tickets, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, the day before you want to go. . . . ¶ Meetings of the Security Council and of committees occur from time to time at Lake Success. For information, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126.

GARDENS—Some upper East Side gardens and penthouse terraces will be open to the public on Wednesday, May 5, in a benefit exhibition arranged by the City Gardens Club. The gardens on display will be those of Mr. Arthur Stelzer, 236 E. 49th St.; Mr. James Amster, 215 E. 49th St.; Mr. and Mrs. George Marshall, 35 Beekman Place; Mr. and Mrs. Daniel P. Woolley, 146 E. 62nd St.; Princess Artchil Gourielli, 625 Park Ave.; and Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Reis, 252 E. 68th St. (For information about tickets, call PL 8-2695, between 2 and 5 P.M.)

PARADES—The annual May Day parade, sponsored by the United May Day Committee, [illegible] 1:30 P.M. at Eighth Avenue and only

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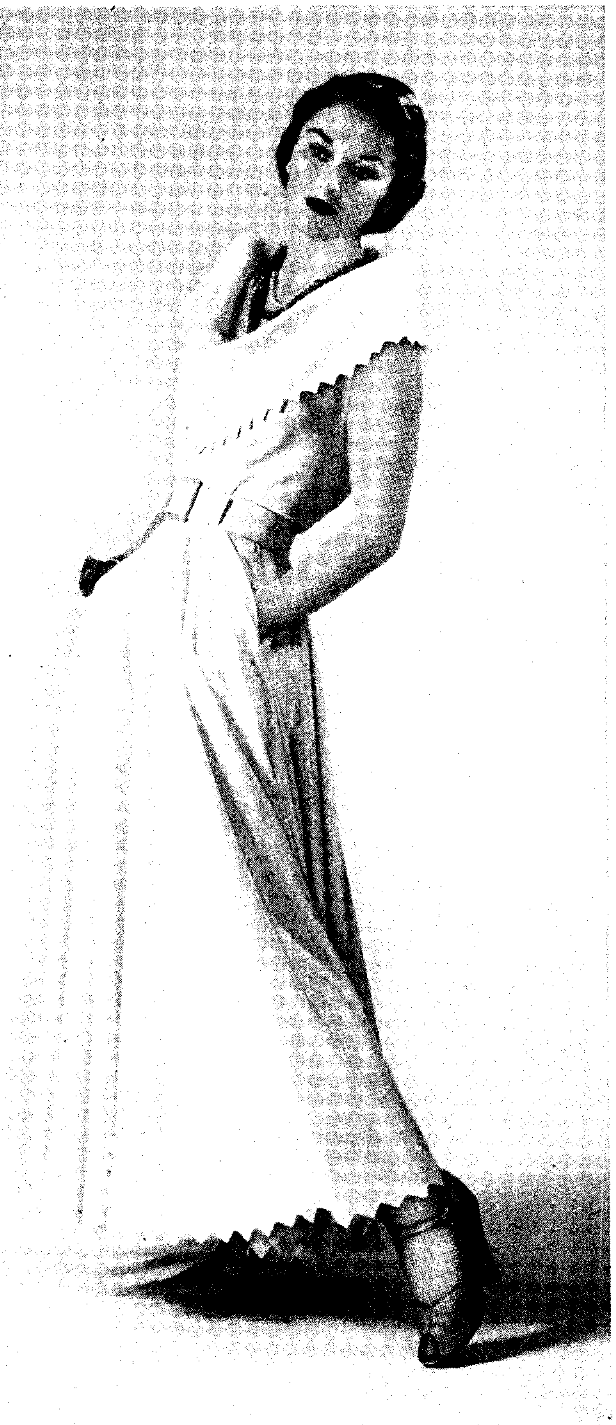
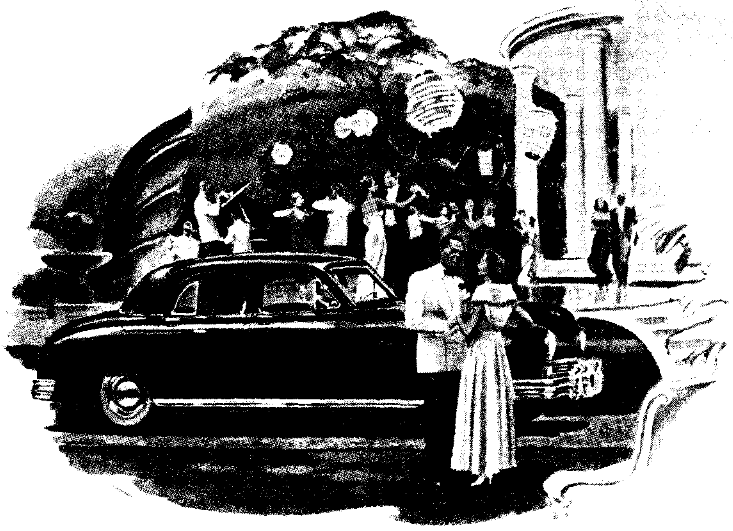


VICTOR KEPPLER

Summer dinner dress of Chinese natural silk Shantung with fichu décolleté.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Street, and thence east to Union Square. Starting at 2 P.M., the Americanization Day parade, sponsored by the Veterans of Foreign Wars, will take place along a route cannily laid out to avoid the other—from 95th Street to 62nd Street on Fifth Avenue.

ON THE AIR

United Nations—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC. . . . ¶ Résumés of the day's proceedings can be heard Mondays through Fridays, at 6:45 P.M. over WNYC and at 10:45 P.M. over WMCA.

Music—N.B.C. Symphony, Erich Leinsdorf conducting, Saturday, May 1, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Pop Concert, with Maggie Teyte, soprano, Saturday, May 1, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . ¶ John Charles Thomas, baritone, Monday, May 3, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

Sports—Racing: The Interborough Handicap, from Jamaica, Saturday, May 1, at 4 P.M., WOR. . . . ¶ The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 1, at 6:15 P.M., WCBS.

Television—Newsreel, daily, except Saturdays, at 7:50 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Drama: Gertrude Lawrence in Shaw's "Great Catherine," Sunday, May 2, at 8:30 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ "Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, May 2, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Baseball: All home games of the Dodgers are shown on WCBS, of the Yankees on WABD, and of the Giants on WNBT. . . . ¶ Racing: Films of the Kentucky Derby, Sunday, May 2, at 9 P.M., WCBS. The Interborough Handicap and the Youthful Stakes, Saturday, May 1, at 3:20 P.M., WCBS.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Auto Racing—Annual five-hundred-mile race. (Indianapolis Motor Speedway, Indianapolis, Ind. May 31.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden every Friday night, starting May 14.

Dog Show—Morris and Essex Kennel Club. (Madison, N.J. May 22.)

Horse Shows—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. May 26-31.) . . . ¶ Deep Run Hunt Club Show. (Richmond, Va. May 29-30.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. May 15.) . . . ¶ Fairfield and Westchester Hounds. (Harrison, N.Y. May 29.)

Motorboat Race—Albany-New York City outboard marathon, June 13.

Racing—At Jamaica, through May 15. . . . ¶ Belmont Park, May 17-June 14; the Belmont Stakes, June 12. . . . ¶ Pimlico, through May 15; the Preakness, May 15.

Tennis—An indoor match between Jack Kramer and Bobby Riggs. (Madison Square Garden. May 12.) . . . ¶ Wightman Cup Matches. (Wimbledon, England. June 11-12.) . . . ¶ New England Championships. (Hartford, Conn. May 31.)

Track—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Meet. (Randalls Island. May 22.) . . . ¶ I.C.A.A.A.A. Championships. (Randalls Island. May 28-29.)

Yachting—Block Island Race, May 28. . . . ¶ Bermuda Race, from Newport, R.I., to St. David's Head, Bermuda, June 19. . . . ¶ Warner Memorial Trophy Regatta, Essex, Conn., May 30-31.

Music—Carnegie Hall Pop Concerts, through June 5. . . . ¶ Columbia University annual Festival of Contemporary American Music, May 10-16. . . . ¶ Lewisohn Stadium concerts, starting June 14.

Theatre—Scheduled to open during the next four or five weeks: "Sleepy Hollow," a musical play with a book by Russell Maloney and Miriam Battista, and a score by George Lessner. Gil Lamb, Betty Jane Watson, and Mary McCarty are in the cast.

Other Dates—Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, around the end of May. . . . ¶ Mother's Day, Sunday, May 9. . . . ¶ Decoration Day, May 30; holiday observed on Monday, May 31

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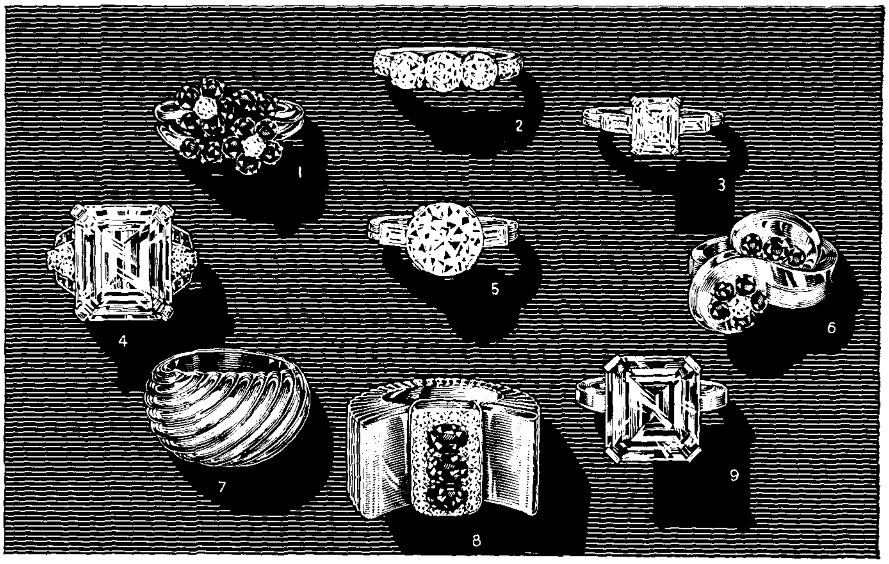

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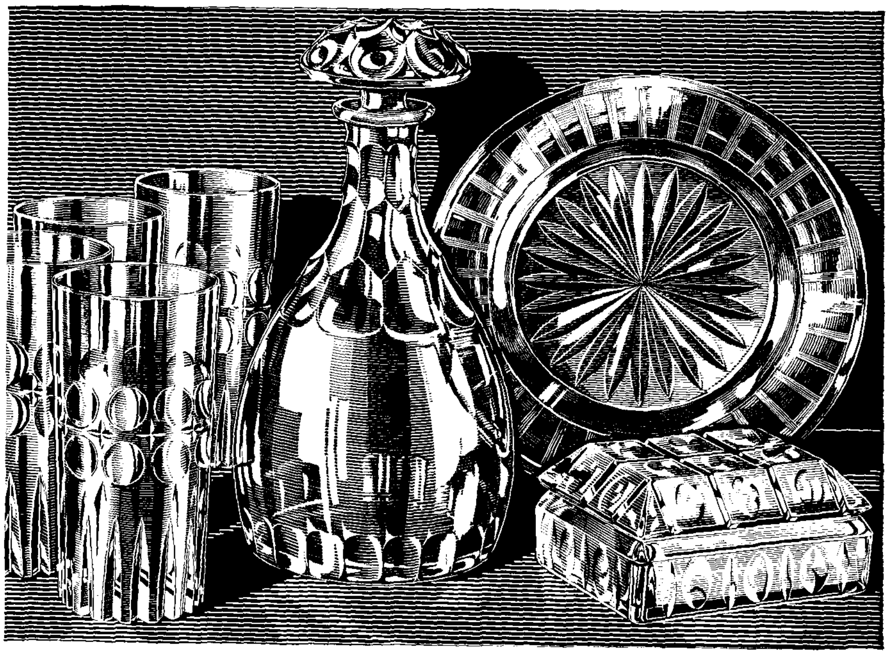

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12 SALAD PLATES	28.
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CIGARETTE BOX	10.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

All My Sons—A somewhat dishevelled but often compelling piece that deals with an unscrupulous industrialist whose belief in business before patriotism brings ruin to himself and his family. Adapted from the Arthur Miller play, the film has a cast headed by Mady Christians, Edward G. Robinson, and Burt Lancaster. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, BR 9-3839; through April 30.)

The Big Clock—A smooth, if improbable, mystery drama, in which Ray Milland, as an editor, has his hands full trying to keep Charles Laughton, as his publisher, from doing him in because Mr. Milland has seen Mr. Laughton at the scene of a murder. There's plenty of rousing action in this one, and the cast, which also includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Elsa Lanchester, and George Macready, is satisfactory. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, BR 9-8738.)

Call Northside 777—How a reporter gets a scrubwoman's son out of the penitentiary, into which he has been unjustly flung. The pseudo-documentary film is quite leisurely, but there are spurts of solid melodrama. With Richard Conte, James Stewart, Lee J. Cobb, and Betty Garde. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; through April 30....¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; through May 3....¶ 77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; and Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; through May 4....¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; April 30-May 3.)

Day of Wrath—Witchcraft in the early seventeenth century is the subject of this Danish film. The picture shows what a great director (in this case, Carl Dreyer) can do with an intelligent script, a remarkable cast, and an incredibly discerning camera. One of the best movies ever made. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; through April 30.)

Farrebique—A superlative French film that describes, with beautiful lucidity, a year on a farm. The cast is made up of actual peasants, and they perform their roles more convincingly than any professional actors possibly could. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through May 2.)

The Fugitive—A disappointing picture, in spite of the eminence of its makers. (John Ford directed it, and Dudley Nichols adapted a novel by Graham Greene for the screen play.) It tries, unsuccessfully, to draw profound religious inferences from the story of a harried priest in an anticlerical Latin-American country. Henry Fonda is the cleric. (77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; and Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; starting May 5.)

Gentleman's Agreement—An attempt to corner the problem of anti-Semitism, and not much of an improvement on the novel. With John Garfield, Gregory Peck, and Dorothy McGuire. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House—Cary Grant, Myrna Loy, and Melvyn Douglas make a fairly funny business of various exasperating housing dilemmas, urban and rural. (Astor, B'way at 45th, CI 6-4642.)

Not Guilty—A diverting French trifle about a doctor who commits three perfect crimes and then can't get anybody to believe that he is capable of such sanguinary cleverness. Michel Simon, as the frustrated protagonist, is, as usual, highly competent. (Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th, LO 4-0583.)

Paisan—Six dramatic episodes that might have taken place during the invasion of Italy, pieced together by Roberto Rossellini, the director of "Open City," to make an altogether remarkable film. The cast is predominantly amateur, and the dialogue is in English, Italian, and German. Made in Italy. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Pearl—A handsomely mounted version of the Steinbeck short story about a fisherman who discovers the biggest pearl in the world. The film is marred by some heavily contrived situations, but it is dignified in its treatment of peons in Mexico. The Mexican cast speaks English throughout. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520; through May 3.)

The Search—A moving account of the effect of war on some of Europe's children. A small boy called Ivan Jandl gives a fine performance as a displaced child reduced to the level of a wild animal by the horrors he has gone through. He is assisted by Aline MacMahon, Montgomery Clift, and another young prodigy, named Leopold Borkowski. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, PL 7-4966.)

State of the Union—A mildly comic excursion into elementary politics based on the Lindsay-Crouse play. The movie gets along most amusingly when it sticks to the original script, which it does about half the time. With Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Volpone—A wonderfully funny French kicking-about of the Ben Jonson farce concerning a miser. Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th, CI 7-0760.)

REVIVALS

The Adventures of Robin Hood (1938)—Errol Flynn as the outlaw. With Olivia de Havilland, Basil Rathbone, and Technicolor. (Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through May 3....¶ Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; through May 4.)

Bambi (1942)—Walt Disney's interpretation of the Felix Salten story. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting May 5.)

The Black Swan (1942)—Pirates in Technicolor. Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara, and George Sanders. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; April 29.)

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th; tentative, starting May 1.)

Colonel Blimp (1945)—A British biography of a professional soldier, played by Roger Livesey. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; April 29.)

Foreign Correspondent (1940)—A Hitchcock war melodrama. Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and Robert Benchley. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., *Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through May* 1....¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; May 2-4.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier's version of Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting May 3.)

The Mikado (1939)—Kenny Baker, along with Martyn Green and other D'Oyly Carte people. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

Open City (1946)—An account of the operations of the Roman underground. In Italian. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting May 4.)

Pearls of the Crown (1938)—Sacha Guitry's tricky history of some famous jewels. In French. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; April 30-May 3.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. Through May 2: "Top Hat" (1935), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers....¶ Starting May 3: "Le Million" (1931), directed by René Clair, with Annabella. Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. Reservations can be made at the Museum.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Homecoming," Clark Gable, Lana Turner.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
Through April 30: **ALL MY SONS.**
From May 1: "Casbah," Yvonne DeCarlo, Tony Martin, Peter Lorre.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Arch of Triumph," Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer.

Gotham, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
"Kings of the Olympics," documentary film of the 1936 Olympics.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
STATE OF THE UNION.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through May 4: **THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD,** revival; and "April Showers," Jack Carson, Ann Sothern, Robert Alda.
From May 5: "The Miracle of the Bells," Fred MacMurray, Valli, Frank Sinatra; and "Dangerous Years," William Halop.

(BR 9-8738)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Letter from an Unknown Woman," Joan Fontaine, Louis Jourdan.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Anna Karenina," Vivien Leigh, Ralph Richardson.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
April 29: "Intrigue," George Raft, June Havoc.
From April 30: To be announced.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"To the Victor," Viveca Lindfors, Dennis Morgan.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-4966)
THE SEARCH.

Warner, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
"Winter Meeting," Bette Davis.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"Are You With It?," Donald O'Connor, Olga San Juan.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
VOLPONE.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 2: **FARREBIQUE.**
[illegible] revival

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
"Jenny Lamour" (in French), Louis Jouvet.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
"The October Man," John Mills, Joan Greenwood.

Elysée, 202 W. 58th. (PL 7-4294)
"Antoine and Antoinette" (in French).

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
"Dreams That Money Can Buy" (in French).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Beauty and the Beast" (in French), Jean Cocteau film.

Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
"The Lost One" (in Italian).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
Through April 30: **DAY OF WRATH.**
From May 1 (tentative): **CAMILLE,** revival.

Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-0583)
NOT GUILTY.

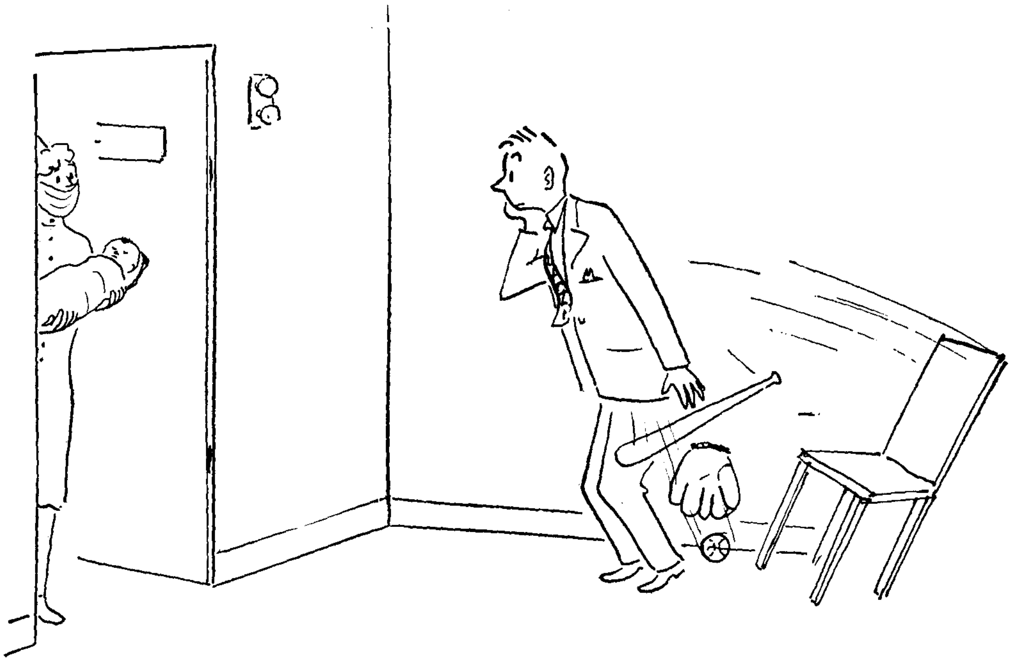
Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
THE MIKADO, revival.

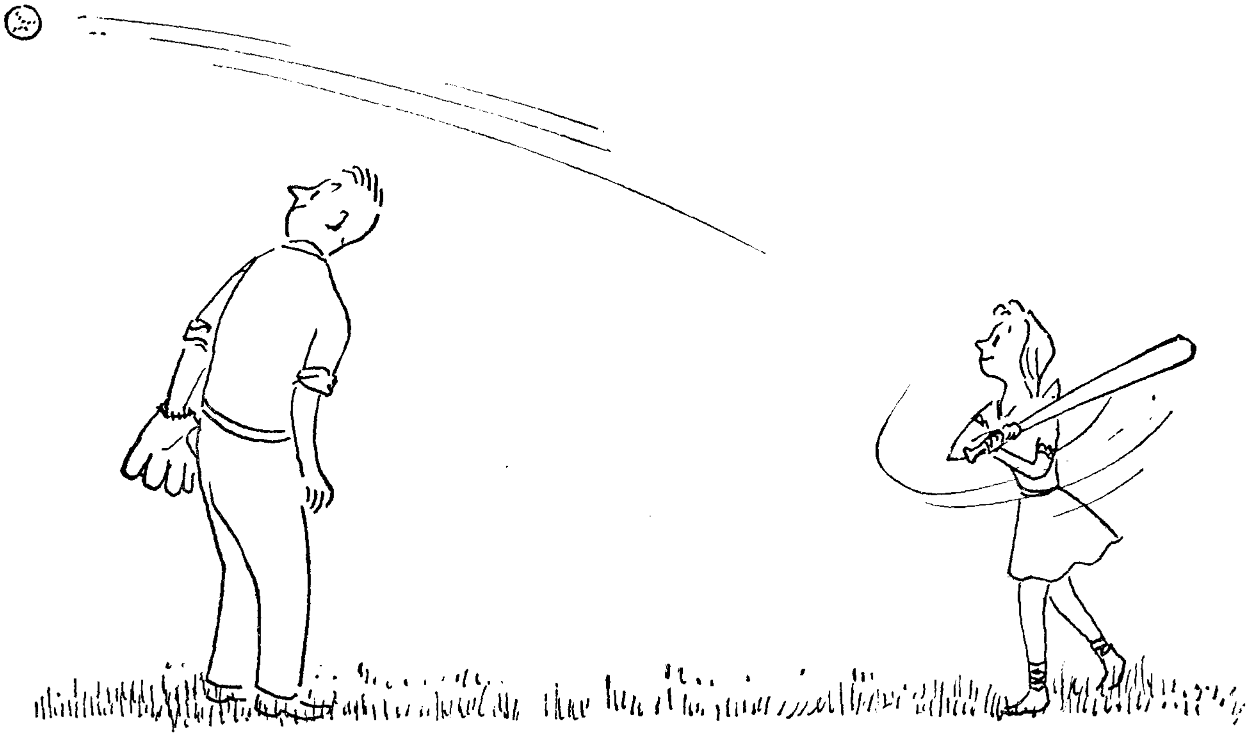
Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (WI 7-0206)
"The Damned" (in French).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
Through May 3: **THE PEARL.**
From May 4: "The Brothers," Patricia Roc.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
PAISAN.

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!





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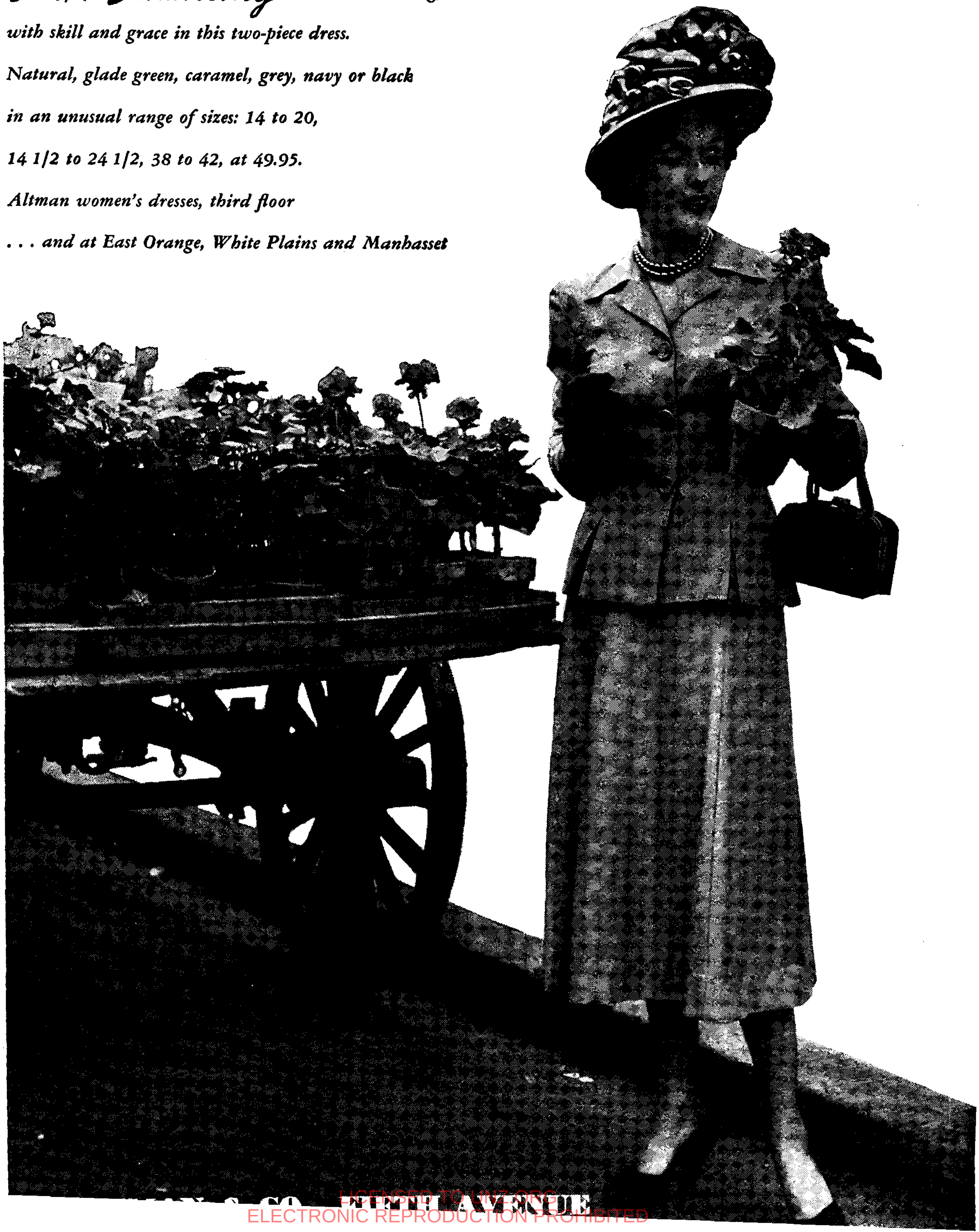


& CO. FIFTH AVENUE

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

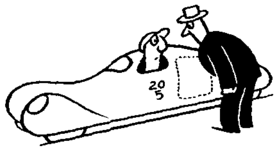
Notes and Comment

SCIENCE VAULTS ANOTHER HURDLE NOTE: A recent issue of the *Journal of Bacteriology* devoted a good deal of space to a learned article entitled "Electronic Preservation of Boston Brown Bread."

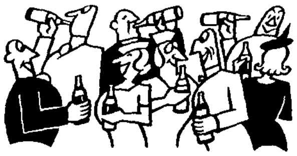
NOTE ON SOMETHING THAT ISN'T SO SURPRISING WHEN YOU COME TO THINK OF IT: There's a Russian magazine called *The Agitator's Companion.*

WE are glad to see a strong trend toward writing open memos to railroads. Robert R. Young has been writing open memos, or mash notes, to the New York Central (surely the love affair between the Chesapeake & Ohio and the Central will go down as one of the sweetest stories ever told), and the other day a couple of Louisville newspapers wrote an open memo to Robert R. Young. Their memo pointed out that while Mr. Young was dreaming of Train X, with its hostesses, its movies, and its easy motion, the C. & O.'s George Washington was late into Louisville sixteen times in thirty days and the Sportsman was late eighteen times. These memos reflect a healthy situation, on the whole. The history of American industrial greatness—and smallness—is a story of love unrequited, of dreamy tycoons so dreamy they don't even notice when a train is late. As for us, man and boy we have written countless open memos to the starry-eyed tycoons of the taxicab world, a group of men so far gone in dreams of Taxi X, with its molded fenders and its streamlined dome, that they haven't even noticed that the aperture through which the passenger is expected to enter and leave has dwindled and is now only thirty-nine inches high. (Watch your head, lady!) In another year the only fares capable of riding in cabs will be circus midgets, educated dogs, and Billy Rose.

This standard open memo of ours has bored our readers to a fare-thee-well, but we are continuing it as a rugged experiment in dynamic journalism. As the congestion of streets increases, the streamlining becomes more nearly perfect. Our guess is that when Taxi X finally emerges from the designer's board, it will have no aperture at all—just a faint indication of where a door used to be in the old days when people actually got into, and out of, cabs.



SPEAKING of design, a wealthy friend of ours who is a stockholder (10 shares) in the Pepsi-Cola Company tells us that his company has had a radio designed in the shape and full panoply of a Pepsi-Cola bottle. The radio is offered to stockholders for twenty dollars and is worth much more—or would be to us, anyway. From what we hear, the life of a Pepsi-Cola stockholder is an unusually rich and vivid one, with its patronage of art, its aeronauts darkening the skies, its radios shaped like bottles, and its family parties, where stockholders go to drink and to meet stockholders from neighboring cities. They say the talk at these parties mounts high as the evening progresses and the metal caps really start popping.



WE have had a few words, in a manner of speaking, with a large, languidly amiable gentleman of twenty-eight named Kung Teh-cheng, whose challenging fortune it is to be the seventy-seventh lineal descendant of Confucius. Mr. Kung was holed up in a dim bed-sitting-room at the Taft, bracing himself without haste for a long and penetrating look at the United States. This project, we were delightedly informed by his secretary, a bilingual Mr. Sun, who admitted us to the chamber, is something that no member of the direct Kung line has ever before attempted. In fact, he told us, Mr. Kung is the first notable Kung even to venture out of Chufu, Confucius's home town, in Shantung Province, which has been the Kung family seat for almost twenty-five hundred years. "It is not forbidden for such a Kung to travel," Mr. Sun explained, "but the custom is otherwise. The reason is that the direct descendant of Kung Fu-tse, whom you call Confucius, is head of the family and has many family duties. Six hundred thousand Kungs are now living. But Teh-cheng is a modernist in such a respect." Mr. Sun sighed and added, "I must apologize that Mr. Kung has no English. It is his hope to soon acquire the language. I will transmit your conversation."

Mr. Sun spoke to Mr. Kung, who, clad in a black pin-stripe suit and yellow shoes, had been at peace in an armchair, alternately puffing a king-size cigarette and nibbling on a hangnail. Mr. Kung arose with a low murmur, which Mr. Sun transmitted to us as a friendly greeting, chuckled, and gently pressed our hand. Then, after presenting us with a cigarette and a lighted match, he fell back into his seat and stared with an appearance of interest at his compatriot. Mr. Sun instantly told us that Mr. Kung, like his esteemed ancestor, is a scholar, and an enthusiastic one, though wholly lacking in pretension. "Scholarship is not required of such a Kung," he explained, "but it is customary. Mr. Kung's father, the tse, succession being through the eldest son, was, for example, a strong student of painting and fine arts." Kung Teh-cheng's special interest, we learned, is social history. He has published, unobtrusively, three minute monographs, the titles of which, in English, Mr. Sun said, would approximate "The Origin and Uses of Certain Ancient Utensils," "The Ancient History of the Chitsu River in Shensi Province," and "A Historical Study of the Tung Yi Tribe in Shantung Province During the Chou Dynasty." Mr. Kung uttered a diffident phrase. "Mr. Kung is now preparing a small volume on the history of the customs and rituals of the pre-Chin Period," Mr. Sun told us. "He wishes to say that it is his hope, while in America, to confer in such connection with many American university professors of ancient Chinese history. He has great respect for American research methods in history and archeology and hopes to increase his knowledge. Mr. Kung says he is fortunate to possess letters of introduction to American scholars from U.S. Ambassador to China John Leighton Stuart, a well-loved friend." Mr. Kung grinned briefly and lighted a second cigarette from the butt of the first.

After a moment of reflection, Mr. Sun went on to say that Mr. Kung is married, has four children, two of whom, happily, are sons, and is a hereditary official of the Chinese government. His post, which carries a trivial stipend, is Director of Confucian Rites for Sacrificial Ceremonies of Confucius, and his chief duty is to conduct the annual national ritualistic observance of Kung Fu-tse's birthday at the philosopher's home, which has been preserved as a shrine. When Mr. Kung's attention is not riveted on his extensive familial responsibilities, he diverts himself by collecting books and ancient bronzeware and by knocking off an occasional *chueh chu*, or quatrain. "Mr. Kung has the gift of writing beautiful poems," Mr. Sun said, "but he does not, of course, consider himself a poet of any merit." We asked Mr. Sun if he happened to have a sample of Mr. Kung's work within easy reach. Mr. Sun had one, in his wallet, which he obligingly rendered into English for us:

Arising from a nap and looking out of the window,
I take hold of a book to read while brewing some tea.
The expected esteemed friend has been long delayed.
The *yang* blossoms have fallen on the narrow path.

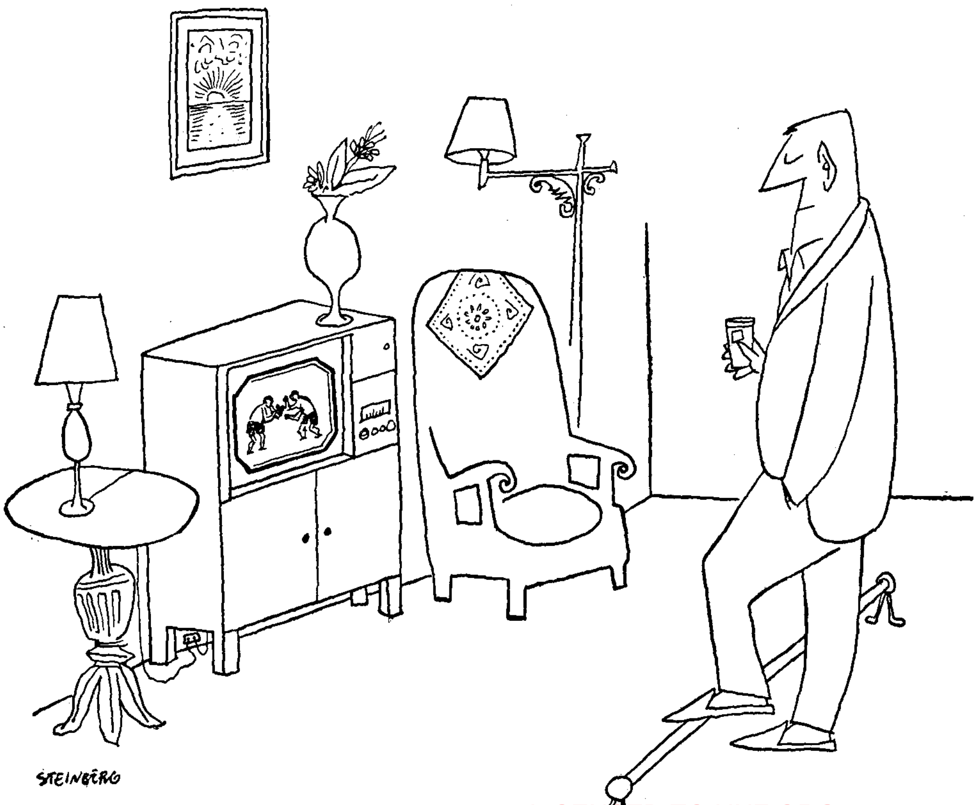
Mr. Kung grinned and hung his head.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Patrons of Sammy's Plaza Restaurant and Delicatessen, at Fifty-ninth and Madison, are urged, in an admonition stamped on the backs of their meal checks, to take home with them a supply of "Our famous homemade Nova Scotia salmon."

The owner of a barbershop in Sayville, Long Island, has a sign in the window advertising himself as "The Barber of Sayville."

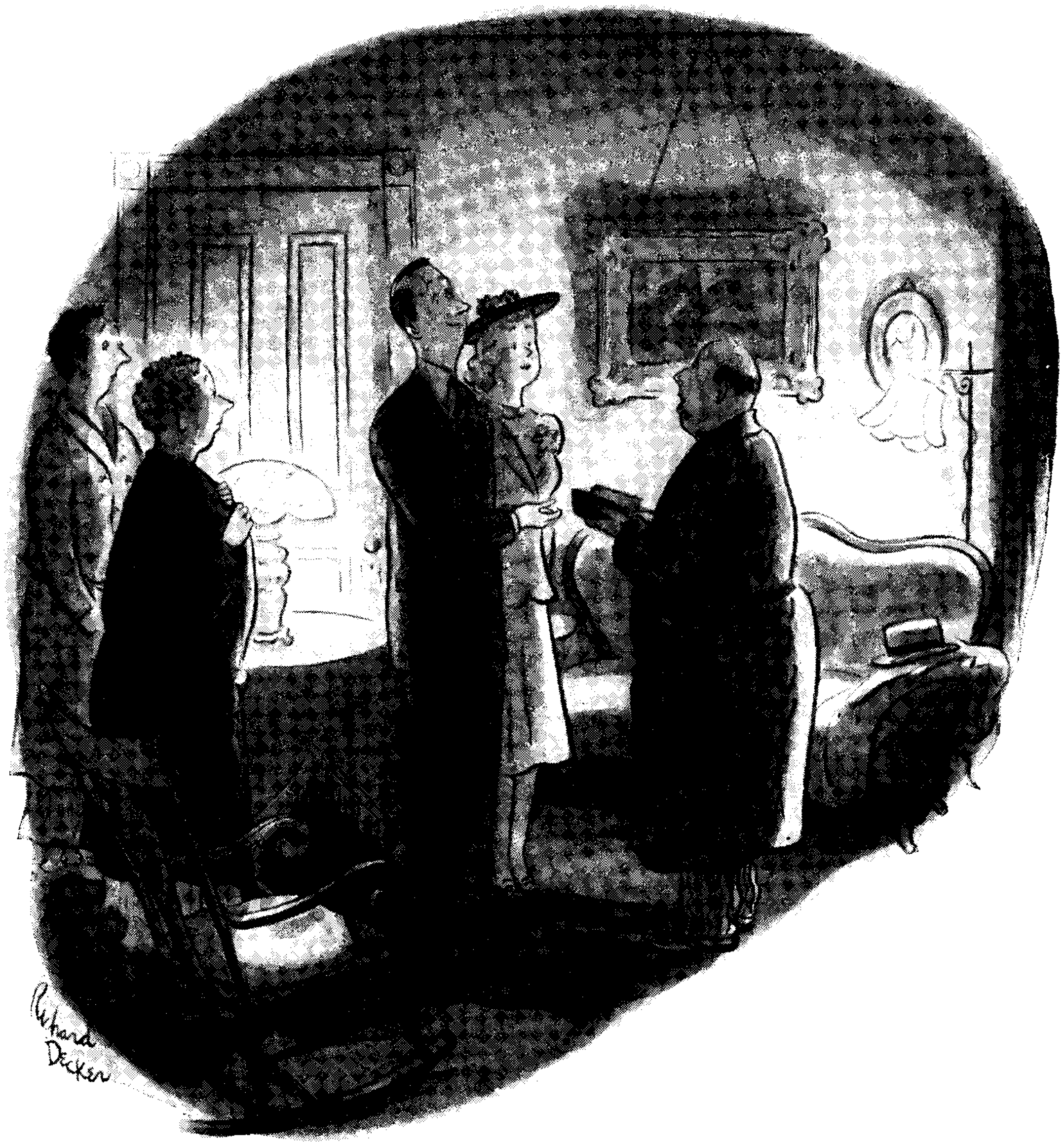
A moth-killer called Extermo-cide has appeared on the market.



Enigmatic

AS if things weren't complicated enough already, the Riddlers' Club of New York has resumed its monthly meetings. The Riddlers' is the local affiliate of the National Puzzlers' League and has been in existence eighteen years, but it was in a state of quiescence during the war, because so many of its members were otherwise engaged, some of them trying to learn to crack enemy codes and win the war singlehanded. Now it has started up again, to deal with anagrams, acrostics, cryptograms, transposals, beheadments, curtailments, alphagrams, betagrams, omegrams, charades, linkades, cascades, deletions, numericals, triangles, progressive letter changes, terminal elisions, king's moves, knight's tours, cryptarithms, palindromes, and such other business as may properly come before the house, or, as it happens, before the solarium of the Barbizon Hotel, where we found the body in session the other evening. A dozen or so Riddlers, of both sexes, were sitting around in wicker chairs when we arrived, listening attentively to their president, a trim young man with arched eyebrows. "For the benefit of new members," he was saying, "I am Si. That's my gnome de plume. All Riddlers have gnomes and address each other exclusively by them. I picked Si because I live on Staten Island—'S.I.' I now wish I had picked something more heroic, like Hercules." He sighed. "My wife is a British war bride," he continued, pointing to an attractive woman seated across the room. "Her gnome is Nova. Permit me to explain the derivation. Point One: She comes from Warwickshire, near Stratford-on-Avon. Point Two: While searching for her gnome, I solved a puzzle listing every state in the Union except Virginia. No Virginia. No-Va! And 'Avon' spelled backward." Si smiled. "Initiation fee is fifty cents," he said. "We collect twenty-five cents at each meeting. Tonight is Special Cryptograms. But, first, meet the others."

Si urged the veteran Riddlers to speak up. "I am Cassandra," said an alert, elderly woman. "I have been puzzling for more than ten years." "My name is



“. . . *if there be anyone present who can show any just cause why these parties should not be legally joined together, let him now speak or hereafter hold his peace.*”

• •

Electra,” said a lady seated beside her. “Puzzles electrify me.” “Fubine,” announced a male Riddler, and explained that his name was derived from an Italian village, his birthplace. “Magic squares come to me in my sleep,” he continued. “The other night, I dreamed a perfect one, hopped out of bed, and wrote it down. I have dedicated it to Benjamin Franklin.” “Oedipus,” said another gentleman, and identified himself as chairman of the Junior Puzzle League, a past president of the National Puzzlers’ League and of the New York Cipher Society, and the originator of many radio riddle programs. “I am Ajax,” said a serious-looking young man. “I just like to solve puzzles.” “ ‘Dorse’ means ‘young codfish,’ ” said a lady with a Phi Beta Kappa key pinned to her blouse. “I am Dorse. We insist on pure anagrams—the solution must have the same meaning as the original—such as ‘every cent paid me’ for ‘received payment.’ ” Oedipus interrupted to cry, “ ‘O dig fleas’ is another. It means ‘a dog’s life.’ ” And Ajax solemnly pointed out, “ ‘Mother-in-law’ is ‘woman Hitler.’ ” “I am Cop-E-Writer,” said a short, thin young man seated beside Si, “because I am a copy writer, but since my wife wishes to join, I should like to change my name to Ambrose, if she will take Ambrosia.” A general laugh went around. “To the cryptograms!” said Si, and Dorse distributed typewritten slips to all present. Most of the group instantly whipped out pencils and went to work, heads bent over slips.

We glanced at the first symbols on our slip—“ACEFFDGB EHI LEHGM EJ”—put it in our pocket, and crossed the room to the side of Fubine, who was seated with his arms crossed, staring into space. “I never do word games,” he told us. “I do only games with figures. I come for the company.” We noticed that Oedipus was working a different puzzle. “It’s an Enigmatic Riddle,” he told us cheerily. “One must complete the sentence ‘As the cruel murderers were advancing to stab the Imperial children, the Czarevitch said to the Czarevna: “I recognize the ominous meaning of the double dagger; it is our turn to . . .” ’ The key words are ‘double dagger.’ Quickly, what is a double dagger?” We felt stupid. “Diesis,” replied Oedipus. “ ‘It is our turn to *die, Sis!*’ ” Si beckoned to us and, when we joined him, told us that he had completed the cryptogram. He looked as happy as a child. “It worked out to ‘chopping out sound of first “d” of weekday Wednesday is known by formidable term ecthlipsis,’ ” he said. While the others still silently struggled on, Si told us that Riddlers drop in at the monthly sessions whenever they feel like it, and that Arthur S. Meyer, chairman of the New York State Board of Mediation, and Gelett Burgess are members, under the gnomes of Jack Point and Two O’Clock, respectively. “As you can see,” said Si, pointing to the bent heads and the busy pencils. “We have fun being human. Inherent in human nature is a love of crypts.”

Serious

SOME time ago, in these columns, we mentioned a letter a patient had received from his dentist that wound up with the stirring warning “Procrastination is the thief of teeth.” Now another dental aphorism spun with the intent of enticing the laggard to a checkup has been forwarded to us. If anything, it’s more forceful than its forerunner: “A fool and his teeth are soon parted.”

Take That!

THE New York University Division of General Education is offering: “T for the Theatre," in which, as the catalogue has it, "a grounding is given in all forms of hand-to-hand fighting as applied to the use of such historical small arms as: small sword, rapier, sword and cloak, sword and dagger, case of rapiers, broadsword and buckler; and to the composition and rehearsal of stage fights." On learning of this cultural windfall, we hastened to look up the instructor, a wiry fellow named Wallace House, who, in the duelling tradition, wears a small but swashbuckling mustache and moves as quick as a cat. He has a gift for imitating Cockney, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Somersetshire, and Derbyshire dialects (as a matter of fact, he was born in Guernsey) and ran through the lot of them for us, but the dialects have no place in his course, whose verbal components consist largely of the traditional "Ha!" and "Take that!"

As was to be expected, probably, we found Mr. House contemptuous of most stage duels these days. "Take 'Romeo and Juliet,'" he said. "Mercutio is killed by Tybalt, thanks to Romeo's attempt to separate the two, in what might be a fine duelling sequence. Then, a few moments later, Romeo kills Tybalt. I've seen versions of that duel that would make your flesh creep. Here's Romeo, a young punk, as you might say, outfencing Tybalt, who is a master swordsman—a sort of trigger man for the Capulets. Actually, the only way Romeo can defeat Tybalt is by taking unfair advantage of him. I played Tybalt myself, a few years back, and I worked it out so that at the beginning Romeo is downstage, right, and I come on up left. He catches sight of me, charges at me. I go for my rapiers, which a servant has in a case. This particular Romeo, being a southpaw, swings down at my head with his rapier in his left hand. I manage to parry with one of the rapiers I've drawn, but he stabs me with the dagger in his right hand before I can draw the other rapier. He steps back. I draw the rapier and take a feeble cut at him. Then I slowly sink down. I have a wonderful time dying. But the thing to remember is that Romeo couldn't cut his way out of a paper bag in a fair fight."

Mr. House learned to fence with the foil, épée, and light and heavy sabre, as well as use the quarterstaff, bayonet, claymore, rapier and dagger, rapier and cloak, and Japanese two-handed sword, during summer vacations at dramatics the rest of the year. After he came here, he gradually drifted from acting to staging duelling scenes, and from staging them to teaching the participants duelling etiquette. He has copyrighted his version of the duel in "Cyrano de Bergerac" between Cyrano and Valvert. "It's the high point of the first act," he told us. "Cyrano composes a ballade as he engages Valvert, and I've correlated the fencing movements with Cyrano's words. When Valvert, for example, parries prime and cowers, Cyrano says 'You cower' and lunges in septime. When Valvert parries septime, Cyrano says 'You cringe' and lunges in tierce. It goes on that way until Cyrano envelops Valvert's sword with his cloak, says 'Thrust home,' and kills the arrogant fellow as he ends the ballade."

There's apparently a need for the course. There are eighteen students—seven of them girls—taking it now, ranging in age from nineteen to thirty-five. "It's a distinct advantage to an actor to be able to put down on his agency card that he can fence," House advised us. "Lots of fencing in Shakespeare, of course—in 'Richard III,' 'Othello,' and 'Henry IV, Part I,' as well as in 'Romeo and Juliet,' and there's a sword-and-buckler duel in 'Macbeth.' There's also some duelling in 'The Three Musketeers,' 'Monsieur Beaucaire,' 'The Student Prince,' 'The Royal Family,' and 'Tovarich,' though it's not all fatal." The chief difference between fencing as a sport and fencing onstage, House told us, is that in the latter there's considerable unnecessary movement and an appearance of outrage. "Where, in the gym," he explained, "one would try to avoid one's opponent's weapon, on the stage one tries to hit it. The stage duel has the advantage of being planned but has the disadvantage of making use of unbuttoned points. The blades of the weapons aren't sharp, but they're surprisingly dangerous. Once, when I was playing Tybalt, Romeo stepped in to separate Mercutio and me a moment too soon and my sword went through his tights. No harm done, though, thank goodness."

Plain Wrapper

THERE may be trying days in store for Scribner's, the publishers of Miss A. L. Barker's much-talked-about collection of short stories "The Innocents." Owing to a regrettable mixup the bindery, at least one cloth cover of that volume has gone out containing the pages of another book, a work entitled "So Youth May Know—Sex Education for Youth."

Replacement

BACK in the spring of 1939, we watched the planting of the first of eight big English elms on Fifth Avenue, in front of Rockefeller Center. We recall the occasion as one of considerable jubilation on the part of A. M. Van den Hoek, who was, and still is, in charge of the gardens at the Center; of Nelson Rockefeller, who was on hand to inspect the new acquisitions; and of Anthony Grande, of the Parks Department, who had spent most of the previous twenty years urging local real-estate owners to break openings in their dreary concrete sidewalks and put in trees. The Rockefeller trees were the largest ever to be set out in the city. They were taken from an avenue of imported English elms on an estate in Port Chester and were estimated to be around forty years old. With the ball of earth protecting the roots, each of them weighed from ten to twelve tons. Van den Hoek arranged a system of underground pipes leading to the pits into which the trees were lowered, so the roots could thereafter be thoroughly watered; plant food was to be administered regularly; and it was the general expectation that if Rockefeller Center made *its* trees grow, other trees would be planted up and down the Avenue, turning it into a cool and leafy bower during the long summer days. There was only one prominent dissenter to this optimistic viewpoint, as we recall—Mr. Le Boutillier, of Best's, who came out openly and flatly against city trees, denouncing them as nuisances that obstruct the sidewalks.

Well, last week it was our mournful task to observe the cutting down and removal of the last of that gallant row of elms, which had got downright shabby-looking. We found Mr. Van den Hoek supervising the job. He seemed in a chastened but not despairing mood as trucks drove off bearing sections of trees, and Mr. Grande, who was also present, wore the brave, sad smile of a man who knows that all is vanity. Nelson Rockefeller was not about. Van den Hoek explained that the old trees were being replaced by new elms, of native American stock this time, and, if anything, older and bigger than the lately deceased English specimens, but that he no longer has any hopes of making a permanent planting on Fifth Avenue.

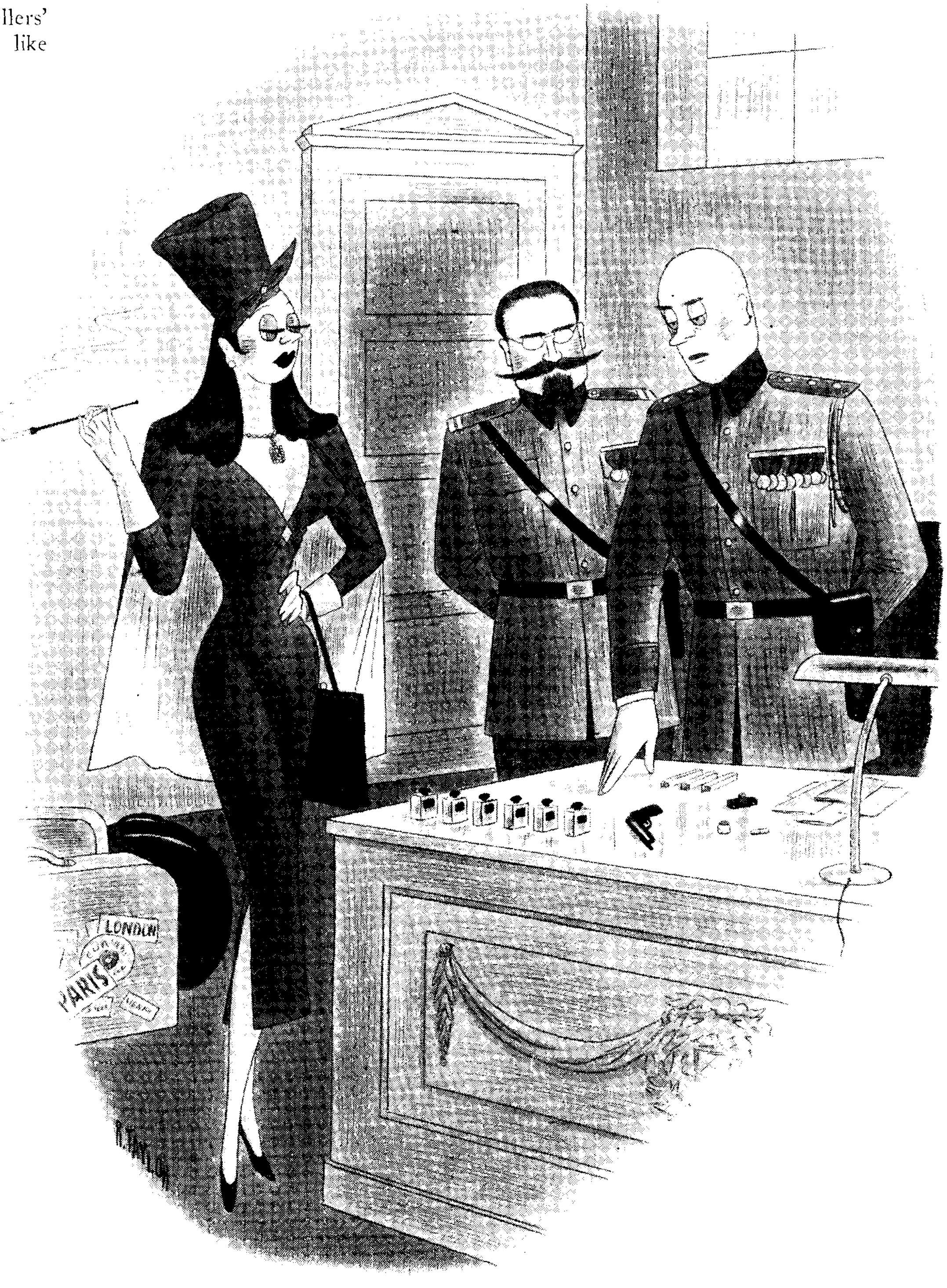
He is inclined to think that no matter how carefully such trees are babied, metropolitan heat, gas leaking into the roots, soot coating the leaves, and other hazards will kill them. Even the small plane trees that are planted along the side streets of the Center die off and have to be replaced. With the new elms, Van den Hoek is abandoning his subterranean-watering idea; the pipes got clogged up.

To Mr. Grande's distress, most of the property owners on the Avenue have failed to follow the Rockefellers' lead. Saks Fifth Avenue would like to, but storage vaults extending under the sidewalk make it impossible. The late Major Bowes gave some English elms to St. Patrick's, which are going into a decline and will have to be replaced. Of the incoming elms, Van den Hoek said, "We must expect to treat them like geraniums in a window box." "It's worth it," said Grande. "Even a little old ginkgo tree is better than no tree at all." "Not a female ginkgo," said Van den Hoek sternly. "There's no greater nuisance than the seeds of a female ginkgo." "Male or female," Grande declared with a brave smile, "it's a tree."

The transplanting of big trees is a major feat of engineering and is apt to lead to complications. When the first of the elms was being brought into town in 1939, the truck carrying it broke down, toward nightfall, on its way through Central Park. The tree was hoisted off and left in a green pleasance in the Park, and the truck was towed away for repairs. The next morning, the crew returned for the tree and couldn't remember where it had been left. They spent most of the day looking for it, and found it at last only with the help of the police and a crowd of civilian nature lovers. The new trees are coming from New Jersey. The first of *them* got hung up when it was discovered that it wouldn't fit an underpass in Elizabeth. It was running twenty-four hours behind schedule at last reports, but Van den Hoek assured us that all the trees would be in position at the Center in a week or so. "They won't know they've been moved," he said, "until they get a whiff of those Diesel buses."

Fickle

OUR Troy, New York, correspondent advises us that the Gallo Wines Company is doing a good deal of billboard advertising in that city, using the recurrent theme "Celebrate with Gallo Wine." One ad shows a handsome young fellow, presumably fortified with Gallo, presenting an engagement ring to a young lady with bliss in her eyes. Less than two blocks away from this festive scene, our man reports, he came across another Gallo poster, depicting the same girl, by now clad in a bridal gown, about to help her husband cut their wedding cake. It's not the same man, however.



"Now for a final check of your equipment, XS3. Micro-camera. Three rolls of film. Passports and visas all in order. Revolver. Invisible ink. Poison capsule. Six

DANGER IN THE DRAIN

Case histories from Macy's Bureau of Standards' files. THE CASE OF THE INDELIBLE BATH. *Offered to Macy's:* a preparation purported to reduce obese persons while bathing. *Rejected* for its dubious merits, with the side comment that should a few drops of iodine chance to fall into the tub while this preparation was being used, the bather would turn a bright and unforeseen blue. In drugs, you are protected by city, state, and federal authorities. In Macy's, you are further protected by our own tests, run off on the spot, when we consider stocking anything.—*Macy adv. in the Times.*

INSPECTOR GREGORY STAINES, second in command of the Central Confidential Division of Macy's Bureau of Standards (frivolously referred to as C.C.D.M.B.S. by those "in the know" if they deem one trustworthy and unlikely to tattle), leaned his elbows on the checked tablecloth of our booth in the Blue Ribbon and regarded me quizzically out of a mild blue eye. It was the only one he could regard me out of, the other having atrophied permanently over the years from excessive waggishness. A large, shaggy sheep dog of a man, Gregory affects a deliberate untidiness in his dress and constantly pulls on a foul-smelling pipe, in accord with the prevailing convention in detectives. Though the pipe causes him acute nausea and he is constitutionally thin and meticulous, an unremitting study of English crime films and the novels of Georges Simenon have helped make him authentic. It has required a perseverance and gluttony few men are capable of to transform himself into a picturesque slob, but Staines has done it. As for his ability, that is unquestioned. There is no eye quicker to spy a defective bit of kapok in a mattress, nobody who can sniff out with such celerity the single mildewed olive in the jar. Not for nothing—in other words, for something—do his admiring co-workers call him the Bulldog of the Bureau.

"I say, old man," he observed tolerantly. "Of course, it's none of my business, but aren't you playing rather fast and loose with your dry cleaner?"

"Why, how do you mean?" I asked, nonplussed. Gregory has a way of pouncing when one is sodden with cheesecake that makes it easy to understand why his colleagues also call him the Jaguar of the Bureau.

"Your sleeve," he pointed out. "It's resting in a pool of ketchup." I looked down with a surprised It was true: his uncanny orb, swift to note minutiae the layman overlooks, had unerringly spotted the deviation from the norm. As I hastened, somewhat flustered, to sponge it off, Gregory revealed how he had arrived at his conclusion. "I thought at first it was blood," he disclosed, "but then I saw an upset condiment bottle next to it, and ruled out all possibilities until I hit on the right one."

"It sounds easy enough when you explain it," I said ruefully.

"Just routine." He shrugged. "By the way, better brush those caraway seeds off your vest while you're at it. We've found down at the Bureau that the spores work their way into tweed and produce a condition in the wearer known as 'dismay.'" He went on to relate an instance where poppy seeds that had become embedded in a customer's suit in a West Side delicatessen had led to a bothersome action for damages against Macy. The customer, alleging that he was continually being beset by flocks of English sparrows, charged that the seeds had originally been woven into the fabric. Weeks of patient investigation, costly chemical analyses, and the testimony of scores of witnesses had been needed to refute his claim.

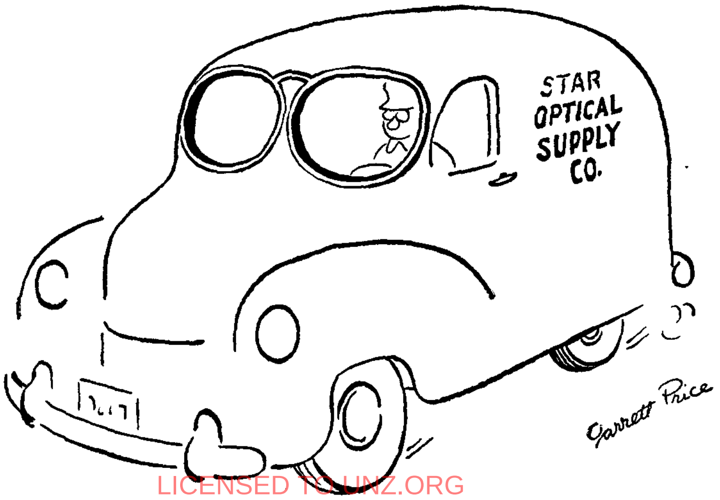
"Extraordinary life you chaps lead," I commented. "Take that case of yours I read about in the *Times*—the reducing preparation that turned its users bright blue."

"The *Times*?" He frowned. "What's that?" For a man whose knowledge is practically encyclopedic, Staines at times betrays a surprising ignorance of his environment. I told him it was a daily newspaper serving the New York area.

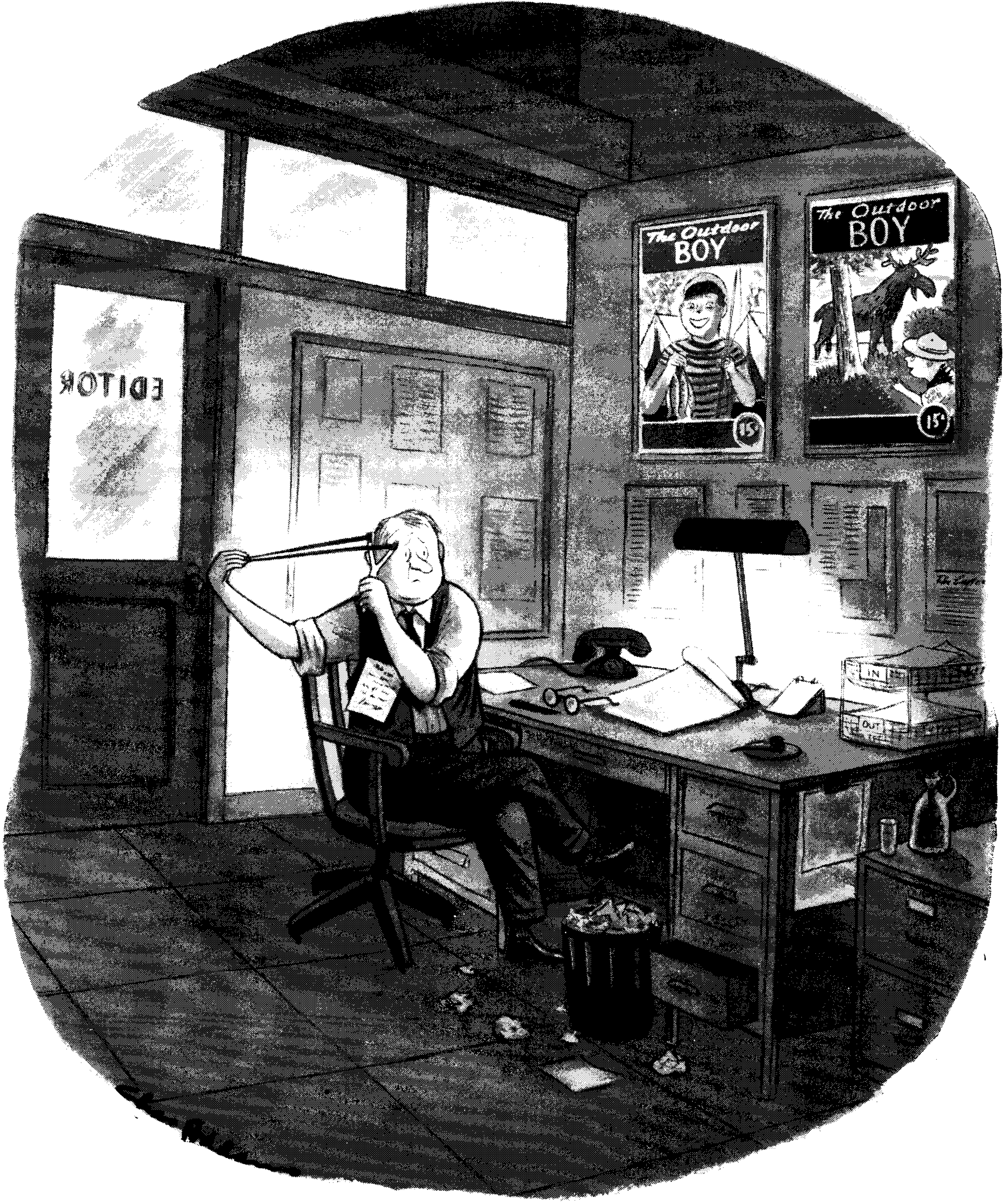
"I don't believe I know it," he ruminated. "At any rate, that *was* a puzzler, the affair of the indelible bath. Care to hear the story?"

"No," I replied. Gregory knocked the ashes from his pipe into the sugar bowl, stirred the mixture reflectively, and began. It was as strange a tale, God wot, as those hoary walls had heard in many a moon, and when he got through telling it, they were no younger.

THE first inkling Staines had that anything was amiss was the arrival, on a raw March morning, as he was finishing a kipper in his office, of a messenger with a chit from Grimsditch, his superior. Not to put too fine a point on it, Gregory was feeling a bit peckish. To begin with, he abhors kippers and forces himself to eat them only because it is unthinkable for an inspector to start the day otherwise. For another thing, Grimsditch's chits—or the chits of Grimsditch, to employ a more felicitous phrase—are totally unnecessary. His office is right next door, and he could as easily have summoned Gregory over the ground-glass partition. But his colonial love of ceremony (he trained in various remote outposts like Neiman-Marcus, in Dallas, and Gump's, in San Francisco) finds its outlet in these irritating formalities. With a sigh, Gregory detached the gas ring he had used to broil the fish and stowed it in his desk. Under his breath, he cursed the regulations that forbade Macy employees to cook during store hours, forcing them into a hundred ignoble stratagems. For, you see, Gregory is something of an idealist *manqué*.



"Humph," growled Grimsditch when his subordinate entered. "Morning, Staines. I'd appreciate a moment or two of your valuable time, if I'm not interrupting an after-breakfast nap." Gregory was not sure, but he thought he detected an undercurrent of sarcasm in the Old Man's greeting. More than likely, he had got the wind up over



some customer's complaint, and so it proved.

"Look at that!" he snapped, extending a half-eaten baby rattle. "Woman from Sunnyside brought it in this morning. Our guarantee says it's inedible."

"Our guarantee *is* inedible," retorted Staines. "I defy anybody—"

"No, no, man, the *rattle*," Grimsditch broke in, exasperated. "I thought our laboratory had tested it."

"They did," said Gregory. "I had two of the junior operatives teething on it for donkey's years." He scrutinized the toy closely and straightened up in triumph. "No

that," he declared positively. "Those are the tooth marks of a three-year-old schnauzer."

"The deuce you say!" exclaimed Grimsditch.

"Unmistakable," Gregory said. "Note the aggressive upward sweep of *of the molars. You are familiar with my monograph on the tooth marks of the three-year-old schnauzer?"*

"No, but I certainly plan to be," said Grimsditch, impressed. "By gad, my boy, I shan't forget the way you handled this."

"Nothing at all, sir." Gregory dismissed it. "I merely used the old think-box, is all. What's new in that matter of the reducing preparation?"

"Blowed if I know," confessed the chief peevishly. "We can't break down the manufacturer's claim that it melts away the fat—three of our researchers disappeared completely yesterday—but it also seems to affect the pigmentation. Here's the chart." Gregory's forehead puckered as his eye skimmed over the findings; something was definitely out of whack. Latrobe and Shenstone had turned forest green as a result of bathing in the solution, Kugler had emerged streaked with vermilion, and Dismukes was a rich cocoa-brown plaid. Furthermore, the colors were fast; pumice, paint remover, and even emery wheels had been tried without success on the subjects' skins.

"Mind if I take a dekko at the experiment?" proposed Staines. Deep in his subconscious, a hypothesis, as yet little more than intuitive, was forming that some unknown element in the bath must be responsible for the change. Grimsditch, helpless in the face of an enigma that had baffled the keenest minds in the department, embraced the offer eagerly. Placing his entire resources at Gregory's disposal, he escorted him to the door and slipped a compact blue-nickeled charge account into his palm.

"I don't think you'll need it," he counselled, "but if any agents from Saks-Thirty-fourth Street or Altman's are mixed up in this, it's just as well to be prepared." Gregory thanked him and, descending to the kitchenwares, in the basement, took an elevator to the testing laboratory, on the roof. To anyone watching him, the maneuver might have appeared purposeless; years of experience, however, had taught him the value of extreme caution. He made his way through a sunny workroom in which besmocked technicians were engaged in tasting oilcloth, setting fire to girdles, jumping up and down on bedsprings, and generally submitting merchandise to normal wear. One of the more unusual probes going forward involved a wheel to each of whose spokes was affixed a metal foot; in had been revolving, the feet were estimated to have covered a distance of six hundred thousand miles. Inasmuch as Macy's did not sell metal feet, the object of the inquiry was not too clear, but, thought Gregory, it made a whiz-bang display.

Crabtree, the head supervisory engineer, was awaiting him when he reached the drug section; Grimsditch had sent ahead a chit to herald Gregory's advent. Crabtree was answerable only to Grimsditch, and Grimsditch, in turn, was answerable only to Crabtree—an arrangement that ensured a maximum of harmony and prevented leaks. The strain of the past couple of days had begun to tell on the engineer. His usually rubicund physiognomy was ashen and his face had paled perceptibly.

"Frankly, we're up a tree," Crabtree admitted, conducting Staines into an improvised bathroom, where a fat man was disrobing. "We're convinced some foreign substance is tinting our guinea pigs, but hanged if we can isolate the blamed thing. Are you ready, Wagenhals?" The fat man returned a melancholy nod and lowered himself gingerly into the steaming bath. Crabtree, about to add the obesity fluid,

SEED
POTATOES
SUSAN

HI-YO, HI-YO, DISCERNIBLE TODAY

(A SONG AFTER READING TOYNBEE)

Has it come to your attention how the race of man
Has been climbing upward since time began,
How it's been climbing steady, and it's climbing there still,
But every time you notice it, it's going down hill?

CHORUS
Going down hill is the natural way,
For the old folks work and the young folks play,
And the pioneer morals universally decay—
Yet a definite improvement is discernible today!
Hi-yo, hi-yo, discernible today!

Now there's been a quite demonstrable and healthy gain
In higher mathematics and the size of the brain,
Between us and the oyster there were great strides made—
But every time you look at us, we're slipping down grade.

CHORUS
Going down hill is the natural trend,
For the old folks gather and the young folks spend,
Yet line up all our forebears on the path that we descend
And a definite improvement is apparent at this end!
Hi-yo, hi-yo, apparent at this end!

The Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Greeks and Romans, too,
Hung up some fancy records when their world was new,
And some they hung so high the boys are shooting at them still—
But they saw themselves continually going down hill.

CHORUS
Going down hill is the way·things run,
For the old have illusions and the young have fun,
And our manners and religions everlastingly decay,
Yet astonishing improvement is discernible today!
Hi-yo, hi-yo, discernible today!

—MAXWELL ANDERSON

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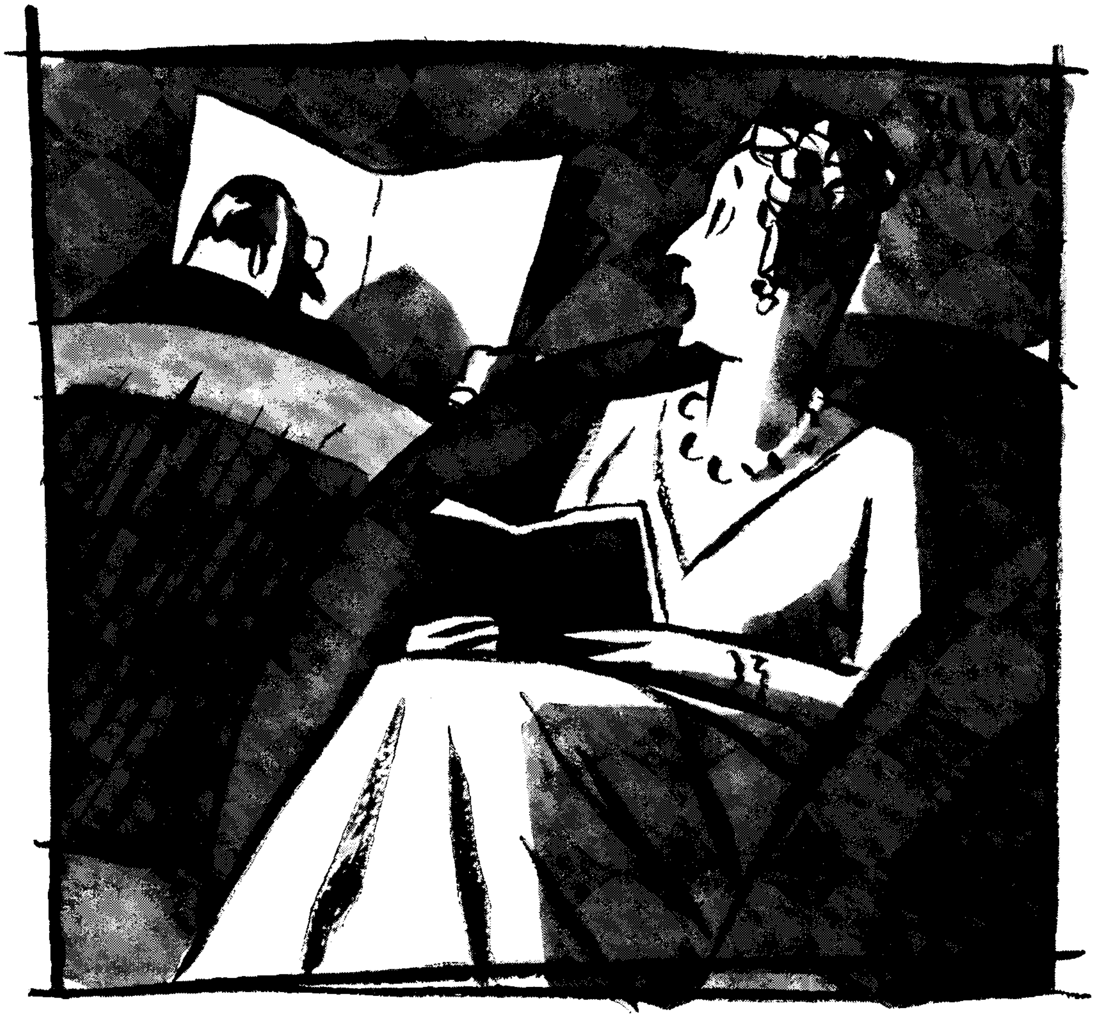

“Is there a Mrs. Kinsey?”

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suddenly checked his hand.

“What’s the matter?” he inquired of the man. “Don’t you feel well?”

“I’m O.K.,” croaked Wagenhals, his expression belying his words. “It’s only—well, I—I heard a rumor that folks looked different after bathing in here.”

“Different in what way?”

“That—that they turned various colors, like purple, and orange—”

“Now, hold on, Wagenhals,” said Crabtree impatiently. “Have you ever seen any orange people?”

“Just in ‘Lassie,’ ” faltered the man, “and one time I saw a whaling picture with Don Ameche—”

“Exactly,” interposed Crabtree. “Well, forget that cafeteria gossip. You know how people love to talk.” He emptied the solvent into the water; instantaneously its surface boiled into an agitated froth, lashing the sides of the tub with extraordinary violence. Had Gregory been watching the bather, he might have seen a hint of clavicle appear below the fleshy throat, the double chin grow taut, but his eyes were pinned on the medicine chest in the wall above Wagenhals’ head. Its door was ajar, and from an overturned bottle inside, bluish drops splashed into the bath below.

“Look, look!” cried Crabtree. “He’s turning indigo!”

Staines paid him no heed. With the peculiar, catlike spring that earned him the sobriquet of the Polecat of the Bureau, he crossed the floor in a single bound, caught up the bottle, and slammed shut the door of the cabinet. “Get this man into a tubful of fresh water at once!” he barked at the amazed Crabtree. “Another sixty seconds in that witch’s broth and I won’t answer for the consequences.”

“But I don’t understand,” quavered Crabtree. “What was in the bottle?”

“Eyewash,” said Gregory sternly. “An ordinarily innocuous liquid that, as we have learned to our considerable chagrin, can play strange chemical pranks on the unwary, and that, along with iodine, hair tonic, after-shave lotion, and a host of other brews, you have thoughtlessly allowed to fall into the testing medium.” And, leaving an open-mouthed Crabtree to fold a considerably diminished Wagenhals into a pretested towel, he went downstairs to file his report.

“WELL, there you have it,” concluded Staines, refilling the bowl of his pipe with ashes and sugar. “The clue was right under their noses, but, of course, they hadn’t the sense to see it. Pure, unadulterated eyewash, found in every bathroom.”

“Not to mention one other place,” I suggested diffidently.

“What’s that?”

“Advertising copy,” I said.

Staines rose majestically. “I consider that remark in very poor taste,” he announced, “and I intend to convey it to Grimsditch at once.” Before I could temporize, he had jammed on his hat and stalked from the restaurant. Not until three seconds after he had gone did I realize that he had forgotten to pay the check. For a man whose love of detail has made his name a watchword at the Blue Ribbon, Staines is at times surprisingly lax. —S. J. PERELMAN

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Williamsport* (*Pa.*) *Sun*]

BOULDER CITY, NEV. (UP)—If you’re digging an oil well, you might as well keep your eyes open while you’re at it.

That’s the philosophy of Ark Klinger, a veteran driller who has just started sinking a well in the railroad pass area south of here.

Geologists have told him that the land on which he is drilling lies on a fault and there is a good possibility of oil being somewhere underneath.

However, Klinger is taking no chances.

WE PREFER FLORENCE

As Eleanor Crosby went from the kitchen into the living room, a beam of low sunlight slanting through the window fell directly on the etching of the Ponte Vecchio that she had bought when she and Sarah were in Florence together. The soft afternoon light of early spring, coming in through the curtains, had a quality about it that reminded her of the light along the Arno at dusk. Looking at the picture, she half closed her eyes and saw not only the Ponte Vecchio and the Lungarno but Doney's, with the handsome young Italians lounging around before dinner, beautifully dressed, drinking *americanos* and eating cream puffs and chocolate éclairs. She suddenly remembered, too, just how the dance music used to sound at the place down near the church where the famous frescoes were. She tried to think of the name of the painter who had done them, but couldn't. She couldn't even think of the name of the church. Instead, for a second, very clearly, she saw herself dancing with the baron. She could almost smell the perfume from his hair. Then, as if a shutter had been let drop, the baron was shut out by the sound coming from the barn—the whining rise and fall of the circular saw that Phil was using in the shop he had out there.

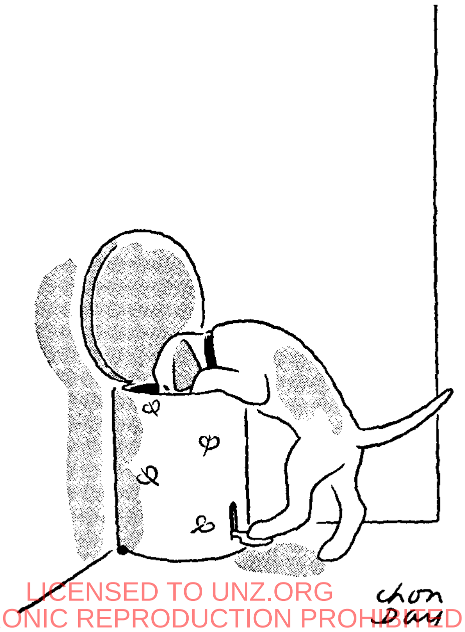
She looked over at the clock. In half an hour, the guests would be here for dinner, and Phil was still out in the barn. He'd have to change his clothes. He'd be late. She would have to receive them alone. He'd come ambling cheerfully in after they had arrived, and she'd have to introduce him to Sarah's friends. She would probably forget their name, or else she'd think she remembered it and would introduce them by some name that was entirely wrong. If their name was Hudson, she would certainly introduce them as Fulton, and she seemed to be incapable of differentiating between such names as Chase and Page. And these people were foreigners, which made it even worse.

"I'm not sure just what they are," Sarah's excited voice had said over the telephone. "Hungarian or something, or maybe Rumanian—I'm not sure. They usually talk French together, but they're both perfectly charming. He's an artist, and she keeps reminding me, sort of, of Garbo. I mean the same general type—*you* know."

Eleanor had asked her to bring them over for dinner and after she had hung had sat there staring down at the let herself be carried away by these impulses and trying to decide how best to tell Phil that she had invited them. Not that he would make a scene—he never did—but she knew he didn't particularly care about people like that. She had felt guilty and at the same time somehow neglected. And now he would be late.

But just then the sound of the saw stopped, and a moment later, looking through the window, she saw him come out of the barn, brushing his hands on his trousers as he walked toward the house. He was never late—she knew that perfectly well. She thought again of the baron, who had always been late. She had a brief glimpse of him as he bent over her hand and kissed it. Then once more the shutter dropped, abruptly. But Florence, she thought as she went toward the kitchen to make sure that the flame under the casserole wasn't too high, Florence was so lovely. The idea of never seeing it again, of never going back; the realization that it was all a thing of the past, a part of her youth that could never be recaptured—all these things saddened her.

As she passed the bookcase, her eyes fell on the volumes of Proust, in the original. "Remembrance of Things Past," she thought and, reaching over, took out a volume. She opened it, read a few lines, then closed it again. She started to put it back in the bookcase, but, glancing over at the large table in the center of the room, she hesitated. Finally, she put the volume of Proust down on top of the current Book-of-the-Month selection, which was lying there, and went on out to the kitchen.



A good smell of onions and herbs was coming from the casserole. It was the sort of smell that drifted out from open windows in Europe and mingled with the damp, faintly mildewed odors of the narrow streets—onions, garlic, rosemary, and basil in the shadowed streets, floating upward toward the blue sky borne on a voice suddenly bursting into an aria from "Tosca" or "Traviata." My youth, she thought as she lifted the lid of the casserole, lies hidden under the years, never to be recaptured. Sniffing the hot, fragrant steam, she felt the tears come to her eyes.

She heard Phil's voice. "My, that smells good! When are these characters coming?"

He was leaning against the doorjamb, tapping his unlighted pipe against his teeth and smiling. There were some crumbs of sawdust in the hairs on his forearms, and a thin, vinegary smell of freshly cut wood about him. He looked relaxed and healthy and untroubled by the duties of a host that faced him.

"Soon," she said as she replaced the lid of the casserole. "Almost any time now."

"Gosh, you don't sound very enthusiastic," he said, and laughed.

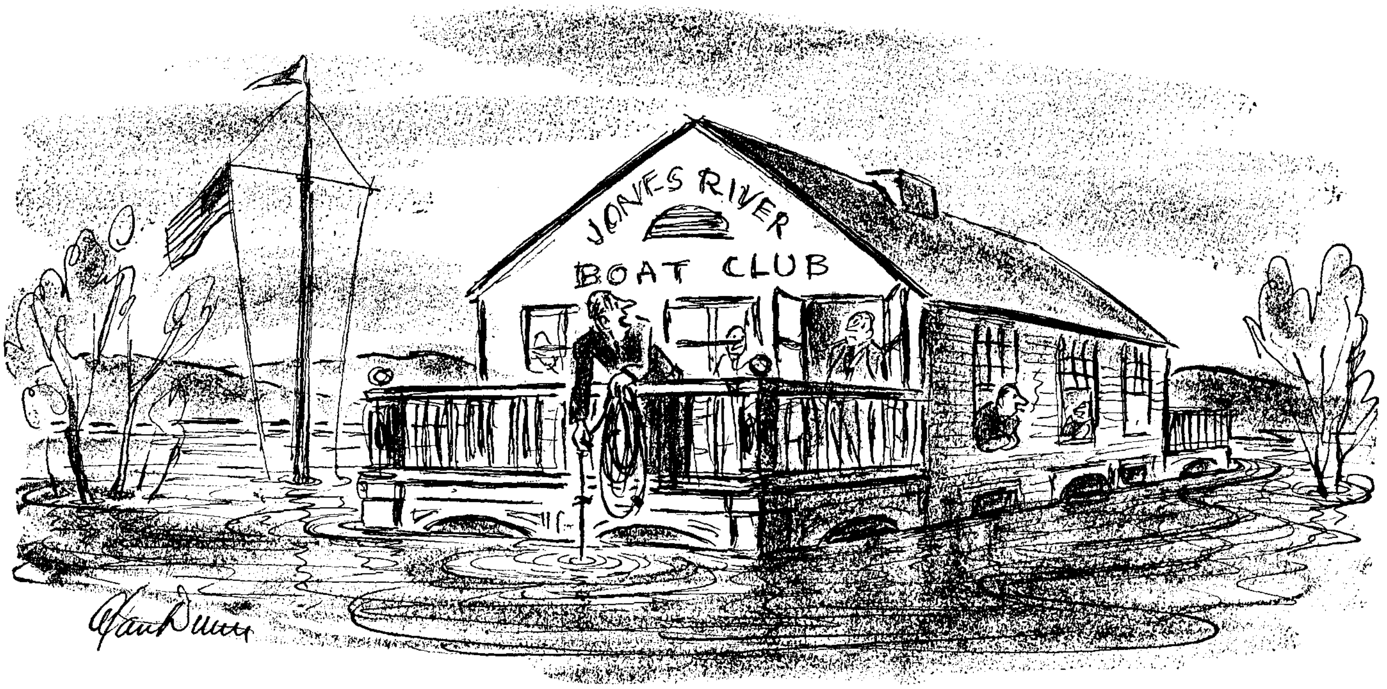
"It's always so one-sided," she said, not quite certain as she said it just what she meant. "I mean—oh, you don't care about meeting new people, and when I suggest—"

"Why, gosh, I don't mind," he said. "It's O.K. by me. It's fine."

He paused, looking at her in a puzzled way, half smiling. "You'd better have a little drink," he said as he turned to go. "A short one before they come," and he went out and up the stairs, and began to whistle as he got to the top.

It was strange, she thought as she leaned forward and turned the flame under the casserole down as low as it would go, it was strange how one could be misunderstood even by those one was supposed to be closest to. As though a drink could heal the wounds of the soul. As though alcohol could recapture the vanished past. As though a short one before they came could shut out memory.

She went over to the table where the tray with the cocktail things was standing. She counted the glasses again and saw that there was one too few. She opened the cupboard and took out a glass. Next to it, pushed far back on the shelf, so that it couldn't easily be seen, was a bottle of Scotch. It was half full. She wondered whether to offer Scotch as well as Martinis, then decided not to. It was such a luxury nowadays, and with both children away at school, Phil



"By the mark, two."

couldn't afford to drink it except on special occasions. Besides, this was his own particular Scotch, given to him months ago by one of his clients. If their guests wanted highballs, they could have blended rye, which was perfectly good when you got used to it.

FROM outside came the sound of a car crunching the gravel of the drive. She looked quickly in the mirror, touched her hair, and ran one finger over her lip before she went out into the living room. She glanced toward the stairs, again feeling nervous for fear Phil wouldn't be there to greet their guests, but a moment later she heard his footsteps coming down the hall. He was never late. "*Entrez donc*," she murmured to herself as she started toward the door, and regretted that she had let her French, which had really been quite good at one time, get so rusty.

From the other side of the door came a confused churning of footsteps and voices, and as she reached it she paused, drawing back into herself. Then she felt Phil standing close by her, and with a mingled feeling of reassurance and of anxiety as to how he would act toward these people, she opened the door.

Sarah burst into the house with the breathless excitement, the sense of hysterical urgency, that she seemed inevitably to impart to the most trivial situation. Behind her was the tweed-jacketed figure of her husband, a man who somehow always gave the impression of being a kind of disembodied head and shoulders emitting small puffs of smoke from a face that floated tranquilly above the turbulence created by his wife. Between them, half hidden because they were somewhat shorter than the others, their two guests were being sucked rapidly forward by the current of Sarah's enthusiasm.

When they finally sat down, all the voices suddenly stopped. For a few seconds, the silence was broken only by the sound in Eleanor's head of the jumbled syllables that, put together in various combinations, might possibly spell these people's name. When they were introduced, she had listened with care, but the name had already dissolved into a meaningless blur. She glanced at Sarah, urging her with her mind to address them by name, but Sarah merely smiled back at her ecstatically. Then she heard Phil's voice behind her.

"And you, Mr. Karvalish, what would you like? A Martini?" he was saying.

"Karvalish," she repeated to herself, looking up at Phil with wonder and gratitude. "Karvalish." She tried to form a mental picture of the name, but it occurred to her that since they were Hungarians or Rumanians, it was probably spelled with an "sz" or something instead of an "sh." It was an appalling thought, and she quickly closed her inward eye against the appearance of the name and concentrated on remembering its sound. "Karvalish," she murmured, and, as she leaned back, felt Phil's hand against her shoulder.

"Or sherry?" he said.

"Pleass," Mr. Karvalish said, "I should prefer some Scotch. No?"

There was a brief but awkward silence.

"With no ice," Mr. Karvalish added.

For a moment, Eleanor hesitated. Then she opened her eyes wide and, with her most brilliant smile, leaned forward in her chair and said, "Why, of course, Mr. Karvalish." Turning toward Phil but not actually meeting his eye, she said, "It's on the shelf right above the cocktail things, dear."

Seated very erect in their chairs, Mr. and Mrs. Karvalish were letting their eyes wander judicially around the room. Sarah had launched into a long and, judging from the laughter with which she introduced each sentence, excruciatingly funny story. Under its cover, Eleanor was able to observe her guests. Mrs. Karvalish's face had a certain hard beauty about it, but aside from the color and the length of her hair her resemblance to Garbo was obviously a figment of Sarah's easily overheated imagination. One shoulder strap, Eleanor noted before she let her eyes move toward Mr. Karvalish, was decidedly not as clean as it might be.

Mr. Karvalish was wearing what seemed like a rather unusual combination for the country—trousers of a curiously shiny, almost iridescent purplish-brown material, a tightly fitting black double-breasted jacket, and a white shirt, open at the neck and with a very long-shoulders and, curling up at the ends, gave an effect suggestive of small wings. His hair, carefully brushed back over his ears, was long and of a silky dark brown, with a natural wave in it. Eleanor thought of how the baron's long, smooth black hair used to look as he bent down to kiss her hand, and she became conscious of an odor of perfume, which at first she thought came from her memory but then realized came from Mr. Karvalish. For a moment, the sight of Mr. Karvalish's hair gave her an odd and not entirely agreeable sensation. It seemed perhaps just a shade too long and too carefully combed. But then she remembered that she really liked men's hair to be rather long. It was so much more becoming than those awful short haircuts that Phil and every other American man she knew always insisted on getting. She always begged Phil not to have his hair cut so short, and now that she saw a man with really beautiful hair, like this, it made her uneasy. It was silly.

She smiled at Mr. Karvalish with special sympathy and understanding.

"I hear you're living in New York now," she said. "How do you like it?"

Mr. Karvalish's eyes looked over her head at the picture of the Ponte Vecchio. He raised one hand for a moment in a gesture of bleak but courageous resignation. "Firenze," he said. "Florence. We have live there. We prefer Florence."

"Oh," Eleanor said. "Well, yes, of course, Florence was wonderful, but—"

Mrs. Karvalish looked mildly surprised and said, "You have been to Florence?"

"Why, yes," Eleanor said. "Yes. I spent quite a lot of time there. I loved it."

They both looked at her steadily without speaking. There was something disconcerting about their eyes that made her remember, for the first time in years, how difficult it had been to get used to the way in which everyone in Europe, without exception, stared.

"But, of course, New York . . ." she said. "There are so many things in New York that—"

"It is so much," Mr. Karvalish began, "always so much—" He turned to his wife. "*Du bruit?*"

"Noise?" Eleanor said. "So much noise?" But they did not seem to hear her.

"Noiss," Mrs. Karvalish said.

"So much noiss," Mr. Karvalish said, and, putting one hand over each ear, rocked his head back and forth a few times with an expression of the most

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POETRY-CLUB MEETING

The sibilant ladies wear their vulture hats
Perched drunkenly on marcelled hair and rest
The infant Keats on their collective breast
While they exchange assorted sharps and flats
Until the gavel gently strikes them still.
They open little beaded minds and pass
Iambic photographs that dimly glass
The withered primrose and the daffodil.

The infant, waking, suddenly outgrows
His foster mothers' grasp and, howling, hunts
Release from the mad Duchess's routine.
His thin, protesting fingers hoofed, his nose
Upturning into snout, Keats hoarsely grunts
Indecent commentary on the scene.

—Milton Kaplan

• •

He sighed, lowered his hands, and stared at the volume of Proust on the table. He picked it up, leafed through a few pages, then put it down again.

Phil came in with the drinks on a tray. As he passed them to Mr. Karvalish, Eleanor said, "Do you like Proust, Mr. Karvalish?"

"Ah, sank you," Mr. Karvalish said, taking a glass.

"*Est-ce que tu aimes Proust?*" Mrs. Karvalish called to him.

"Ah, Proust!" Mr. Karvalish raised his eyebrows, which were heavy and black, until they formed a high, startled arch. "You have read Proust?"

For a moment, Eleanor felt like saying, "No, I read only the Elsie books," but then it occurred to her that Mr. Karvalish, being an artist, was probably absent-minded and had not really noticed that the book he had just been glancing at was a volume of Proust.

"She reads them in French," Sarah gasped. "She spoke wonderful French when we were over in Grenoble together."

"Ah, Grenoble!" Mr. Karvalish said, and took a drink.

"And on the Riviera," Sarah said. "*La Côte d'Azur.* It was so lovely there."

Phil laughed and said, "Except Nice. Nice always made me think of Atlantic City."

"Each winter, we have gone to Nice," said Mr. Karvalish gravely.

"*Bataille des Fleurs,*" Mrs. Karvalish explained, turning to Phil. "Each winter, in March, is *Bataille des Fleurs*—Bottle of Flowers. All people ride in carriages and—and—" She turned to Mr. Karvalish. "*Se jettent?*"

Eleanor started to say "throw," but then decided not to.

"Srrow," Mr. Karvalish said.

"And *srrow* the flowers," Mrs. Karvalish concluded.

"Well," Eleanor said, getting up, "if you'll excuse me, I'm going to have a look in the kitchen, just to be sure you people get something to eat," and she turned and went toward the kitchen, laughing, it seemed to her, for no reason at all and with unusual shrillness.

In the kitchen, she stood for a moment and leaned her head against the refrigerator door, which felt delightfully cool.

"Stop it!" she said to herself. "Stop it! Stop trying to make an impression, stop trying to show them that you understand French, stop worrying about dinner, stop worrying about the Scotch, stop grinning and screaming! The Gar—" She paused in panic, the name forgotten. "The Var—"

The door swung open, and Phil came in carrying a glass.

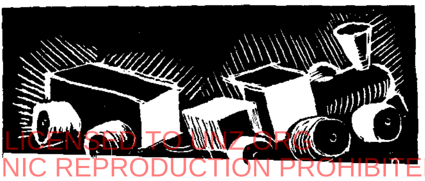
"Phil," she whispered. "Quick. Their name. Var—? Gar—?"

"Karvalish," he said.

She sighed and said, "I don't see how you do it. What are you getting?"

"Mr. Karvalish asked for some more Scotch," he said.

"Oh," she said.



As they sat down to dinner, Mrs. Karvalish sniffed the fragrant aroma that rose from the casserole.

"I hope you like this," Eleanor began. "It's just—"

"In America is one great mistake," Mrs. Karvalish said, biting off a piece of the Italian bread that Eleanor and Phil had driven over to Bridgeport that morning to get. "Is one great mistake." She nodded, slowly chewing. "In cooking is never use herbs. In Europe is always use herbs—*romarin*, *basilico*, *thym*, *laurier*."

"*Un bouquet garni*," Eleanor said, hearing her voice rise and then carefully lowering it. "I always use—"

"Yes," Mrs. Karvalish said. "In cooking, you should use always a *bouquet garni*," and she began to eat rapidly and with apparent enjoyment, one eye fixed on the red wine that Phil was pouring into her glass.

"I have think," Mr. Karvalish said slowly, raising and lowering his fork and squinting along it, "I have think maybe I give some lecture. In your American universities." He looked around the table. "Who is good? Tcheecago?"

"Oh, yes," Sarah said quickly. "That would be a fine idea."

"Is good, Tcheecago?" he asked.

"Princeton or Yale or Harvard are the best," Sarah said. "My husband and Mr. Crosby both went to Princeton."

"They were in the same class," Eleanor said, adding with what, as she said it, struck her as a singularly pointless burst of gaiety, "The class of 1923."

"Harvard," Mrs. Karvalish said, "Harvard, I know. But Preentz-ton?"

Mr. Karvalish nodded, smiling to himself. "Maybe I will give lecture."

"For America will be very good to have lecture by famous artist from Europe," Mrs. Karvalish said.

"Maybe I will do so," Mr. Karvalish said musingly.

He raised his glass and smiled at Eleanor over the edge. He really had very beautiful and sensitive eyes. "*Bonne santé*," he said.

She smiled back at him and raised her glass. At the same moment, she felt his foot press gently against hers under the table. She felt the baron touch her, and again, this time mingled with the faint bouquet of the wine and the rich, warm herb smell from the casserole, came a sweet, rather heavy perfume. Half closing her eyes as she drew her foot away, she felt a little sick.

"Is very good wine," Mr. Karvalish said, toying with his fork.

"Chambertin," Mrs. Karvalish said dreamily.

Mr. Karvalish's foot moved again. Eleanor gave a start, and realized that she was blushing. She looked around the table hurriedly from one to another of them.

Just then, there was a flare of light, and a moment later the entire house was

"Here I am, Steve—in the powder room."

plunged in darkness. Eleanor caught herself starting to scream, and, in a sudden flash of memory, recalled a play that she had once been to where the lights all went out, like this, and when they went on again, someone was lying dead on the floor. Then she heard Phil laugh and his chair scrape back.

"It's a fuse," he said as he lighted a match and went toward the kitchen. "I'll fix it."

When the lights came on again, they all sat there for a few seconds blinking and smiling. Eleanor turned toward Mr. Karvalish and, for some reason, was surprised to see that the fork with which he had been toying was still there. With a slight shock, she realized that she wouldn't have been surprised to find it gone or to see the tip of it sticking out of his coat pocket. At the same moment, she saw the baron

and remembered just how he had looked, just how the restaurant where they were dining had looked, just how she had sat and he had sat, just what a sense of tragedy he had been able to put into his words the time he took her hand in his and asked her for money. She felt suddenly cold and calm and as though, if necessary, she could sit here at this dinner table for hours, smiling, asking questions, being a charming hostess, unhurried and unaffected by anything around her.

Drawing her feet onto the rung of her chair, she turned to Mr. Karvalish and said, "Tell me, Mr. Karvalish, whom do you consider the most important painter of the present day?"

WHEN they had gone—the door closed behind them and the sound house seemed strangely silent. It seemed silent yet at the same time vibrating with a sense of recently departed people, echoing still with the rise and fall of voices.

For a few moments, Phil and Eleanor stood in the center of the living room, among the shifting smoke layers and the traces of unfamiliar perfumes. Then she turned and went over to the window and opened it wide.

“Good idea,” Phil said, and opened the door.

They stood there together and breathed the cool night air.

“Well,” he said as he closed the door, “that was a very good dinner.”

“Oh,” she said. “Why, thanks.” She picked up the largest ashtray and began to empty the others into it.

He followed her out to the kitchen. “Gosh,” he said, looking around, “this is a mess.” He glanced at his watch. “Let’s clear it up.”

“Oh, no,” she said. “I’ll do the dishes tomorrow. They’re all stacked.”

He took off his coat and began to roll up his sleeves.

“Really,” she said.

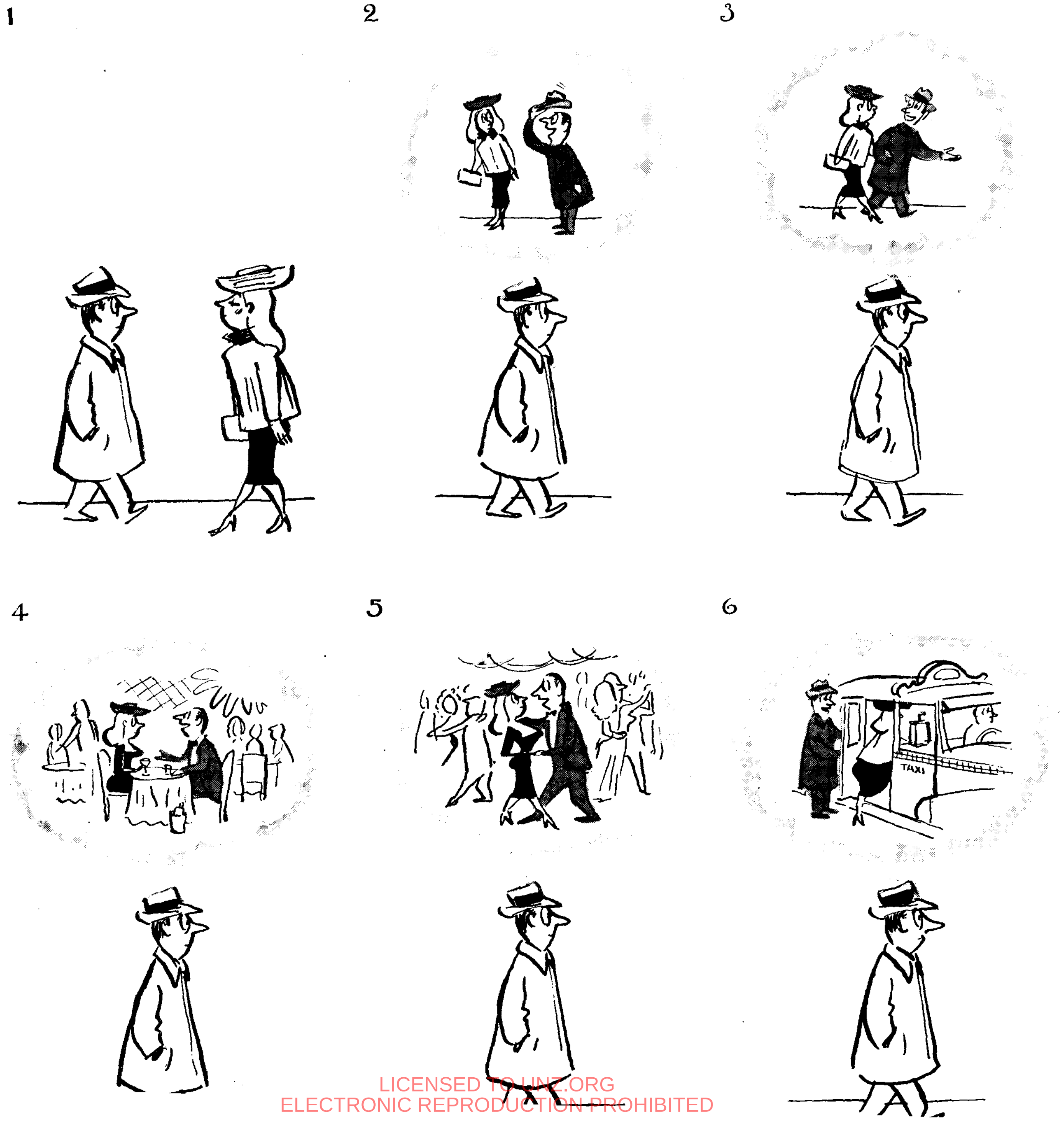
On the table in front of her stood the bottle of Scotch. There was less than an inch left in the bottom of it. As she looked from it to him and then back at it, she felt her eyes begin to fill with tears.

Phil lifted the bottle from the table and held it up to the light. “Let’s kill this,” he said. “It’ll give us some energy. There’s just enough for two small ones.”

She did not answer, seeing him and the bottle through the mist of her tears, and he leaned a little toward her.

“Why, Pieface,” he said, “what’s the matter?”

She shook her head. He was close to her now, and his chest was just a few inches from her face. She let herself sink



slowly against it. She felt his arms around her.

"I—" she said. "It was so thoughtless—letting them have your Scotch—those—those people—when you—"

"Oh, hell," he said, and laughed.

She shook her head. "I just *do* those things." She drew away from him and wiped her eyes with the back of her hand. "I don't know," she said. "I don't know why I always—"

"Here," he said, handing her a glass. "Drink this."

"It was so wonderful," she said, "the way you fixed that fuse. No one else—"

"I'm just a mechanical genius," he said as he went over to the sink. "Come on, it's getting late."

Yes, it's getting late, she thought as she took down her apron from its hook, and as she turned the water on and shook the soap powder into the sink, she thought of the baron, who was always late, and of Phil, who was never late, and as she took a drink and put the glass down on the window ledge above the sink everything again became very clear to her—but even clearer now than it had been during dinner, at that moment when the lights had gone on. She saw the baron as he really was and all those places as they really were, the old, crooked streets, and the smells—the dampness and the perfume and the garbage—and as she picked up a glass and rinsed it and felt the clean soap and hot water against her skin, she knew that memory was false. She had not really been happy there but uncertain and confused and only pretending to be happy, because it was expected of one in Florence, in sunny Italy.

She looked at Phil and said, "I was trying to think. I've been trying all evening to remember. What was the name of the man who did all the frescoes? There were some in Florence. In that big church. I know it perfectly."

He paused, looking at her and frowning, holding a half-dried saucer in his hand.

"It ends in 'o,' " she said.

"Quite a few of them do," he said.

For a few moments, they looked at each other without speaking. Then his face lighted up and he said, "Giotto?"

"Giotto," she repeated. "Of course! Really, you're wonderful. You know everything. And you've never even been in Florence."

"I learned it in an art course," he said.

"Where?" she said. "Tcheecago?"

"No," he said. "Not Tcheecago. Preentz-ton."

They stood there laughing, and as she picked up a handful of silver, she saw the baron asking her for money, and she knew she had been afraid of the baron and not as gay and young as she had thought, and as she reached for her glass carefully with soapy hands and took another drink, she saw that youth, too, was false and not as you thought it had been—youth in Florence, Paris, Grenoble—and not only there but further back than that, with braces on her teeth, not being invited to the Senior Prom, hating the new dress she had just bought, weeping with unrequited love for the captain of the basketball team. It had all been false, and only this was real—this room, these dishes, and this laughter.

—BENEDICT THIELEN

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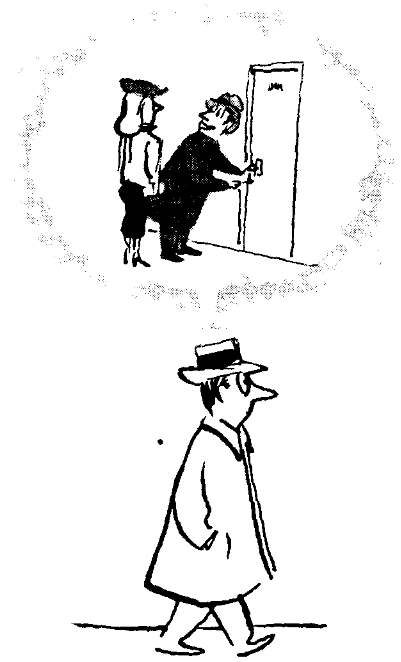

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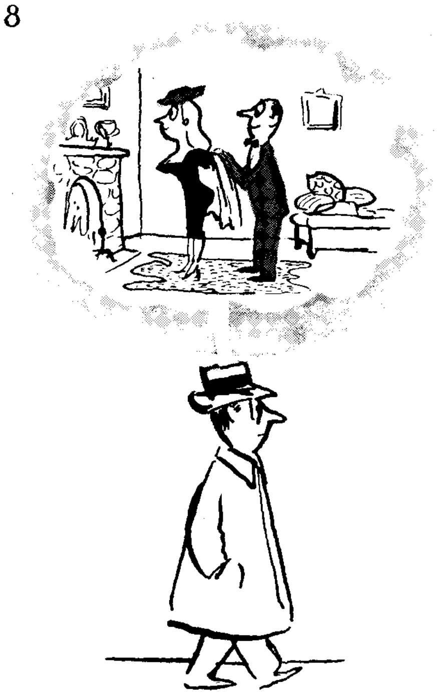

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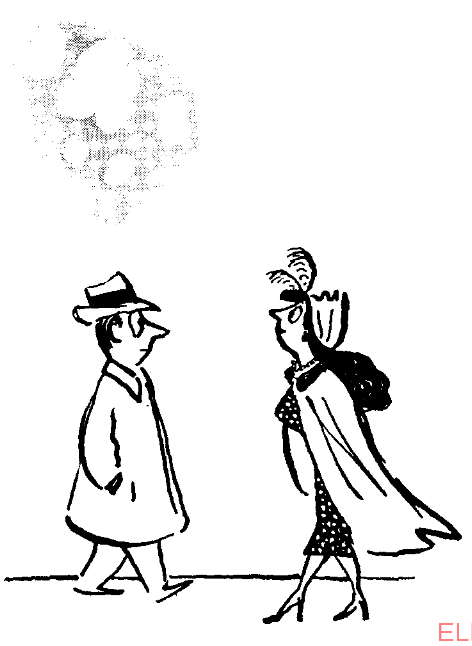

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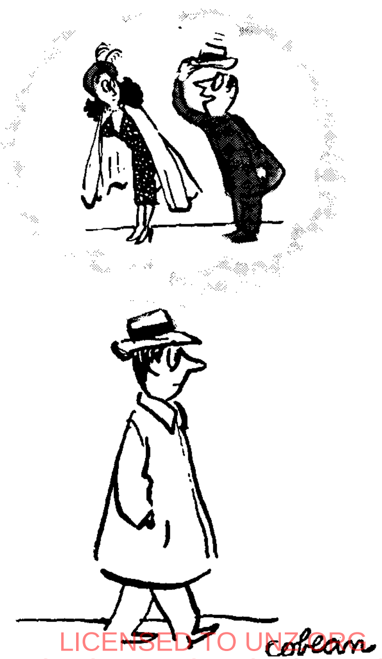

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Would moving the back seat driver into the front seat reduce the number of suggestions?

Answer. Yes. The more a person can see what is likely to happen, the less nervous he—or she—is. When in the back seat, she—or he—sees dangers, that he—or she—who is driving, can see are not dangers, which she—or he—would see are not dangers, if she—or he—could also see.—*The Mirror.*

O.K., tell that eunuch back there to climb up here in f

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE CHILDREN OF LIDICE

ON a visit I made to my native Czechoslovakia shortly before the recent Communist coup, I drove fifteen miles northwest of Prague one day to the little green valley, in the softly rolling hills of central Bohemia, where the village of Lidice once stood. On June 10, 1942, when S.S. troops and Gestapo men arrived with orders to "erase" it, Lidice was a typical and ancient Czech village, with low, cream-colored houses clustered around a six-hundred-year-old church that had a baroque cupola. Nobody in Lidice had much money and nobody was very poor. Automobiles, radios, moving pictures, and newspapers were practically nonexistent. There were a school, a firehouse, a sports club, and a reading circle. The men worked in the coal mines and foundries of the nearby town of Kladno, and the women tended the fields and gardens on the slopes behind their houses. On Sundays, they gossiped in front of the church after the service, the children played under the trees along the brook that ran through the village, and the men dropped in at the inn for a glass of beer. Exactly five hundred men, women, and children made up the population of Lidice.

As I gazed down on the site of Lidice from a hilltop overlooking the green valley, it was not difficult to imagine the village as it once was. It was harder to visualize the details of what had happened to it, even though I had just been over all the available historical data, which is now assembled in Prague. The S.S. and the Gestapo men drove into the village in trucks and staff cars at half past two o'clock on the morning of that June day six years ago. It has been indisputably established by German documents and statements since then that the people of Lidice were guilty of nothing. In the opinion of Adolf Hitler, however, the population of Czechoslovakia, then occupied by the Germans, needed "a terrifying demonstration of the strength of the Third Reich." The choice of Lidice as the scene of this demonstration was apparently arbitrary. The S.S. troops formed a cordon around the village under orders to let nobody out. Hauptsturmführer Harold Wiesmann, chief of the Kladno Gestapo, who was in charge of the ex- the village square and (leader's command) that, he said, he had just received. The *Führerbefehl* charged that the inhabitants of Lidice had given assistance to the assassins of S.S. Obergruppenführer Reinhard Heydrich, who had been attacked and mortally wounded outside Prague a week before. It also charged that the people of Lidice had been storing arms and ammunition, reading forbidden printed matter, and illegally listening to foreign radio broadcasts. "Because the inhabitants of this village broke the law so recklessly," it concluded, "the Führer himself has ordered that the village be razed to the ground and its name erased. Men over sixteen years of age will be shot, the women deported to concentration camps, and the children taken away where they will have suitable upbringing."

Wiesmann then sent for František Hejma, the Mayor of Lidice, and ordered him to hand over all the cash in the municipal treasury and all public documents. Squads of S.S. men, each accompanied by a Czech-speaking member of the Gestapo, went from house to house, woke up the inhabitants, and ordered them to go to the square. There the men and boys over sixteen were separated from the women and younger children. "The women were all hysterical," one of the S.S. men afterward wrote to his wife. "Throwing their arms around their husbands and sons, crying like mad. Children weeping, dogs barking, and chickens and pigs all over the place—what a mess!"

The women and children were put into buses and driven away. A hundred and ninety-two men and boys, the youngest sixteen, the oldest eighty-four, were taken to some stone-walled stables on the outskirts of the village. The Germans carefully checked the names of these men and boys with the police registration files, apparently to make sure that no one was missing. Then they piled mattresses taken from the houses against the back walls of the stables, so that no bullets would rebound, and shot all their captives, ten at a time. The bodies were thrown into a mass grave dug behind the stables. A *Schnellkommando* (emergency squad) summoned from Prague drove away the cattle, gathered up the pigs and poultry, and loaded the agricultural machinery on trucks, along and baby carriages in the village. Wiesmann picked out one baby carriage as a present for his wife; she was seen the following day on the streets of Kladno pushing their child around in it. Finally, S.S. men and soldiers placed cans filled with gasoline in the cream-colored houses, and in the school, the firehouse, and the church, and set fire to them. Whatever withstood the holocaust was dynamited, and the fragments were plowed into the earth. A camera crew took motion pictures of all this, and the films were duly filed away under "*Kulturfilme*" in the office of the Czech *Reichsprotektor*, where they were discovered after the war.

From my hilltop, I could see that, topographically, the erasure of Lidice had been complete. The Germans planted wheat on the site and over the mass grave. The dynamite blasts even changed the course of the brook that ran through the village. I had been told in Prague that the only traces of Lidice now visible are in Kladno, and I decided to go there. It was to Kladno that the women and children of Lidice had been driven in buses while the men and boys were being shot. Next morning they were assembled in the high school and their names were listed, and then the children were taken away from their mothers. There were, altogether, two hundred and three women and a hundred and five children. Townspeople two and three blocks away heard, through the closed windows of their houses, the desperate cries of those women and children; the citizens of Kladno had been instructed to keep their windows shut and to stay off the streets that morning. The women were sent to concentration camps in Germany and the children were scattered over Europe. Of the two hundred and three women, fifty died of torture and mistreatment; a hundred and forty-one have come back to Czechoslovakia and have been domiciled by the government in a little colony of renovated houses in Kladno, which is a drab town of coal mines and coal dust, factory chimneys, tenements, and freight yards. As I drove through it, its dreariness was relieved solely by the noise of the children playing in the streets, but when I came to the colony in which the women of Lidice live, there was not even the sound of children playing. Only sixteen of the hundred and five children of Lidice have come back to Czechoslovakia. The rest are still unaccounted for.

A sign on one of the houses said

"*Národní Výbor Lidice*," or "National Council of Lidice." I walked up a wooden stairway to an office on the second floor, where I met Josef Novák, the secretary of the Council. Novák, a friendly, soft-spoken man with a Slavic face, is a sort of liaison man between the Czechoslovak government and the survivors of Lidice. I asked him if I might talk to some of the children. "Only a few of them, the older ones, remember what happened to them," he said. "The younger ones, who were a year or so old when they were taken away from their mothers, don't remember anything much, or else they can't seem to talk about their experiences. Of those who were really old enough to understand what went on, only nine have come back." He telephoned the principal of the local school and arranged for three of the older children, a boy and his sister and another girl, to be rounded up and sent over.

"I want to make a killing."

• •

TWO women dressed in black entered the office, and Novák gave them a friendly greeting and handed each one a document. "Sign here," he said. He took a sheaf of paper money from a desk drawer and counted out some bills. The women thanked him as they picked up the money. One of them said, "Nothing new?," as if she were stating a fact instead of asking a question. "No news, I'm afraid," said Novák. They nodded and went out. These were two of the widows whose children are missing, and they had come to collect their allotment. "Every surviving woman gets a monthly pension of two thousand crowns from the government," Novák said. "In addition, the Association for the Restoration of Lidice, a private organization supervised by the government, pays a thousand crowns to every woman under thirty-five years of age and fifteen hundred crowns to women over thirty-five. The children get from six hundred and twenty to nine hundred crowns from the government, according to their age, and five hundred crowns from the Society. A thousand crowns is about twenty dollars, so even though their houses are rent-free, it's not much, with the cost of living going up all the time. But the women say they would gladly give up their pensions if only they could be back in Lidice. Not a day goes by without some of the women walking out to the place, which is about six miles from here. They sit down on the ground and cry for hours."

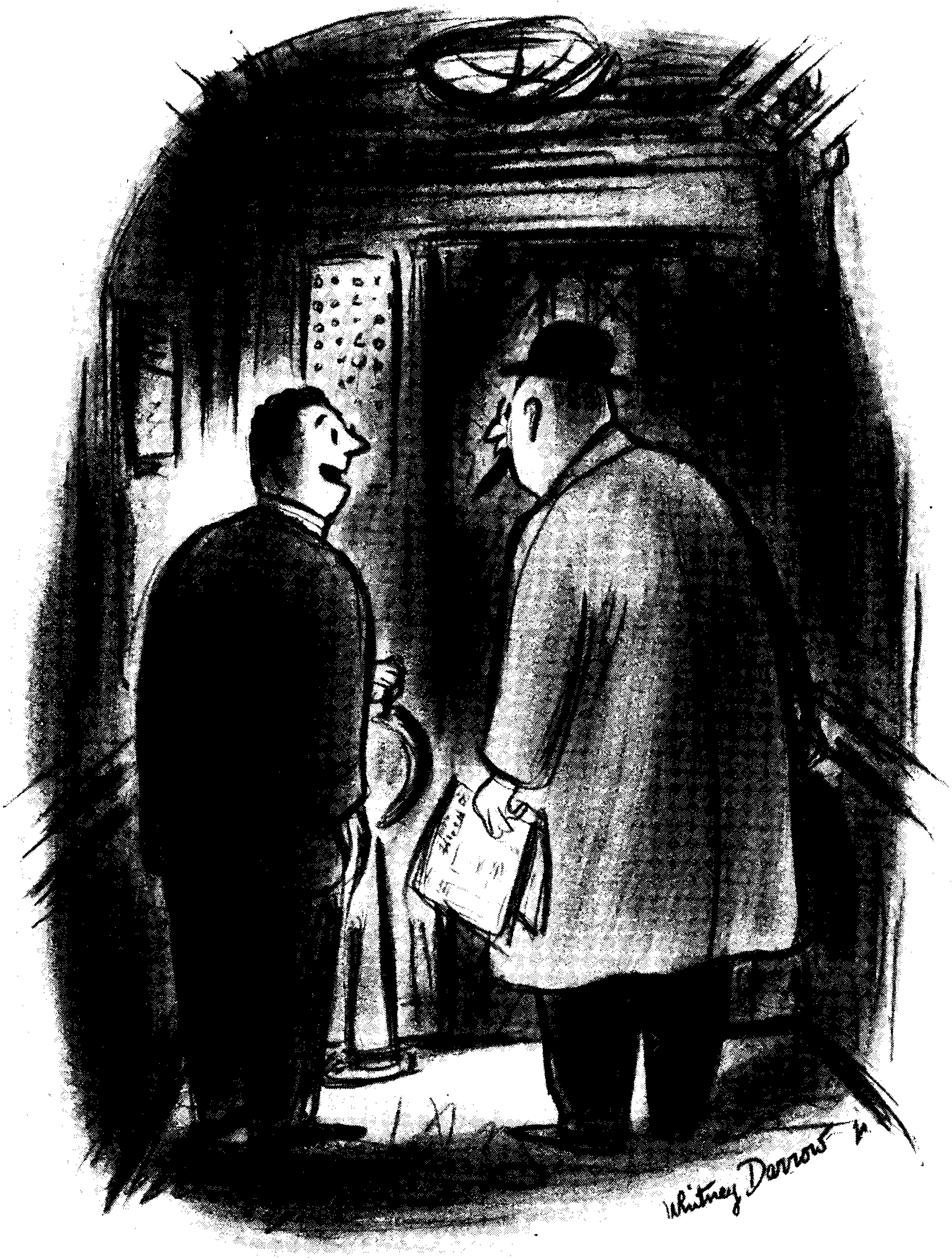
The coalition government had promised to build another village near the old one and to make a national shrine of the original site, but it had indicated that this probably would not be done until next year. (No word has yet come out of Czechoslovakia as to what the Communist plans for Lidice, or for its women and children, may be.) "I keep telling the women there is a serious shortage of building materials and not enough manpower," Novák said, "and that many other important buildings, with high priorities, must be put up—hospitals, railroad stations, and schools—but they say, 'What about priorities for Lidice? Has the government forgotten our sacrifice and suffering?' " He sighed and shifted in his swivel chair behind his roll-top desk. "Fortunately," he went on, "children are able to forget most unpleasant things and remember only the pleasant ones. It's an entirely different story with the women of Lidice. The government settled them here in Kladno after the war because it was felt that being away from the place of the tragedy would easier for them to forget." He gave an unhappy shrug. "It didn't work out that way. The women hate to live here. They want to go back to Lidice as soon as possible. To those who lost husbands and children, the tragedy is still as sharp and painful as if it had happened only yesterday. In their homes, the pictures of their husbands, brothers, and sons are draped with black cloth, and most of them are still wearing black dresses. When they get together, they talk of scarcely anything else. But maybe it will be better for them when Lidice is rebuilt."

There was a timid knock on the door, and the children Novák had sent for came in. They were Václav Hanf, now fourteen; his sister, Maruška Hanfová, now seventeen; and her girl friend Marie Doležalová, now fifteen. They were in a group of ninety children who were shipped to Poland by the Germans. These three were moved from one place to another in Poland, Germany, and Austria until the war ended. Then Allied agencies brought them back to Czechoslovakia. Václav took off his cap and nodded gravely when he was introduced to me. He is a slim, earnest blond-haired boy with remarkably fine features that he looked much older than fourteen. He limped across the floor to sit down next to Novák. The two girls made themselves comfortable on a leather couch, and began whispering and giggling. Václav just sat still, very serious and grown up.

"Václav is the only boy in the group who has returned," said Novák, giving him an encouraging smile. "All the other children of that group who have come back are girls. Every year, on the anniversary of the destruction of Lidice, there is a mourning ceremony at the site of the village, with many officials and hundreds of thousands of people attending, and Václav acts as Lidice's unofficial ambassador. He has spoken in front of the President and members of the government and Parliament, and for the newsreels." Václav acknowledged this with a casual nod. The girls laughed, and Maruška said, "And he's very glad that he could come here now and doesn't have to sit in school." Maruška is a healthy, happy-looking girl with a shrewd peasant face, red cheeks, and white teeth. She was wearing a pleated skirt and a dark blouse, and her sturdy legs were bare. The other girl, Marie, slender, pretty, and vivacious, kept bouncing up and down on the couch.

For all their noisiness, Václav hardly ever glanced at the girls as he told me his story. He and his two sisters, Maruška and Anna, were, he said, together on the train to Poland. There were three third-class carriages for the children and one car each for the escort of S.S. men and women of the N.S.V., a welfare organization. The journey lasted three days and two nights. The children sat on wooden benches. They had no light at night, and in the tiny, dirty washrooms there was no water. Quite a few of the children were toddlers and needed attention, but the Germans didn't bother and the little ones as well as they could. I gathered that Maruška, who was then twelve, and one of the oldest and most energetic of the lot, took unofficial charge. Every evening, an N.S.V. woman brought the daily food ration—a few pieces of stale, dry, sandy bread and some dark, lukewarm water that smelled faintly of barley. All the children were extremely hungry and the first night there was a scramble among the older ones for the bread, but Maruška told them that they must not forget the babies. She and three other girls managed to distribute the bread and soup evenly. The bread was too hard for the babies to eat, so the older children chewed it first to soften it up for them. After dark, the babies cried because they were cold and the older children cried in terror and homesickness, but by midnight most of them were asleep.

On the third evening, the train arrived at a big railroad station, and the children were told to get out. Václav saw a sign that said "Litzmannstadt,"


Whitney Darrow Jr.

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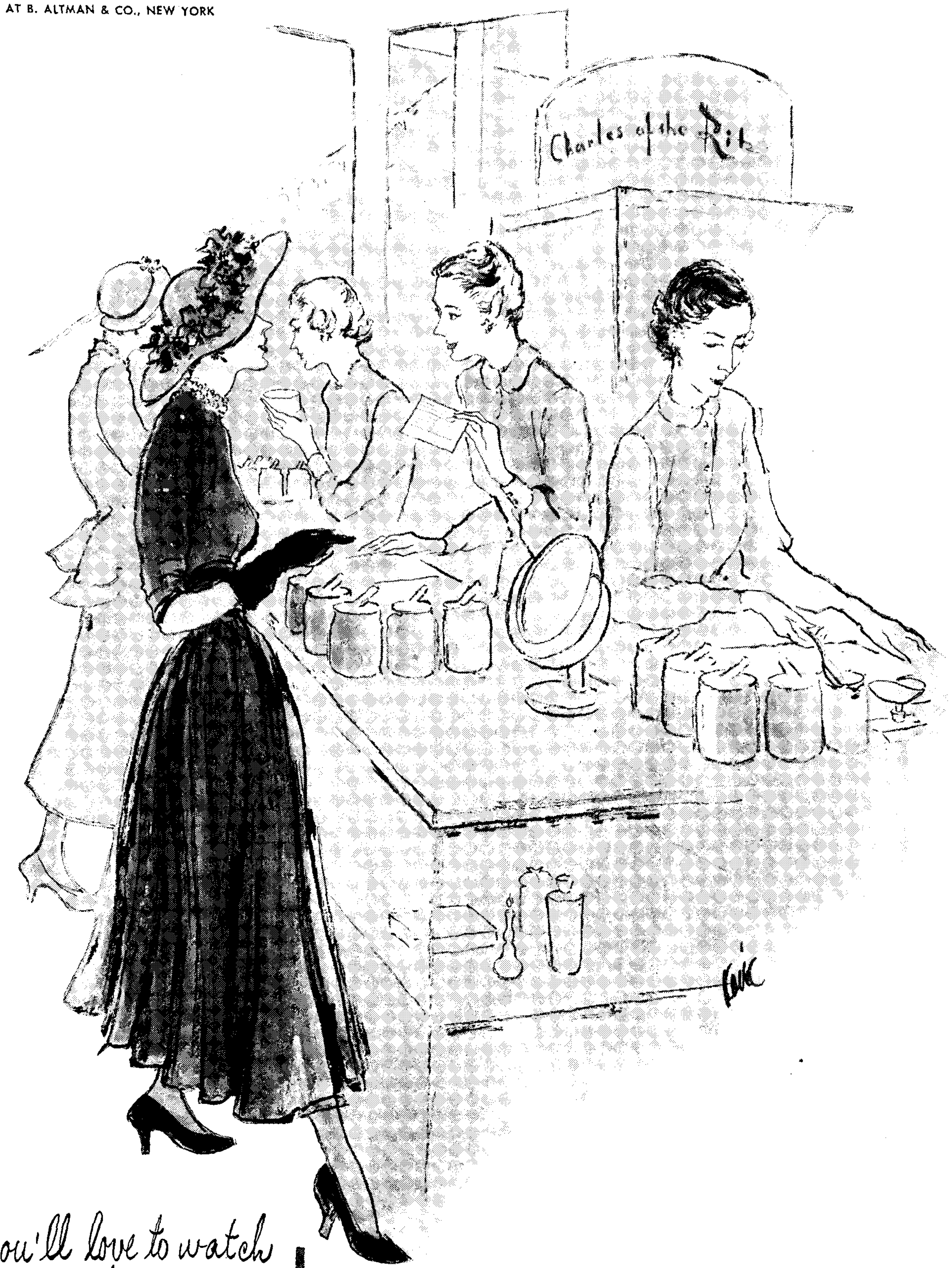

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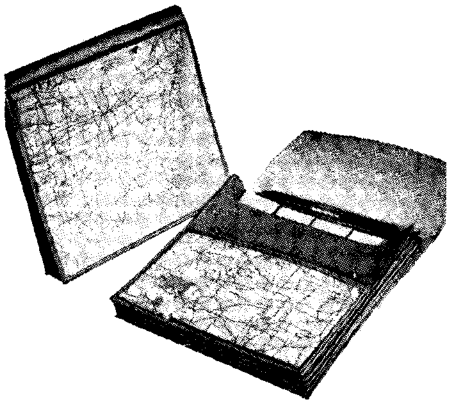

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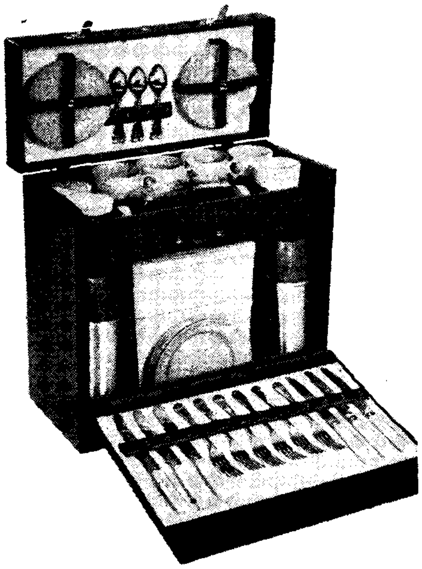

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and learned later that this was the new German name for the Polish city of Lodz. The children were loaded into buses and taken to a building that Václav discovered was the *Rasse und Siedlungsamt* (Race and Settlement Office). "We were put into two big rooms," he said. "Along the wall were two tiers of beds, like in a sleeping car I have seen in an American motion picture. I was on one bed with Maruška and Anna. When I stood up on it, I could look out of a little window, and I saw a barbed-wire fence around the place and a tower with two German sentries in it. An old woman brought us hot soup and dried potatoes. She was Polish, but she understood a little Czech, and when I asked her whether our mother and father would follow us here from Lidice, she gave me a funny look." Václav pressed his lips together tightly for a moment. "She knew. Today I realize that she knew everything but wasn't permitted to tell us. That's why she brought us paper and an envelope and said we should write a letter to an uncle or an aunt. I asked her why not to Mother or Father, and she said, 'No, no, better write to somebody in Prague. Don't you have anybody there?' My sisters and I said yes, we had Aunt Wolfová in Prague, so we wrote her and asked her please to send us warm clothes and some food. Aunt Wolfová didn't get our letter for several months. When she did, she mailed us three packages, but we never got any of them."

Early one morning, a few days later, a group of men came to see the children. The men wore white coats over S.S. uniforms and addressed one another as "*Herr Kollege*" and "*Herr Doktor*." One man told the children to line up against a wall and be quiet, and then he walked slowly down the row. He was Dr. Walter Robert Dongus, head of the Lodz Race and Settlement Office, whose job it was to pick out those children who had what the Nazis called the "characteristics of Northern race" and were *eindeutschungsfähig* (literally, Germanizable). "Most of the kids were ordered by him to go and stand against the opposite wall of the room," Václav said. "When he saw one with dark hair, he wouldn't even look twice but would send him to the other group. He looked into my eyes and at my hair, and he took a pencil and held it in front of my face and moved it around as if he were [illegible] forehead and my nose and the space between my eyes. He looked at my sisters the same way and turned around to his men and said something in German. Then he told my sisters to go to a corner of the room, where there were three or four other girls. Maruška asked whether I was coming with them, but he shook his head and said I must join the group against the other wall. Maruška and Anna began to cry and said they wouldn't go without me. Dongus said, '*Nichts*, we already have enough,' but when they kept on crying, he shrugged and looked at me again, and then he said something to the other men, and then he let me go over to my sisters."

Václav was sitting especially erect now and his hands were playing nervously with his cap. "If Maruška and Anna hadn't cried so much, I wouldn't be here today," he said solemnly. "Perhaps I wouldn't be alive." He glanced around and smiled at Maruška, who crossed her legs and looked proud. When we all smiled too, she blushed. I asked what had happened to the large group of children. "They were taken away that night," Václav said. "We have never heard of them again."

"What happened to them?" I asked Novák.

"Nobody knows," he said. "They are just missing. There are many who fear they may have been sent to Chelmno, in Poland, where—well, let Václav tell you his story first. We don't want to keep the children out of school all day long."

"Why not?" said Marie.

Everybody laughed, even Václav, but as he cleared his throat before going on with his story, his face grew serious again. "I saw the ones in the large group being driven away in trucks that night," he said. "We had been waked up by some German women when it was still dark and told to get dressed. There were seven of us—my two sisters and I, and Marie, and three other girls. I asked one of the German women where they were sending us, and she hit me in the mouth and said I mustn't talk Czech. We were taken to the *Rasse und Siedlungsamt* camp in the town. We stayed there only a few days before we were put on a train again."

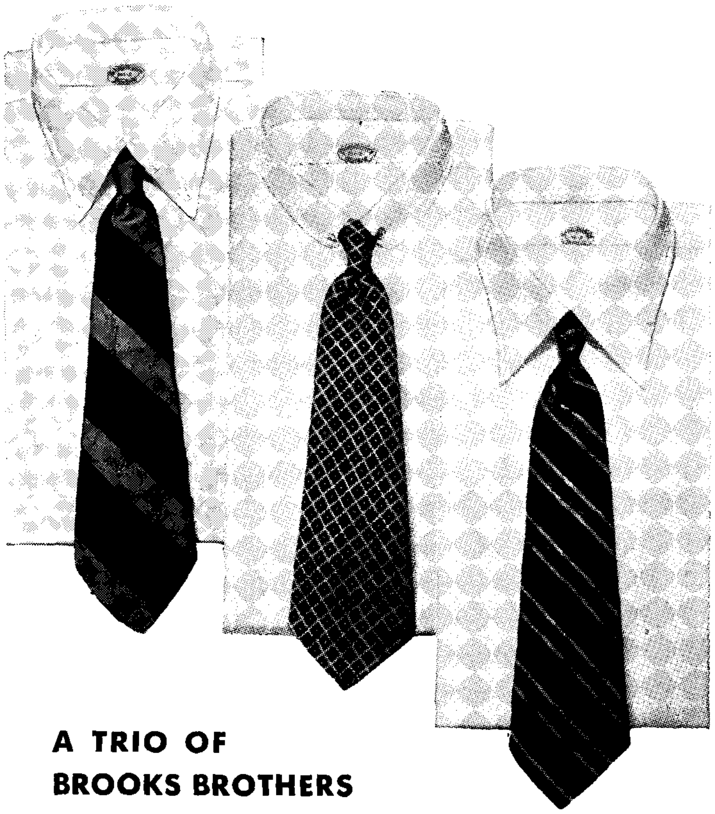
The seven children were sent to the Polish town of Puschkau, near Posen, where they were enrolled in a Heimschule (home school), one of several such establishments set up in Eastern Europe by the *Reichskommissar für die Festigung Deutschen Volkstums* (Commissar for the Consolidation of the German Nation) to mold foreign children into Germans, once it had been established that they were Germanizable. ("All children," read the *Reichskommissar's* directive on the subject, "will undergo racial and psychological tests of their ability to become Germans.") Václav remembers vaguely a lot of incomprehensible examinations. The children were then given a few lessons in German and told never to speak anything else. Their clothes were washed regularly, they were assigned clean rooms, and they got enough to eat. "The food was cooked by Polish women," Václav said. "I used to go to the kitchen and talk to them."

The two girls burst out laughing again. "All he remembers is the food," Marie said. "He was always hanging around the kitchen, always telling us that he would like to eat a piece of sausage. Tell about Höpfner. Tell how she let you stand barefooted in the corridor all night long." Václav didn't say anything, so Novák explained to me, "Václav was a good Czech. He didn't want to talk German, so the woman in charge of the Heimschule, Meta Höpfner, cut down on his food. At night, she would make him stand barefooted for hours in the cold corridor. That was the first winter—1942-43—wasn't it, Václav?" Václav nodded. "Yes," he said. "And it was very cold."

A PALE, tired-looking middle-aged woman, dressed in black, came into Novák's office. Novák introduced me to her, and she glanced at me with swift suspicion, the instinctive suspicion of Europeans who have gone through hell and find it hard now to maintain their faith in people. She was a woman from Lidice, Mrs. Růžena Petráková, an aunt of Marie, with whom Marie now lives. Her own two children are among the missing. In the afternoons, she helps Novák with his clerical work. She sat down beside Marie and gave her a stern glance. "Sit quiet," she said. "Don't bounce up and down so."

"Did you wonder what had happened to your father and mother?" Novák asked Václav.

"Of course I did," Václav said. "Once I went to the Höpfner woman and asked her when my parents would join us. She looked at me as if she would beat me, and then she shrugged her shoulders. She said we mustn't be im-



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patient, that our parents would come soon."

"They told us a similar story in the Ravensbruck camp," Mrs. Petráková said. "Whenever we women from Lidice grew hysterical, the Germans promised that the children would join us any day. Lying was part of their system to avoid trouble. We in Ravensbruck never knew about the gas chambers at the other camps until we were liberated by the Red Army and they showed us those places. The Germans had everything beautifully organized so that they could kill millions without any complications."

Václav has only hazy recollections of the months and years he spent in school. It is difficult for him to put together the pieces, because there was one school after another, and they were all so much alike. The children were taught the German language, German history, and German songs. If they uttered a word of Czech, they were beaten. There were afternoons when they had to recite the glorious deeds of Adolf Hitler, and there were cold winter mornings when, before daybreak, they had to stand in the snow in the schoolyard, take off their shirts, and do exercises. The exercises and the schooling and the beatings became a dreary routine.

It was in the summer of 1943 that Václav was taken out of the Puschkau Heimschule and began his journeyings from school to school. He counted on his fingers and said he thought there had been seven altogether. His sisters, he added, had already been sent away from the Heimschule. A German woman had come for Anna, and a few months later another had come for Maruška. Václav was told that his name was now Hans Joachim Strauss and that later on he would be sent somewhere or other to live with a family named Strauss. He had been spending more time with his classmates, most of them Polish boys, than with his sisters; he was nine, and his playmates had become more important to him. He still wondered what had happened to his father and mother, but the other boys at the Heimschule said that he shouldn't worry, that everything would be all right, and he began to think about them less often. By now he knew the "Horst Wessel Lied" so well that he could sing it when drunken S.S. men woke him up at two in the morning, which they often did. They came into the dormitories whenever they felt like it, and every boy had to stand at attention on his bed and sing the song. Remembering the words were made to stand barefooted in the snow in their nightshirts. Three of them died of pneumonia. Václav came to hate the "Horst Wessel Lied" and the German language. Later, in a school at Oberweissburg, in Austria, he was locked in a dark room for a week and given only bread and water because he didn't want to repeat the wonderful things he was taught in class about the Führer.

He thinks that it was late in 1944 when a train on which he and a group of Polish boys were being moved to another school was attacked by English planes. Václav could see the markings on their wings. "The train stopped, and then there was gunfire from all sides and the S.S. men ran for cover," he said. "One of them stumbled over me, and he got up and kicked me in the knee, and then I was hit in the arm by a bullet." Václav rolled up his sleeve and proudly showed us a long scar. "Did it hurt?" asked Marie. "The arm hurt less than the knee where the S.S. man kicked me," Václav said. His arm is all right, but the knee still gives him trouble, especially when he walks fast or runs, and it handicaps him when he plays soccer.

"Why don't you tell about what happened in Mariaschnell?" Maruška said. Václav seemed to shrink down in his chair. Then he shrugged and said, "In the Mariaschnell camp, in Austria, there were many Polish, Hungarian, Norwegian, and Ukrainian boys. One morning, the Germans called us out to the courtyard for an assembly. Three S.S. men brought in a Hungarian boy who had come to the camp only three days before. His hands were tied behind his back. They made him kneel down, and one of the S.S. men said to us that if we didn't behave, the same thing would happen to us." Václav paused before he said matter-of-factly, without raising his voice, "Then they cut off his head with a sword."

Marie, I noticed, stopped bouncing up and down for a moment and watched my face to see what effect Václav's words had on me. Novák, after a moment's silence, asked Václav whether the other boys ever found out what crime the Hungarian boy had committed. Václav was astonished. "What crime?" he asked shrilly. "You didn't have to commit a crime to be beheaded! Well," he went on more calmly, after another pause, "that was shortly before the Anglo-Americans liberated us. They gave us chocolate and so much bologna sausage!" He smiled and swallowed. Everybody laughed again, and Marie said, "Didn't I tell you that Václav thinks only of food? Once, in the Puschkau Heimschule, I asked him what he would like for Christmas if he could have anything, and he said, 'A bologna as long as a telegraph pole.' "

"Marie, behave yourself," said her aunt. "One hears no one but you here."

THE Anglo-Americans, as Václav called them, put him into a U.N.R.R.A. camp in Austria and told him that his name was no longer Hans Joachim Strauss and that he didn't have to speak any more German, which pleased him almost as much as the bologna. He soon made friends with an American mess sergeant from Cleveland, who felt the same way about German and seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of bologna. The main thing that troubled Václav at that time was that he didn't know what language to speak. He had forgotten most of his Czech, German was hardly advisable, and he knew very little English. He and the other boys in the camp—Hungarian, Polish, French, Russian, and Norwegian—developed a language of their own. No one else understood it, and that gave the boys the pleasant feeling of being members of a secret society.

Then, one day, a woman from Prague came to the camp and talked to all the children, one after another. When Václav told her that he was from Lidice, she began to cry. He learned later that she was searching for her nephew, who was one of the missing children of Lidice, but he didn't ask her any questions then; he'd found out that one usually got beaten when one asked questions, and he hadn't yet shaken off the feeling that he was a prisoner of the Germans. He was given some new clothes, and a few days later the woman took him with her to Prague, where he arrived the day before Christmas. His Aunt Wolfová met him at the station and took him to her apartment. When the door opened, Václav saw a big, lighted Christmas tree inside. Standing beside it were his two sisters, whom he hadn't seen in more than two years.

"Poor Václav!" Maruška said to me. "He stood there as if he'd lost his mind. He didn't even come toward us or say anything. He was afraid of us all. He just stared around, and then he mumbled something, but we couldn't understand him. We had to talk to him in German. It was terrible. There were so many people in the room and everybody was crying and Václav just standing there like a little donkey. Somebody

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alone, and so we took him to our bedroom." There they told him that their father had been shot in Lidice on that terrible morning three years before, that their mother had died the next year in a concentration camp, and that Lidice existed no more. "We went back to the living room, where the tree was," she said. "Václav hardly looked at his gifts. Later we all sang 'Silent Night, Holy Night' in Czech—all but Václav, who didn't know the words any more. I asked him whether he could sing something else, and he said, 'I can sing the "Horst Wessel Lied," but I *won't*.' The next morning, we drove out to Lidice. He didn't remember the way. He didn't even know how to get there."

Václav shrugged, and he looked like a tired old man. "How could I remember?" he asked. "Even the road was gone. They had changed everything. When we passed by the Buštěhrad Cemetery, I heard some geese cry, and then I remembered the geese we'd always had in back of our house, and I remembered the brook that ran through our village." He gave his sister a scathing look. "Maybe I didn't remember the road," he said, "but at least I didn't wear a uniform, the way you did."

Maruška blushed again, and then, apparently feeling that an explanation was due, she began to talk. Meta Höpfner, the woman in charge of the Puschkau Heimschule, had sold her, she said, to an elderly German couple named Richter. I asked her whether she actually meant *sold*, and she nodded. "The Höpfner woman got fifty marks for me from the Richters. They took me to Dessau. Richter was a locomotive engineer on the German State Railroad, and they had a small one-family house—very clean, but it always smelled of warmed-up cabbage."

"What of it?" Václav said. "I like cabbage. Especially when it's been warmed up."

"Quiet, Václav," said Mrs. Petráková.

"The Richter woman liked to listen to the radio," said Maruška. "When Hitler's name was mentioned, there would be tears in her eyes, and she said to me once, 'What a wonderful man is our beloved Führer!'" Maruška sat up straight to imitate the stiff posture of the German *Hausfrau*, and her voice took on a Prussian harshness. Everybody laughed again. "The Richters told her that her German name was Marga Richter, and to make it official they had her rechristened; she was given a new [illegible] and they went and sprinkled white wine on her face and also on her white dress. "I tried to wash out the stains, but they stayed in," Maruška said. "It ruined the dress. Later the Richters hired a tutor for me and I had German lessons every afternoon, and they sent me to a millinery shop, where I learned to make hats. When I was fifteen, they entered me in the *Bund*."

"The *Bund*?" I asked.

"*Bund Deutscher Mädel*," said Maruška. Václav made a sour face, and Marie, bouncing up and down on the couch, cried, "Show us the picture! Show us the funny picture in your uniform!"

Maruška took a dog-eared photograph out of her school portfolio. It showed her, unsmiling, wearing a dark skirt and a light blouse with a swastika armband. She said that she was a great disciplinarian and soon rose to the grade of *Mädchenführerin*, or Girls' Leader.

"She even beat other girls because they didn't sing the 'Horst Wessel Lied' loud enough," said Václav contemptuously.

Maruška tried to laugh it off, but her cheeks were red again. "I know it sounds terrible now, but I liked the *Bund Deutscher Mädel*," she said. "It was fun."

"Fun!" said Mrs. Petráková.

"We didn't talk about politics," said Maruška defensively. "We had games and sang, and almost every night there was a victory celebration. Frau Richter told me that Václav was still at the Heimschule, and I had letters from Anna, and I hoped that Father and Mother were all right and that I would see them someday. My sister Anna came home first of the three of us. She was with a German family in Kottbus, in February, 1945. When the Russians came in, they ordered that all foreign children be sent back to their homelands. Anna went to Dresden, where she met a Czech railroad man, who brought her to the Czech border station of Podmokly, and the first person she saw there was our Uncle Václav Tyč."

Maruška came home a little later. The Richters had told her to go to Berlin and from there to make her way back to Czechoslovakia. In Berlin, she went to the American military headquarters and talked to an American officer. She told him she was from Lidice. He incredulously started to question her and suddenly got very excited and made a lot of telephone calls. Two days later a Czech Army officer came for her. "I looked," she said. "A Lidice child wearing the insignia of a *Mädchenführerin* in the B.D.M.!"

"Well, Maruška, you were not the only one," said Mrs. Petráková, giving Marie a significant glance. "Ask this little frog here how she behaved when I found *her*," she said to me.

Marie giggled and swung her legs. She had gone from the Puschkau Heimschule to the house of Herr and Frau Alfred Schiller, in Posen. Herr Schiller was a picture dealer. "We lived on the Hindenburgstrasse," said Marie, and laughed. Her aunt asked her what was so funny about that. "I can't help it," Marie answered. "Today, those German words just sound funny to me." Maruška nodded approvingly, and Václav raised his eyebrows. "They were always funny to me," he said.

"She learned German very well," said Mrs. Petráková. "She didn't even want to listen to me when I came for her and spoke Czech."

Marie said that in the beginning she was not happy in the Schillers' house. They gave her a tiny room behind the kitchen and she had to do the housework. She was permitted to eat at the table with the Schillers, but she had to listen to frequent arguments about her. Frau Schiller didn't like having another mouth to feed. "It's difficult enough to get food for the two of us," she would say to her husband. "You and your Party friends! Why do they pick *you* to take this girl?" Herr Schiller would angrily shout, "They have ordered us to make a German woman out of her and we are going to do it!" and hammer his fist on the table.

Frau Schiller told Marie that she must never let anybody know where she was from. "If I ever hear the word 'Lidice' in my house, I will beat you half dead," she said. Marie was now called Ingeborg Schiller. That was all right with her. At night, lying in her bed, she would murmur, "Marie Doležalová, Ingeborg Schiller," and she came to the conclusion that Ingeborg Schiller sounded nicer.

"Sounded nicer!" Mrs. Petráková cried. "Did you ever think of your father and mother?"

"Yes, I thought of them. I even had a picture of Father in my pocket, but when the Schiller woman found it, she tore it up and burned the pieces."

"Didn't you wonder what had become of your parents?"

"Yes, I did."

"Marie was too young to worry," Novák said to Mrs. Petráková soothingly. "Children are always optimists.

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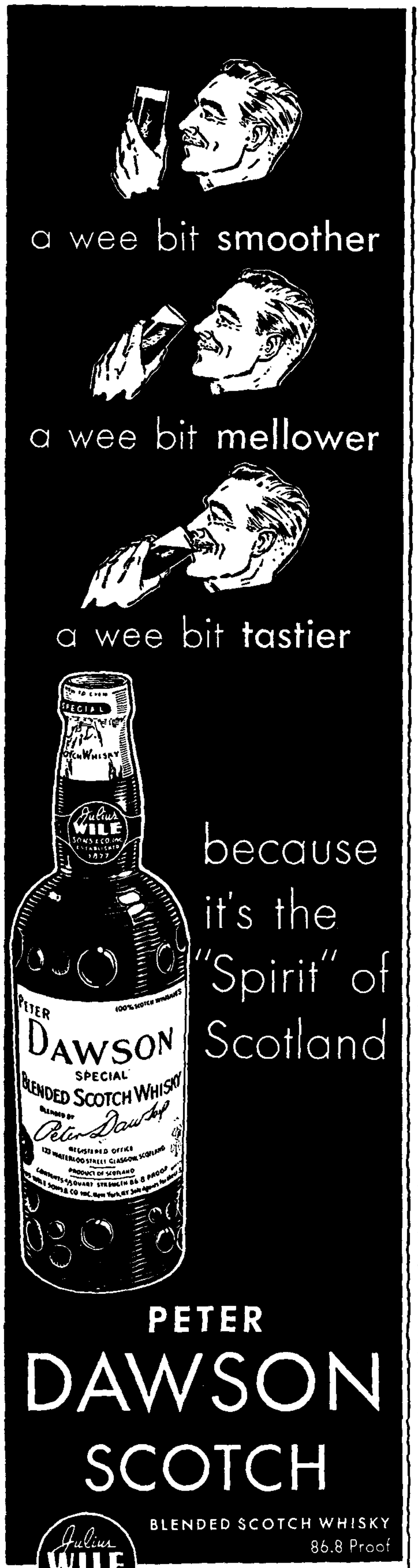

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thank God, or there wouldn't be any children left."

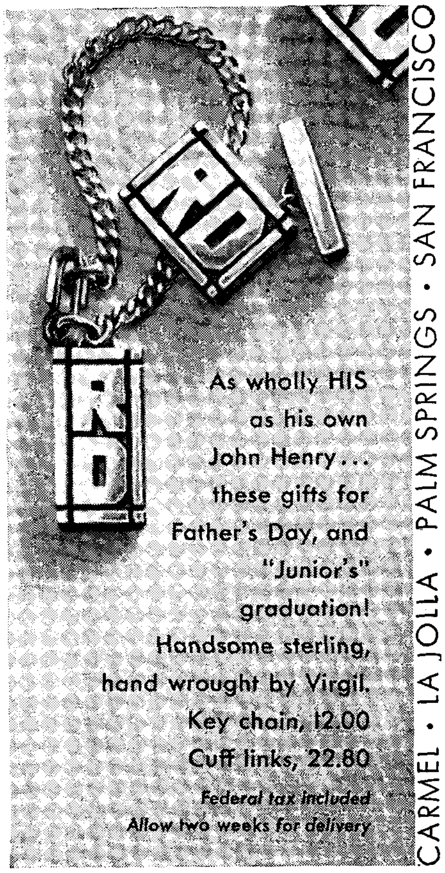
As time went on, Marie got used to her environment and began to call Herr and Frau Schiller *Vati* and *Mutti*. Frau Schiller became more friendly. The Schillers entertained a good deal, mostly Nazis, and the girl sat at the table with them and listened to their talk. She had instructions never to say anything unless she was asked a question. This happened rarely. The guests were always drinking beer and making long speeches.

I asked Marie whether the guests knew her history. "They knew," she said. "Sometimes one of the *Parteifunktionäre* would ask me how I liked it in the Reich, and when I said I liked it fine, they would nod at each other triumphantly and say, 'She will become a good German yet!' The girls in my school didn't know. They thought I was a *Volksdeutsche* from the Sudeten, because I spoke German with an accent."

In 1944, the S.S. stopped coming to the Schillers' house, and some of the *Parteifunktionäre* took off their insignia and brown shirts and began to go around in civilian clothes. *Vati* Schiller looked worried and *Mutti* kept telling Marie that "the terrible Russians" were getting nearer—"and you know what they do to little girls like you." Marie never found out what the Russians did to little girls. When the Russians approached Posen, the Schillers fled to Hamburg, taking Marie along, and thence to Berlin, where they were when the war ended. The German population was ordered by the Allied authorities to report immediately the presence of any foreign children who had been adopted, and Herr Schiller, always happily obedient to authorities, took Marie to the *Magistrat*. There she was given a passport with a German, French, Russian, and English text, which stated that she had been "certified by the Municipal Board of the City of Berlin as a victim of Fascism." A few weeks later, Mrs. Petráková, who had been notified by U.N.R.R.A. of Marie's whereabouts, came to Berlin and picked her up at the small, run-down apartment the Schillers then occupied.

Mrs. Petráková is still angry when she talks about her trip to Germany. "Here I come all the way to Berlin to get my niece, happy that at least one of the children in our family had been saved, and what do I find? A German girl! You should have seen her hair. She wore it long, like those *Hitlermädchen*, and she wouldn't talk Czech to me. Said she wouldn't even come with me. She hung on to that Schiller woman and cried, '*Mutti*, *Mutti*, I don't want to leave you!' " Mrs. Petráková got up from the couch and paced back and forth. "*Pro Krista!*" she exclaimed. "It made me so mad, I could have beaten her blue. I said, 'This woman isn't your mother, Marie. Your mother is lying in a Prague hospital, dying of tuberculosis that she got in a German concentration camp. Your father was shot by the Germans at Lidice. My two children—your cousins—and almost all your friends from Lidice are missing, and you aren't ashamed to call that woman *Mutti*?' One more year and that girl would have been a real Nazi!"

For the first time, Marie looked meek. Václav nodded and chewed a pencil. "She didn't want to listen to me," Mrs. Petráková went on. "When it was time to leave, she started to whisper with that Schiller woman. Later she confessed to me that she had promised her she would come back to Berlin as soon as she could. And you should have seen her on the train! She ignored me and was rude and arrogant. I said to myself, 'That's a nice situation. Her poor mother in the hospital and all the Lidice women, the members of the government, and the newspaper people waiting to welcome this girl—one of the few that have been found. She will be called officially an Orphan of the State, and they will photograph her and write her up, and here I am bringing home practically a *Hitlermädchen!*' I decided to stop for a few days in the biggest town near the German-Czech border—Moravská-Ostrava, in eastern Moravia—and get her acclimatized. I bought her some decent clothes and took her to a hairdresser to have that silly long German-style hair cut off. Somehow it got around that Marie was a Lidice child. A crowd began to collect in front of the hairdresser's, and people came in and brought her candy and flowers. They looked at her as if she were a saint, and an old man wanted to kiss her hands, and there she sat, shouting—in German—that she didn't want to have her hair cut, *nein, nein, nein!* You should have seen the stunned faces of the people! I was so ashamed, I wanted to hide. The old man who had wanted to kiss Marie's hands got mad and said they should send her back to Germany, where she belonged, but a woman took his arm and said, 'Don't you understand, Jan? This child isn't guilty. It's the Germans who are guilty. Not only did they take our children from us but they even tried to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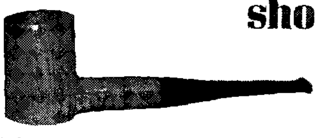
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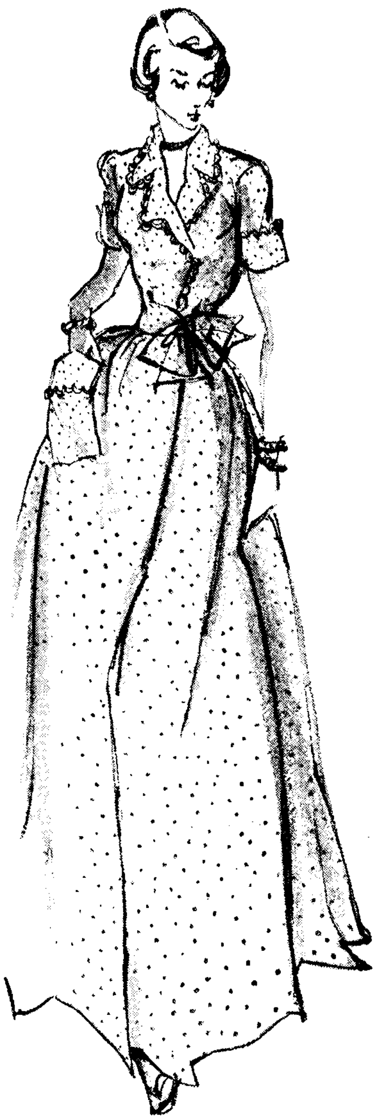
change them inside so they would never be ours even if we ever found them.' Well, we finally managed to get her into that hairdresser's chair, and he cut her hair while the tears ran down her cheeks."

Marie was able, after all, to understand and speak Czech again in short order, and in a few days she wrote her mother a note in Czech. She was a very different girl when she arrived in Prague to see her mother in the hospital. The Czechoslovak government, mindful of the worldwide propaganda value of this human-interest story, had alerted a number of newsreel photographers so that they could make a pictorial record of the first reunion of a child of Lidice and a mother of Lidice. When Marie was admitted to the sickroom, her mother was lying in bed, crying silently, unable to talk. Seemingly, she still couldn't believe that this girl, kneeling in front of her, had at last been given back to her. The photographers and cameramen went to work, and the pictures they took were shown all over the world. Marie's mother died a few weeks later. "I don't know what I would do if I didn't have that little frog," said Mrs. Petráková tenderly, kissing Marie's hair. "Thank God, she hardly remembers those years any more, and she speaks Czech as if she had never left the country."

THERE was a knock on the door, and a boy of Václav's age came in, carrying a soccer ball. He bowed to Novák and asked if Václav could please come with him, because their team was having soccer practice on the field behind the school and needed him. Novák smiled. "Each class has its own team, and they are having a tournament," he explained. "Václav's team is already in the semifinals. Maybe they will win the championship. Run along, Václav, if you wish." Václav shook hands with me. "You can bet we'll win," he said. He didn't show a sign of a limp as he and his teammate ran out of the door. Marie and Maruška went along to watch the boys practice.

I sat and talked to Novák and Mrs. Petráková for a while longer. I asked Novák again if he could tell me anything about the children of Lidice who had been separated from the Germanizable ones at the Race and Settlement Office. "At Chelmno, in Poland," he said, "there was a crematorium built especially for children. We know that more than six hundred thousand Jewish, Polish, Norwegian, French, and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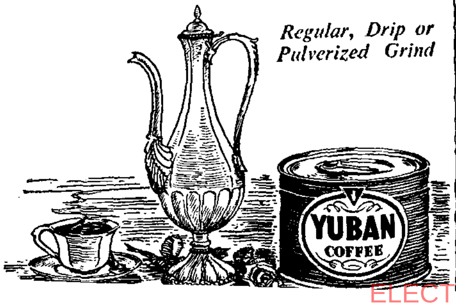

Chelmno and burned in the crematorium. We don't know whether the missing children of Lidice were sent there or not. But there are some indications that they were."

"But there's no proof," said Mrs. Petráková.

"That's right, there's no proof," Novák said.

"I haven't given up hope," Mrs. Petráková said. "You wouldn't give up hope, either, if you had two children who were missing. None of us have given up hope. There were a hundred and five children, and sixteen have been found already. There will be others."

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

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Or strolls up and down on the basses,
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And forget the mad world he erases.

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As the powerful stream
Flows over the beam to the tonic.
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When he reaches that spot—
And our soul the divine supersonic.

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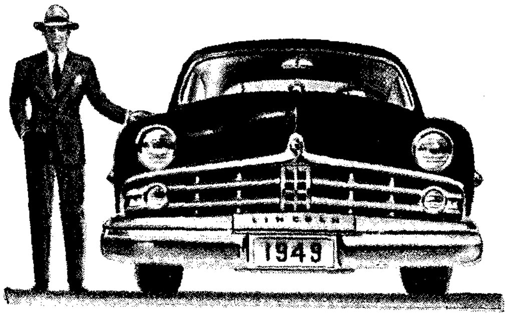
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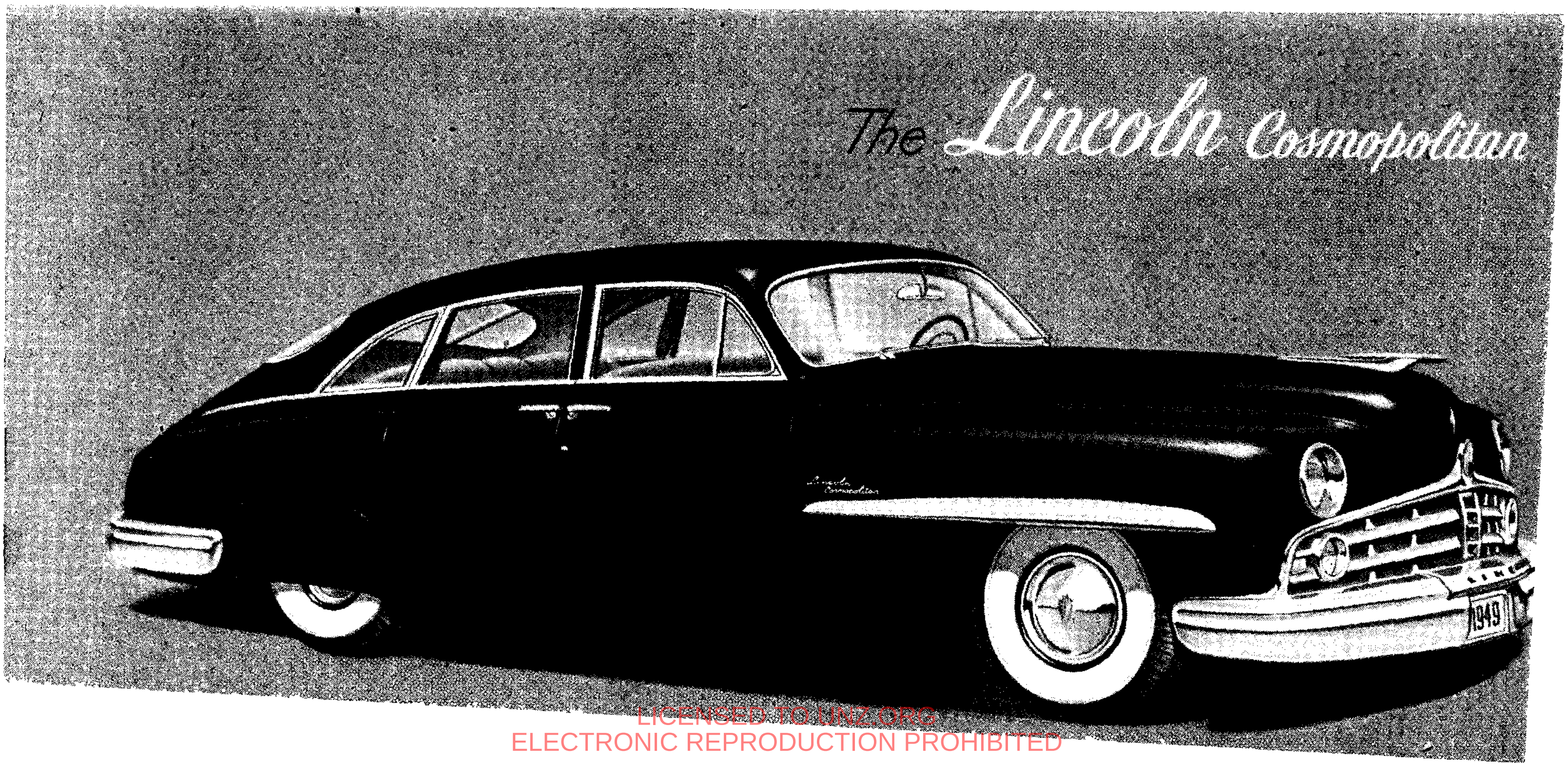
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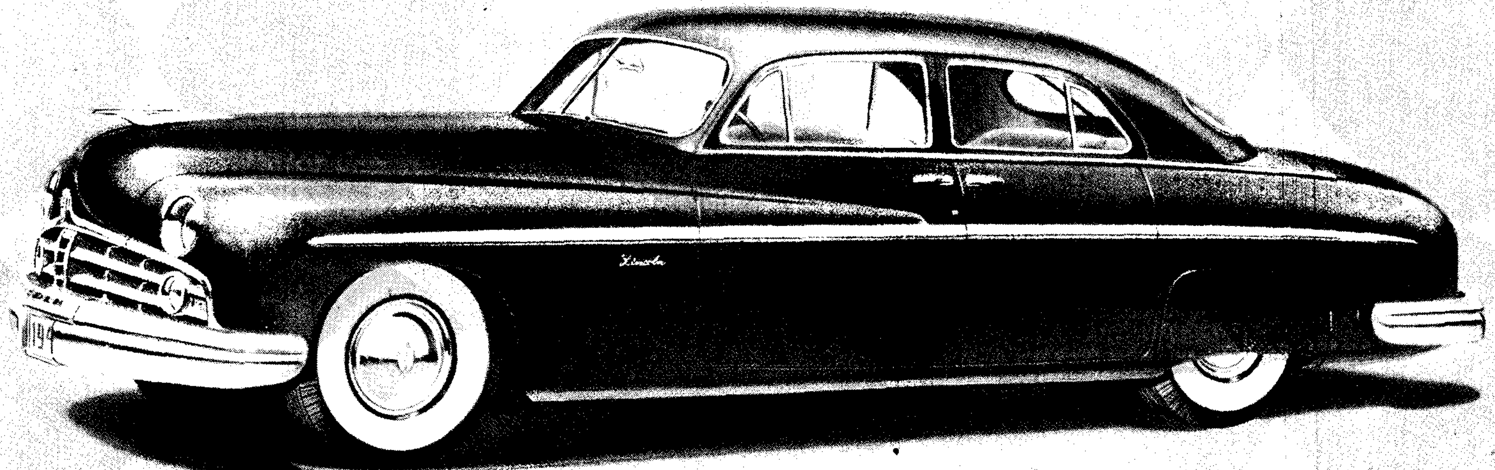

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DRINK AND THE DEVIL

THE heroine of "The Cup of Trembling" (Isaiah, 51:22) was a columnist on a New York newspaper. Her literary, though not, of course, her moral, counterpart in real life is probably Miss Elsa Maxwell, of the *Post*, since she spent her days badgering the illustrious at one damn cocktail party after another. This was certainly a demoralizing assignment, but she accomplished it adequately enough until one afternoon, weaving away from some conclave of the booksy, she was picked up by a stranger, who whisked her off through Central Park in a taxi. Thanks to her condition, she couldn't remember precisely what took place on this wild ride, but she suspected the worst, and when she got home, two hours later, she was in a terrible state. Her mother sent for a doctor, and he, to the undisguised horror of Mr. Brooks Atkinson, of the *Times*, gave her an injection of sodium amytal in the buttocks. Her case called for more than sedation, however, and presently she was off on a real bender, in the course of which she insulted her husband's partner, bought a black lace nightgown and a $2,900 Oriental rug, and attacked an innocent bystander in a bar, on the ground that he reminded her of the hypothetical rapist in the taxi. After a night in Bellevue, she came home, where her husband, not the most tactful man in the world, read her a police report on her behavior and then, when she still seemed to feel that what she really needed was a little drink, took advantage of the shape she was in and beat the daylights out of her. Several other characters turned up, including an uneasy man of letters in whose apartment she passed out while attempting to take off her clothes, but those were the principal ingredients of the first act of Louis Paul's play at the Music Box.

viously, the roots of such relaxed conduct lay somewhere deep in the past, and a psychiatrist went to work on her. It was like getting the meat out of a tough lobster, but in the end he had the facts. It seems that her father, a virile man of the sea, had wanted a boy and once, when she was four, expressed his disgust with her for not being one by tearing off her nightgown and laughing in a very vulgar way at what he saw. This, naturally (the logic throughout this synopsis is the playwright's, not mine), gave her a profound sense of guilt about her sex, and she had spent the intervening years trying to minimize it—refusing to have a child, because of its blossoming effect on her figure; cultivating a protective frigidity in her relations with her husband; and insisting on doing a man's work in a man's world, perhaps a rather grandiose way to describe writing a gossip column. Her greater approachability when drunk, as in the taxi and the scholar's apartment, was only the desperate effort of her real and essentially feminine personality to break through its inhibitions. As one of the few men in the metropolitan area who have so far escaped the confessional divan, I am not equipped to criticize this diagnosis, though offhand it strikes me as a little glib and simple-minded. Anyway, it wasn't enough for her to understand how she got the way she was; she had to have a cure, and this was provided by an insufferably spruce delegate from Alcoholics Anonymous, who, after telling a long, pointless story to prove that she was once a souse herself, went off into that peculiar combination of theology and social service that, to my perpetual amazement, really does seem to reclaim a good many topers. That did it, and at the final curtain, after what surely must have been the quickest and

alcoholism in medical annals, the heroine set out to spread the gospel on her own; specifically, to annoy a lady down on Eleventh Street who was said to be on the verge of delirium tremens. As Charles Jackson showed in "The Lost Weekend," the case history of a drunkard, honestly written as a clinical report on a disease, can have a good deal of force and even some social value. The author of "The Cup of Trembling," however, had no such austere purpose, and the cocktail he mixed—one part alcohol, two parts abnormal psychology, and a dash of tent-meeting morality—was a sweet, sticky concoction, guaranteed to sicken but not to stimulate.

Elisabeth Bergner, an extremely resourceful actress, employed tricks of voice and gesture that made her lines seem much more plausible and interesting than they actually were. Neither her drunkenness nor her hangovers were quite like anything I recall seeing in my own circle, where it usually takes people rather more than five minutes to pass from total unconsciousness to apparent sobriety, but she didn't write the script, and the physiological miracles in it were not her responsibility. Accepting the fact that whiskey had on her only the violent but momentary impact of a knockout in the ring, I admired her performance without reserve. The other members of the cast were employed almost exclusively in commenting on and criticizing her condition and nagging at her generally. It was a dreary and unsympathetic business at best, and it was surprising that they managed to be as inoffensive as they were. The list, if you care, included Millard Mitchell, John Carradine, Anthony Ross, and Arlene Francis.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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[*From John Donne's "Devotions Upon Emergent Occasions"*]

Perchance he for whom this bell tolls may be so ill, as that he knows not it tolls for him.

The bell doth toll for him that thinks it doth.

And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.

My God, my God, is this one of thy ways of drawing light out of darkness, to make him for whom this bell tolls . . . become a superintendent, an overseer, a bishop . . . ?

. . . this bell which tolls for another, before it come to ring out, may take me in too.

. . . it is but thankful charity in me, because I received benefit and instruction

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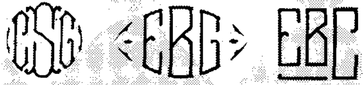

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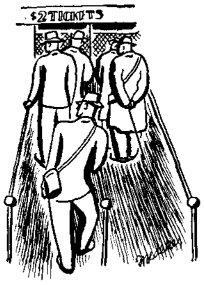
Derby Tips

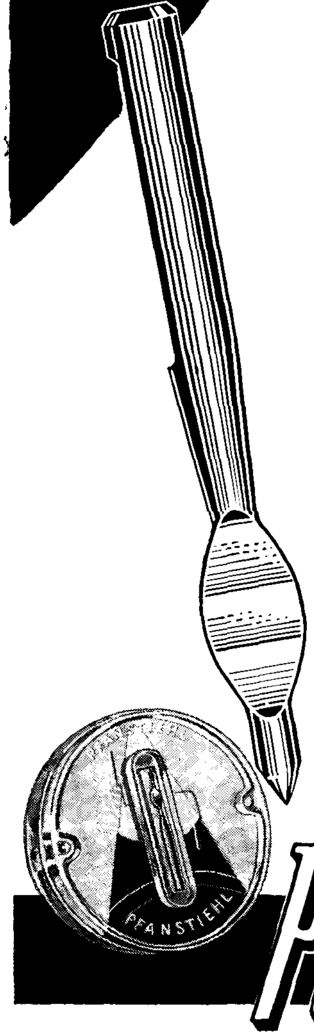


TO come straight to the point, Citation is this fallible department's selection for the Kentucky Derby this weekend. (Of course, I could pick a 50–1 shot for you, but he wouldn't win.) Granted that Citation has not been up against a top-class three-year-old all season, he has certainly accomplished everything that his stable, Calumet Farm, expected him to. In the Derby, he is undoubtedly going to have more than a little help from his stablemate Coaltown, who broke the Keeneland track record for a mile and a furlong when he won the Blue Grass Stakes in 1:49⅕ the other day. I expect that their tactics will follow the usual pattern: Coaltown, who must be ridden with a loose rein, because he once had throat trouble, and who, horsemen say, can run so fast that his feet rattle, will set the pace for the first mile and annihilate the early opposition; then Citation, a stout fellow and a good finisher, will polish off what's left. It sounds perfect. One last reason for backing Citation—he looks like a Derby winner. Perhaps I'm just a softie for a handsome horse.

Here are a couple more predictions: The Derby field will not be a large one, and nobody will win much for two dollars. As this is written, Citation is even money in the future books, and Coaltown, who was 8–1 for a while, is down to 9–5. Apparently, a lot of people have a notion that Coaltown is going to make a runaway race of it. At the track, these two will be coupled in the betting and will be odds-on—probably around 1–3, a short price but not the shortest in the history of the Derby, by any means. Himyar, the sire of Domino, was 1–4 in the Derby of 1878 and finished second. The hottest favorite that the present generation of racegoers can remember was Bimelech, a great-great-great-grandson of Himyar; Bimelech went to the post in the 1940 Derby at 2–5 and was beaten by Gallahadion, who paid a $72.40 mutuel.

WHICH brings me to the victory of My Request and the fadeout of Better Self, a son of Bimelech, in the

is it Better than a PFANSTIEHL?
PHONOGRA
EEDLE



BECAUSE so many thousands of people have used the Pfanstiehl Phonograph Needle and liked it... because it is built by a company with so many years of experience in working with precious metals... because if you are not completely satisfied you can return it...

IT HAS BECOME A COMMON PRACTICE TO MEASURE GOOD PHONOGRAPH NEEDLES AGAINST THE PFANSTIEHL. Possibly you can find one that you like better—we doubt it.

THAT'S WHY we say Buy It—Try It—Return It* if you can find a needle *at any price* that you like better. We know how the Pfanstiehl is made—why it is made that way and why it gives such excellent reproduction with so little wear on the record.

WHAT WE THINK is not enough—it is your ear that has to be satisfied. The Pfanstiehl may suit you better than any other needle or it may not . . . that is for you to decide.

IT IS CERTAINLY the right needle to use as a measuring stick while you are reaching your decision.

*NO RED TAPE. *If you want your money back, just mail our needle to Pfanstiehl at Waukegan, together with the serial number foil in package and receipt from store where you bought it. You'll get your money back by return mail. (Offer expires September 1, 1948.)*

Pfanstiehl **FINEST PHONOGRAPH NEEDLE**

Welcoming doors are open again at the brilliant new Greenbrier

This spring, your warm welcome at The Greenbrier is about all you'll recognize! For the wonderful *new* Greenbrier is completely restyled and refurbished—each room gaily and *individually*...Play golf on championship courses, tennis on superb courts. Ride horseback over mountain trails. Plan an unforgettable visit to the *new* Greenbrier *now!*

THE NEW Greenbrier AND COTTAGES
WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA
Edward T. Lawless, Vice President and General Manager

Early reservations advisable • *Booklet on request* • New York 18, 11 West 42nd St.—BR 9-6347
Ch 2, 77 West Washington St—RAN 0625 • Washington 5, Investment Bldg.—RE 2642

Wood Memorial at Jamaica last Saturday. Eleven animals ran in the race, but it turned out to be a three-horse affair, and a very exciting one. Mount Marcy led for nearly half a mile, whereupon Better Self and My Request passed him and raced together till about a furlong from home. At that point, Better Self weakened. My Request won by a length and a half, with Mount Marcy second and Better Self third. Salmagundi was a distant fourth, representing a minor triumph for California form. I'm so unashamed an admirer of My Request that I can't help wishing that he wouldn't run up against so formidable an opponent as Citation in the Derby. He'll do his best, you may be sure. Also, you may be sure that Dodson will handle him well. As you probably know, Arcaro was to have ridden My Request in the Wood, but he agreed to turn him over to Dodson and ride Gasparilla, who was coupled in the betting with Better Self. The point was to give Dodson a practice run on My Request. As it worked out, Dodson made a nice dollar on the deal—to be exact, $3,460, which was the ten-per-cent-of-first-money bonus the winning jockey gets. Arcaro, I presume, received the customary fee for a losing mount, which is $20.

All the watchers on the roof of the grandstand were impressed by Mount Marcy. I think that he would have given My Request plenty of trouble had the race been a bit longer. He's worth remembering. On the other hand, I'm afraid Better Self is only a useful sprinter. He was the best-looking horse in the parade for the Wood Stakes, and he was ridden better than he was when Escadru beat him earlier in the week, but he went all to pieces at the finish. I hope he isn't another Blue Border. As for Kilroy, who finished next to last, I have never heard more dull jokes about a horse than I did about him after the race. He really didn't deserve them.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Our independence talks in many voices. Sometimes with the growl of guns. Always with the click of voting machines. Often with the quiet rustle of a pen signing an insurance policy.—*From an adv. in Time.*

Hark!

•

OUR OWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Herbst Strudelorium, 1437 Third Avenue.
Chevy Chase Trousseau Cleaners, 60 East Fifty-third Street.
Parent & Sons, Coal, South Berwick, Me.

OF ALL THINGS

OUR government and people are relieved at the outcome of the Italian elections. We are now sending Italy hearty congratulations and handsome prizes for giving the right answers.

•

The Senate has passed the Taft-Ellender-Wagner bill for federal housing aid, but the measure faces strong opposition in the House. Many Representatives feel that in a campaign year bricks should be thrown and not laid.

•

Robert A. Taft has announced that he is opposed to the reappointment of David E. Lilienthal as Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission for a five-year term. The Senator appears to think that the public wants the fight over Lilienthal made an annual affair.

•

By the lopsided vote of 300 to 29, the House has demanded that the President turn over the confidential files on Dr. Condon. Our congressmen stoutly support the power and dignity of the legislative branch and the right to read other people's letters.

•

The fines assessed against John L. Lewis and the U.M.W. are twice what they were fined in 1946, and subway fares are to be raised from five to ten cents. The cost of everything seems to be doubling these days.

•

New York is going ahead with plans for a Madison Square Garden with a great arena for sports, circuses, and public meetings. The city hopes to break Philadelphia's brutal monopoly of the national-convention business.

•

Thomas Dewey and Harold Stassen have responded nobly to the cries of distress from the Republicans of Oregon. The two greathearted gentlemen have hurried out there to save the state from each other.

•

The New York Stock Exchange is said to be thriving these lovely spring days. Optimists believe that our economic future is fully as bright as it was in the spring of 1929

For men of action
AFTER SHAVE LOTION
MEN'S TOILET WATER
LENTHÉRIC

QUIET, PERFECT GROOMING

Classic decanter of Lenthéric's Men's Toilet Water, $5.00 and de luxe, wood-capped decanter of tingling After Shave Lotion, $2.50 and $4.00; in flacons, $1.00 and $2.50.

All Prices, Plus Tax.

Requisites by Lenthéric

AT THE BETTER SHOPS

The Ad That Ran by Mistake

By VICTOR INNES

If it hadn't been for an error, this amazing response story never could have been told!

I GOT THIS straight from the president of the company. It's one of America's leading radio companies, and late last year they brought out a new model . . . but let him tell it:

"This new model had not been advertised in any publication, and deliveries had not started when Holiday appeared. Our ad ran in the November issue through a mistake, one month before it was supposed to appear in any of the national publications.

"I did not know that the advertising had appeared in Holiday until I had a call . . .

It was from the president of a motor car company, asking if he could get three dozen of the radios in time for Christmas. The next day a call came from the president of a leading pen company; he wanted two dozen. Another president of an automobile company called.

"Then," continued the president of the radio company, "a roar started from our distributors and dealers, asking us for this new model, which they had not yet seen except in the advertising in Holiday.

"A national advertiser is rarely offered the opportunity to gauge the value of a publication such as we had. My congratulations to Holiday . . . "

Why am I telling you this? Because, although the circumstances are unusual, the results aren't at all. This is a typical example of the responsiveness of Holiday's 800,000 families. If you're not already a reader, you're missing America's most beautiful, most stimulating, most vital new magazine. And if your advertising is not in Holiday, you're missing plenty!

735 advertisers representing 40 different classifications
sive Holiday readers in 1947

Holiday's 800,000 families are America's most responsive market. Why?
Read this list of seven contributing factors:

1. Holiday families are alert, intelligent . . . eager for new experiences.
2. Holiday families are community leaders.
3. Holiday is read by *all* the family . . . equally interesting to men and women.
4. Readers prize their copies, read and re-read them for pleasure and reference.
5. People read Holiday in a relaxed, responsive holiday mood.
6. Readers look to Holiday's advertising pages for ideas . . . find there a wide variety of products and services.
7. Holiday is "America's Most Beautiful Magazine."

THE MOST RESPONSIVE MARKET TODAY IS

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

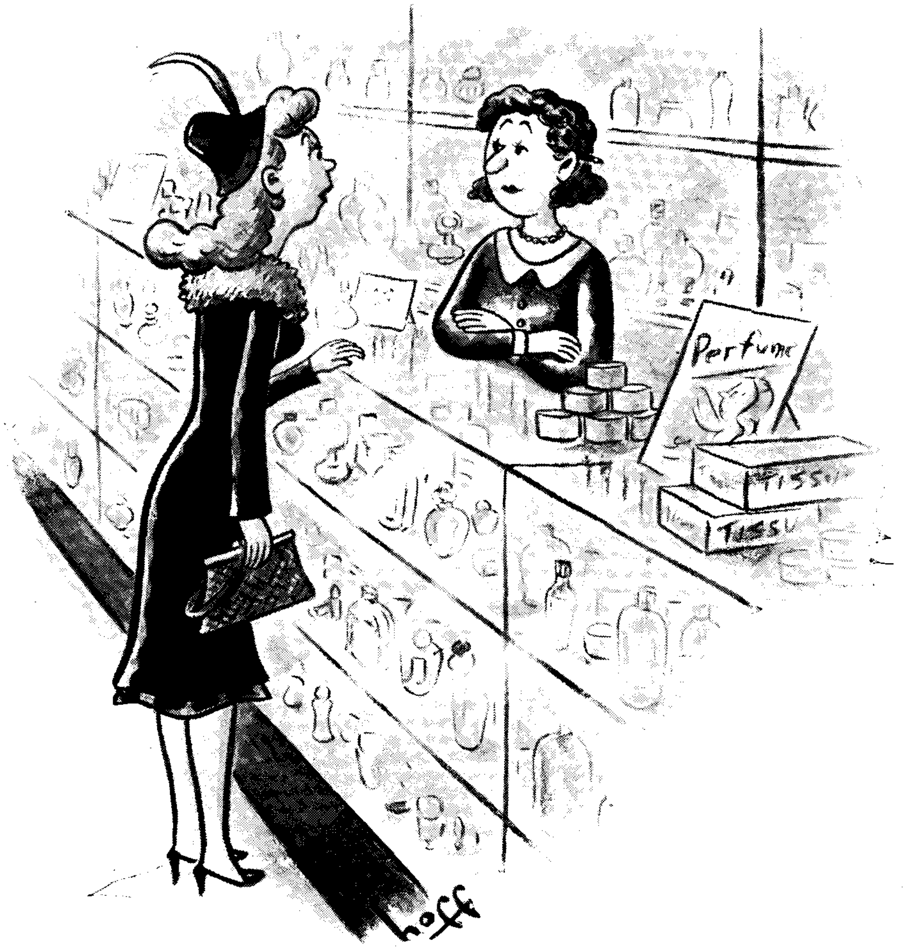
FOR a year and a half, ever since the latest fashion coup (or what everyone calls the New Look), I have been a happy woman, for I was one of the many who were eager for a change from the boxlike wartime silhouette, with its shoulders so broad and so high that heads seemed to disappear between them like a turtle's, and with its skirts inelegantly slim and short. Naturally, I expected plenty of clumsiness and clutter at the beginning, but in my naïveté I assumed that these would soon vanish. In the major houses, like Bergdorf and Carnegie and Bendel, this has come to pass, and even some designers whose inventions retail at between $40 and $125 have kept their heads as well as their ingenuity and have remembered that American women want clothes that flatter rather than distort their figures. But now I'm becoming discouraged. I am disturbed at seeing so many dresses, both ready-to-wear and custom, ranging in price from $150 to up over $1,000, that are confused and "busy" to the point of hysteria, so many that are awkwardly cut and carelessly finished, so many that are downright obvious in style. There is a lot to be said for stretching the budget to the limit to buy a perfect suit or dress that you can wear with serenity for years, but some of the high-priced folderols being shown, and bought, seem to me both bad budgeting (clothes you'll tire of quickly should be in the pin-money bracket) and bad style (if a dress gets more attention than you, it's just not smart, is all). There aren't, of course, enough good designers to go around, but if women persist in buying the freaks some of the less expert inventors are turning out, how are we ever going to persuade these wonder boys to cease and desist and to start learning their trade? Too few women consult a full-length mirror, or there would be a stampede away from many of our current fashions.

We in New York love to laugh at the dowdiness of women in the provinces. Take Washington, a town notorious for its frumpiness. Washington's present manifestation of innocence consists (according to the capital's Easter parade, which seemed to concentrate outside the Mayflower, where there isn't a church in sight) of the following: a long, full-backed coat; ankle-strap shoes, sometimes with platforms and often in bright colors; a skirt that is straight, comes just below the knees, and is too small all around; a tailored jacket; a hat that is simply a plaque of flowers over the nose, with one of those infernal hoops making a backstrap over the hair. But, architecturally, the women on dress parade there were no more absurd than many a New York woman, with her overblown skirts swishing around the ankles, her equally long, full-backed coat that looks as if it had come from an Anticipation Shoppe, and her flat-heeled shoes to complete the running-into-the-ground illusion.

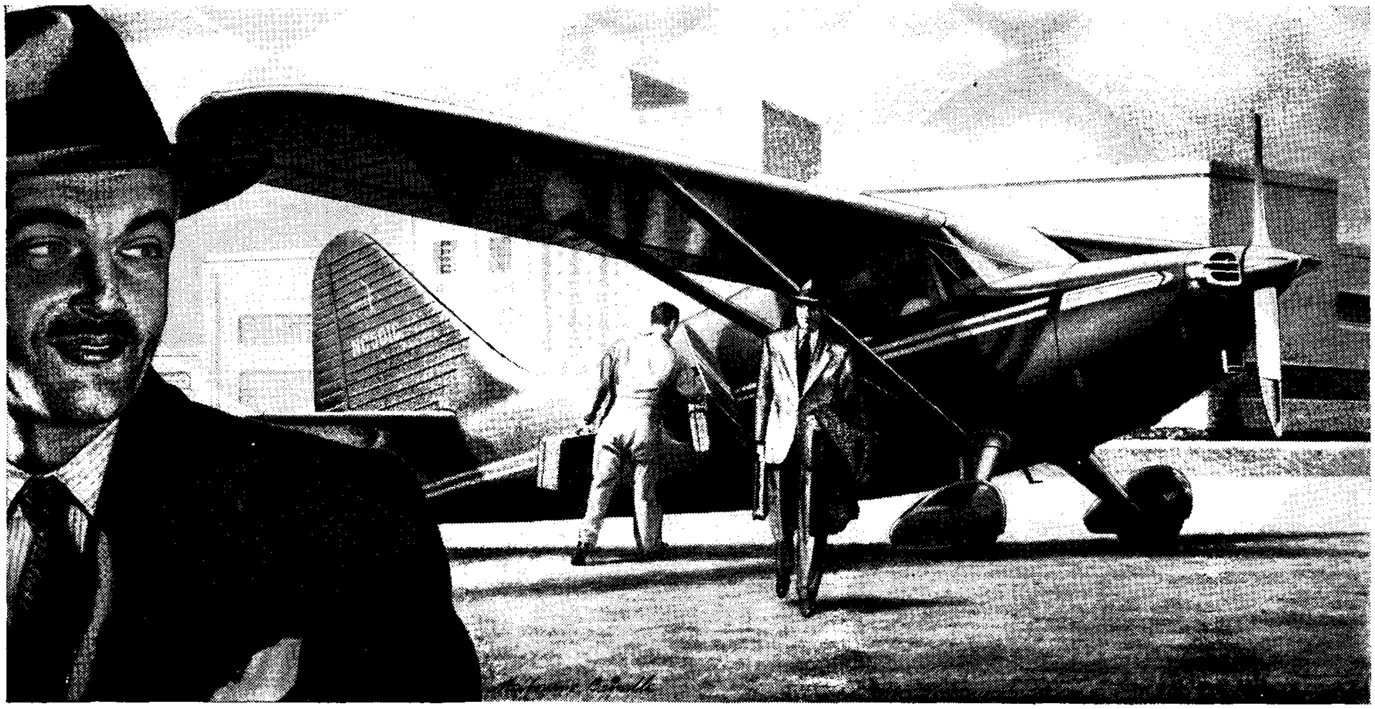
Oh, there's irony in the picture, too. The Hollywood designers who plumped so loudly in favor of the wartime style (or what they thought of as the trim, slim American Look) and denounced the full skirts and padded hips of Paris are now in town with a complete change of pace. They have brought with them staggering clothes that are probably ideal for women whose lives are spent making dramatic entrances or imperious exits. They aren't, though, the sort of clothes mortal women could very well live in. Lots of ideas, but a dress just shouldn't embody ten of them at once.

Happily, there is, as I was pointing out a few minutes ago, a well-bred norm to be found in a number of establishments. There, shoulders on tailored clothes are squared a bit; street skirts are slender and mid-calf in length; dresses with full skirts are constructed so that they aren't clumsy through the hips; nipped-in waistlines are achieved without getting that strangled look.

IT was in a disillusioned and surly mood, on the whole, that I went the other day to see the custom collection of Cassini, of Hollywood, on view at Gourielli, 16 East 55th Street. I am shocked, delighted, and dazed at being able to report that his offerings are perfectly charming, with a snug but not too tight look around the waistline, skirts rounded at the hips (and usually with



"Is it possible for a man to develop an immunity to a certain scent?"



The great new '48 Stinson. Cruising Speed: 130 m.p.h. Non-stop flying range, at 5,000 feet: 554 miles.

Why more and more men OVER 40 are flying Stinsons for business and pleasure!

SCARCELY a day passes without our getting a letter from a business or professional man that reads like this:

"My Stinson is paying for itself. It makes my days more *productive* . . . makes my travelling more *comfortable*. What's more—it adds a lot of extra pleasure to my leisure time!"

A surprising number of these owners are men in their 40's or 50's. That fact pleases us. For we designed the great new '48 Stinson as a personal plane that anyone could learn to fly—quickly, easily and safely.

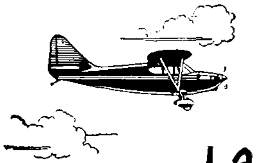
This new Stinson is such a *practical* plane, too! Four people fly in deep-cushioned, roomy comfort, with 100 pounds of luggage. With pilot alone, its cargo capacity is 640 pounds.

See your Stinson dealer today for a demonstration flight in the new Stinson Voyager or the Flying Station Wagon.

For literature, write Stinson Division, Dept. Y, Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp., Wayne, Michigan.

Stinson

For 22 years,
builder of America's most useful personal planes



"We needed a workhorse plane"

NC97478
Stinson
AVIATION OIL

1. "We're now operating two Stinsons," says E. E. Jackson, general sales manager of a Texas oil refinery. "We needed real *workhorse* planes that could fly *anywhere*, and carry up to 12 cases of our oil on rush deliveries to customers—that's why we chose Stinsons."

2. "My flying salesmen keep both planes busy all the time," he adds. "Our customers appreciate the faster service we're giving."

3. "Our company officials often use one of the planes to visit our other four refineries. Our Stinsons certainly pay for themselves."

FREE FLIGHT INSTRUCTION

If you are a business or professional man interested in learning to fly, we invite you to inquire about your Stinson dealer's free flight instruction plan. Write W. H. Klenke, General Sales Manager, Stinson, Wayne, Michigan. No obligation.

SAVE WORK!

Buying Silver When you buy silver, be sure it comes in a chest, bag or roll bearing the label Pacific Silver Cloth. The finest cases are made with Pacific Silver Cloth for the finest silver. Pacific Silver Cloth actually prevents tarnish with lifetime effectiveness. Pacific Silver Cloth saves you a lifetime of unnecessary polishing.

Entertaining You don't have to polish silver next time you have guests. Just keep your silver in a Pacific Silver Cloth case. Look for the label and avoid imitations. Pacific Silver Cloth keeps your silver bright without tarnishing. It saves time and work whether you use silver every day or only occasionally.

Vacationing Enjoy your vacation with the knowledge you won't have to polish your silverware when you return home. Also, if you have silver in a summer home keep it bright while not in use. Pacific Silver Cloth makes such polishing unnecessary.

BEST BY TEST

This is what happened to two gleaming new spoons in a tarnish test* conducted by the United States Testing Co., Inc. Only Spoon A, protected by Pacific Silver Cloth retained its original sparkle! Spoon B, though wrapped in "anti-tarnish" cloth, did tarnish as shown. (*Test 70448, March 6, 1946. Photos absolutely unretouched.)

A

B

6 YEAR-ROUND WORK SAVERS

CHESTS A variety of chests is available in all sizes, finishes and prices at your leading jewelry and department stores. They come in various wood finishes and simulated ivory.

WRAPS One or two Pacific Silver Wraps, size 18 x 31, are ideal to protect silverware which you keep in your buffet drawer; or use them to make your own bags and rolls. Price $1.10.

BAGS Pacific Silver Cloth bags are available at leading stores for every size and kind of hollow ware.

ROLLS When buying a silver place setting, be sure to ask for Pacific Silver Cloth roll to protect it from tarnish.

Pacific Silver Cloth is also available in PACKETS and YARD GOODS

SILVER
PACIFIC
CLOTH

ACTUALLY PREVENTS TARNISH!

If you can't find chests, bags, rolls, wraps made with Pacific Silver Cloth, write for name of nearest dealer.

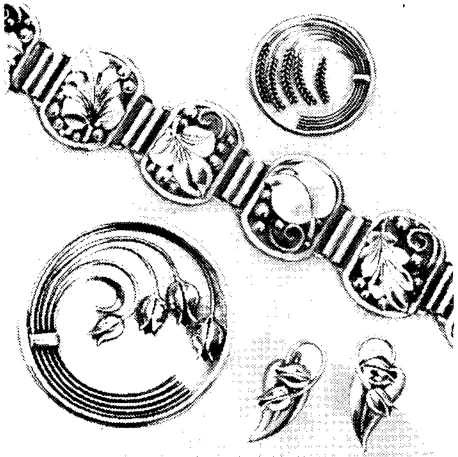
PACIFIC MILLS DEPT Y5 214 CHURCH STREET NEW YORK 13

extra fullness in back), and imaginative handmade detail. He does the "little" dress well; witness a demure navy afternoon or informal-dinner taffeta with white stitching on the high, turnover collar and tie, prim self-buttons down the bodice, and a skirt that has stitched pleats down over the hips, below which it becomes full and flowing. It's one of those things you'd be happy in anywhere for many years. Then comes a navy faille day dress that looks like a suit. It *is* a dress in back, but it is slashed in front to give the illusion of a separate, flaring bolero. This dress has an attached white lingerie blouse, with appliquéd leaf detail at the neck, and a high-waisted skirt with casual pleats. An all-day-long spring dress, of a thin dark-blue wool, has a double-breasted top, a leather belt, and a skirt that has box pleats down to a deep and more finely pleated hem. Cassini makes some wonderful coats, among them a thin brown wool one with an attached cape that descends over the arms and a panel down the back; the skirt is gathered and hippy. Another is of a heavy black silk brocade with multi-colored satin stripes, has a basque top and a skirt with rounded hips and fullness below the long line of the bodice in back. A triangular scarf ties at the throat. Another, short-sleeved, is of black taffeta on which red lace has been appliquéd. The hips of this one are hooped. It is shown over a round-necked black chiffon evening dress that is all gathers down the front and back and has a taffeta slip underneath the easy, circular skirt. There are Important evening dresses, too. One enchantress is of a shimmery red organdie trimmed with appliqués and edgings of a fine red cotton lace, which also makes the brassière part of the strapless top. This has lovely, clean lines and delicate detail, which could be called characteristic of the Cassini collection. His dresses run from $250 (for the navy taffeta, for instance) to $500, and he feels that, at prices like these, customers are entitled to special designs, or at least special touches. How to keep a man so creative and conscientious from being corroded by the raffish world of fashion he lives in has me lying awake nights.

ELIZABETH HAWES got out of the dressmaking business quite a while before we went into the war, after conditioning a number of smart customers to the unorthodoxy of softness about the bosom, diagonal and diamond-shaped inserts to make the midriff look small and flat, and wide, circular skirts flipping out where you sit down. She has set up shop again, at 867 Madison Avenue (72nd), and the only change seems to be that clothes that were once a Hawes uniqueness are now a vogue. I wonder how long she will stand for *that*. As always, her colors and materials are a surprise; she likes upholstery fabrics, and she has many exotic stuffs, too—Javanese saris, Chinese cotton tapestries, and so on. She still loves to manipulate stripes; an evening dress of a striped purple-and-green silk-and-cotton fabric is worked vertically, horizontally, every which way. Everything is custom-made and priced at from $285 to $550.

ACCESSORY DOODADS: Smart, pretty girls are taking rapidly to the new separate skirts and blouses designed by Lord & Taylor's Mr. Brigance. There is a—shall we say divine?—navy, dark-green, or black rayon linen full skirt with slit pockets on the hips and a narrow waistband with a fold, an inch or so deep, below it. They call this effect a peplum, but it lies mighty flat; $29.95. At $25, you'll find another rayon linen skirt in the same colors, cut narrow this time, with flap pockets and a high, curving waistline. Rayon sharkskin, in putty, dark green, navy, or black, makes a skirt with unpressed pleats down the hips and the center back. This one has a narrow waistband and a removable half-belt arrangement at the back. A similar job, without the belt, comes in dark-gray rayon shantung. The blouses, in general, are rather close-fitting, softly tailored, and washable. Some are of white linen, some of pink or white waffle piqué, some of pale-blue, mauve, or beige chambray, some of white polka-dotted cotton sateen with a hyacinth, coral, or yellow background. Sleeves are short or long. Small collars are frequent, and odd yokes and tucking are rampant. An overblouse in white, mauve, or beige linen curves up over the hips at each side. Brigance calls this his rocker silhouette, and your guess is as good as mine. It is $32.50, the top price among the blouses. The bottom one is $19.95.

YOU will find very satisfying and inexpensive hats at Young-Hearted Seventh, at Saks Fifth Avenue (seventh floor, if you hadn't already guessed), at from $5.95 to $24.95. The perennial and beloved straw cartwheels, in dark or natural colors as well as red or Kelly, have grosgrain bands and streamers and come to $16.95. White shantung straw makes a hat for tricorne lovers, with



Handmade silver for Mother

Shown:
"Garden Variety" bracelet, 75.
Sheaf of wheat brooch, 12.50
(or give her a pair, for 25.)
Tulip cluster brooch . . . . . 21.
Tulip-and-leaf earrings . . . 18.

Not shown:
Larger wheat-sheaf brooch, 21.
Small tulip cluster brooch, 12.50.
Wheat-sheaf earrings . . . 18.

ALL PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL EXCISE TAX

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Ave., at 53rd St., New York 22

Solid Comfort

NEW FOLDING ROCKER

Relax on your lawn, porch, or terrace in this handsome aluminum chair. It's amazing—

- lightweight (only seven pounds)
- folds up (just one foot wide to stow away)
- adjustable (to fit your figure)

Send for this luxurious chair today. Your choice of blue, green, tangerine, also red if available—framed in satin-finish aluminum.

Satisfaction guaranteed
Shipped collect from Trenton, N. J. No C. O. D.'S Please!
$11.95 ONLY

Write for additional literature on other models.

ARNDT METALCRAFT CORP.
BOX 909-N, TRENTON 5, N. J.

The New
La Salle Du Bois
FINE DINING
36 East 60th St
PLaza 5-7260

coarse white veiling to be draped around the throat; addicts of the stovepipe crown should study a job in natural straw with a tiny brim and clusters of nasturtiums at the center front. There is bicycle-clip headgear that has a long black or navy rayon velvet bow and a veil. The veil dangles part way over the face, presumably for allure, and forms a cap astern to keep the hair in order. Black or navy birdcage veils have big rayon taffeta bows on top, and a white straw plateau bonnet has been given a navy fish-net veil, edged with small velvet bows, to cover the crown, and grosgrain-edged veiling to tie under the chin or to swathe the throat. This type of merriment is in the $5.95 bracket.

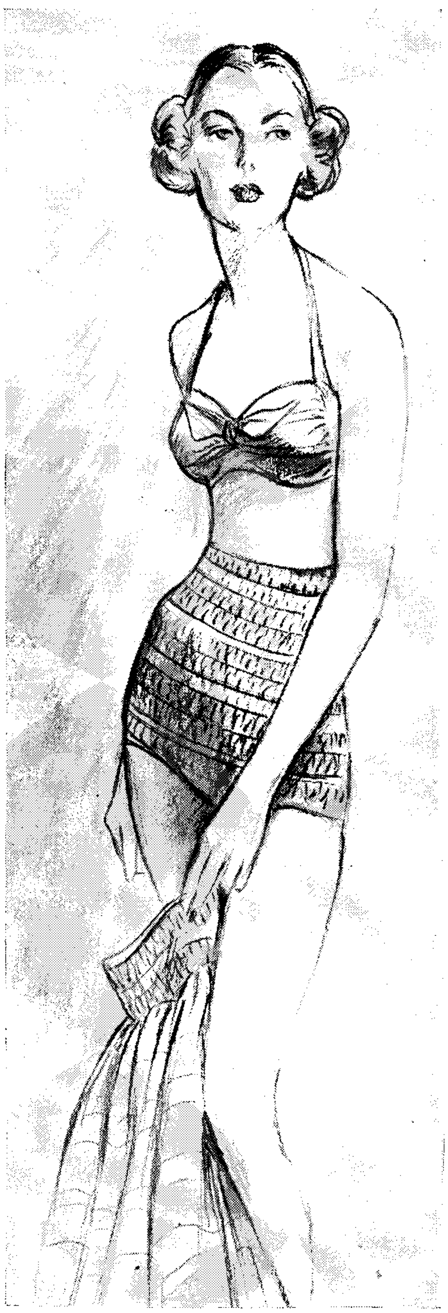
ON the fancy coasts of Florida and California, gold-kid shoes have become standard equipment for all occasions. If the spirit urges you, Frank Brothers, now at 9 East 57th Street, have them. The most surprising example to us city dwellers is undoubtedly the gold-kid loafer, at $14.95. Then, there are barefoot thong sandals, at $12.95; ankle-strap sandals with a three-quarter-inch wedge and two slanting straps forming the vamp, and three-band affairs on a wedge about twice as high, are $19.95. These last are also considered suitable to wear with lounging clothes at home. Gold kid makes handbags, too—cartridge-shaped over-the-shoulder businesses, at $15; small pouches to dangle from the belt or wrist, at $16.20; and beautiful large feed bags, about fourteen inches high, at $18.60—all including tax. The shop has handsome gold-braid belts about an inch and a quarter wide, for $2.95, and fourteen-strand jobs with adjustable gold kid buckles, for $7.95. And the gloves are miraculous—hand-crocheted gold-mesh slipons with black suède palms, at $11.50. If you wait a week or so, you can have the palms in any color you want.

That's where nonsense belongs, come to think of it—in your accessories.

—L. L.

•

May is here. This is the month when grass gets greener, birds warble loudest and everyone gets a natural desire to yawn and pause to marvel at the new life which nature presents us. Probably some of us will yawn more often b acesueETAOINETAONU often because of the let down from the continual tension . . .—*Burlington (Vt.) Daily News.*



bare essentials . . .

for a sun-bathed season. Bra-top and shirred cotton lastex pantie get in the swim — frankly contrive to make your figure whistle-perfect. White-striped blue, pink, lime, grey: Small, medium, large. **8.95** For shore duty, add matching lastex waistband skirt. **8.95**

Mail and phone orders invited — VO 5-4800

DE PINNA

A Sportsman
sits before
the Bachrach camera

. . . for a portrait
of the man and
his favorite sport

Bachrach
FABIAN BACHRACH
Photographer of Men
507 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
MUrray Hill 2-8181
BOSTON • PROVIDENCE • HARTFORD • CHICAGO

UNDER ST. MARY'S CHIMES

HEARING some of Bach's "French Suites" over the radio a few nights ago swept me back to 1936, when I was Organizing Secretary to the Bodleian Appeal Committee, in Oxford. I got the job through my own alma mater, Mrs. Hoster's Secretarial School for Gentlewomen, in Grosvenor Place, London. I was surprised to get it. I had lived abroad for ten years and would still have been on a farm in the south of France if warlike German and Italian noises had not made it seem best to take my daughter, who was six, leave what had become our home, and return to the country of our passports.

I thought it might be difficult to get a job in England after so long an absence, but Mrs. Hoster favored me. She liked her "girls," as she called graduates of the school, to have what she termed "broad interests." "Your Continental experiences will be invaluable," she assured me when she sent me to Oxford to be interviewed by Mr. Lindsay, the Vice-Chancellor of the University.

Whether my broad interests were written on my face or whether, as I think more likely, Mr. Lindsay instinctively recognized one of the waifs and strays, the espousers of lost causes, that Oxford has always accumulated under her large gown, I do not know, but I got the job. The salary was three hundred pounds a year—good pay for a woman in England at that time—and the job was to last two years, "to begin with." When I expressed surprise that an appeal for funds should continue that long, the Vice-Chancellor explained. "There'll be a lot of preparation first," he said, "then the Appeal itself, and then the winding up."

A week later, I was installed in my office, at the top of the old Clarendon Building on Broad Street. It was a high, square room, lit by a skylight; there were no windows in it, and very little furniture. A massive desk of unpolished cherry stood near one wall, with papers piled on its top. The high chair that went with it had a red leather seat studded with brass nailheads of enormous size. There was a mellow timelessness about the place that appealed to me. The only discordant note was a telephone, on a stool in one corner.

"Here you are," said Mr. Veale, the Registrar of the University, who had escorted me to my office. He was to be my link, he explained, with the chairman of the committee, the Vice-Chancellor. "I 'll f d everything you need."

He saw me glance at the telephone and sighed with understanding. "It is connected with the switchboard below," he said, as though that explained the presence of the distasteful thing. Then, with a swish of his gown, he left me. I hoisted myself onto the chair and began to turn over the papers on the desk.

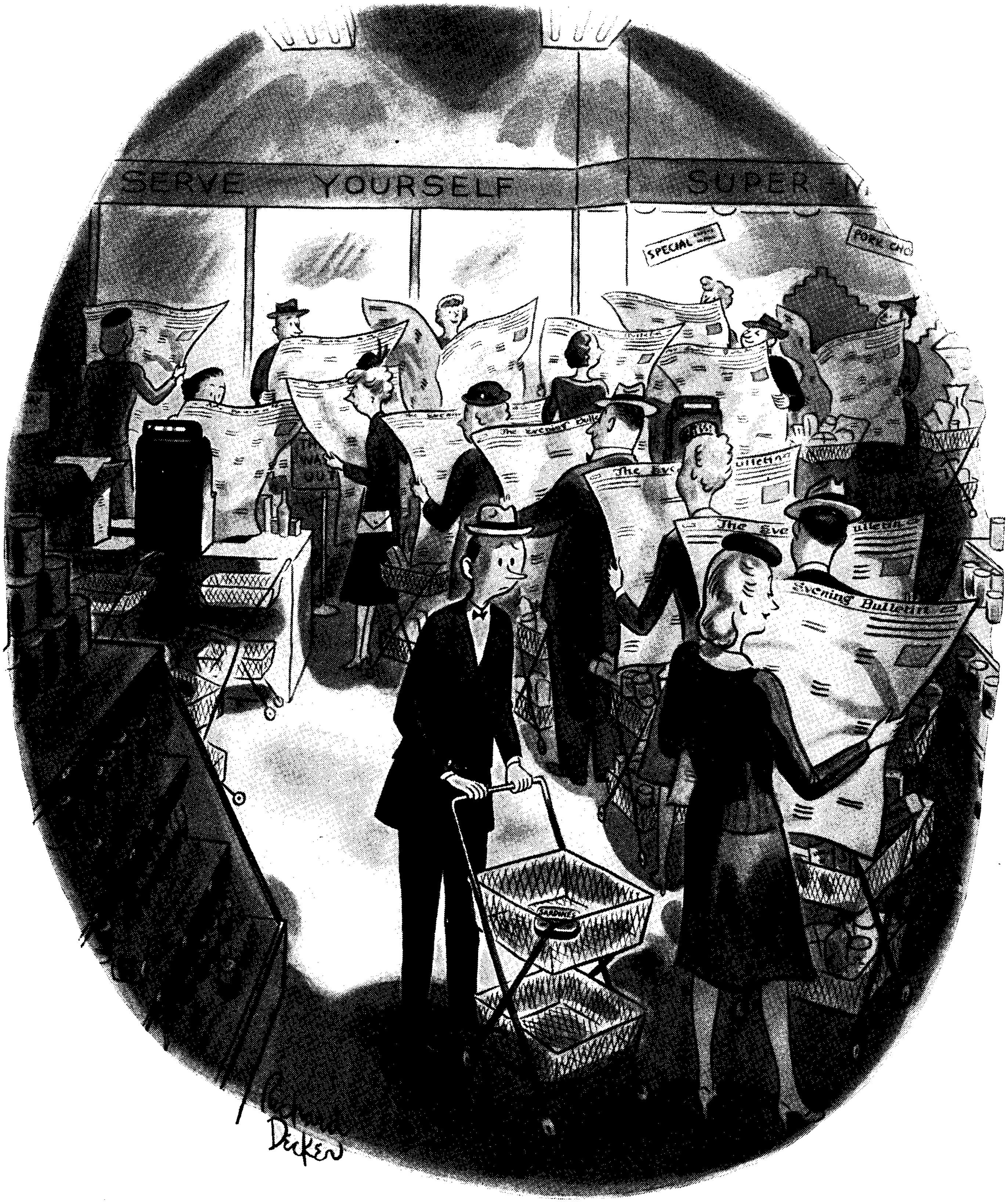
The desk, I found, was equipped with pens, pencils, an impressive inkstand, blotting paper, and several quires of ivory letter paper headed "Bodleian Appeal." There was also an account of the Bodleian itself, which I was glad to read. All I had known was that it was one of the great libraries of the world. Now I learned that its manuscript collection alone numbered about 40,000 volumes, 8,400 rolls, and 15,300 charters. It owned the earliest manuscript of the "Chanson de Roland" and the only known copy of the earliest printed work of Shakespeare. My chest swelled with pride. I resolved to work extremely hard. The Appeal, I learned from another paper, was to be for two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, which was to be used to preserve the Bodleian and, in particular, "Duke Humphrey's Room, a sixteenth-century gem named after the Duke of Gloucester, a principal benefactor in medieval days." But I had not been given anything to do. I wondered what the Registrar and the Vice-Chancellor expected of me. "Initiative," the Vice-Chancellor had said in the course of the interview, "and—er—organization."

I began to make notes for a précis of the papers. When the telephone rang, some time later, I was delighted. I bounded across the room to it. "Bodleian Appeal Committee," I said crisply.

"What? Oh, ah—yes, of course." It was the voice of Mr. Veale. "I just telephoned to tell you that the best place for lunch is the pub two streets away. My secretary will show you. And also," he added, "to see if the damn thing worked."

The second day I was there, a typewriter arrived. I was glad of that. I had been wondering whether I would be expected to deal with all the correspondence in longhand. Not that there had been any, so far, but I supposed that in the course of two years there would be.

ON the third day, as I was typing out the notes I had made for the précis, my room was filled with the sound of Bach being played by someone obviously a master and on what could only be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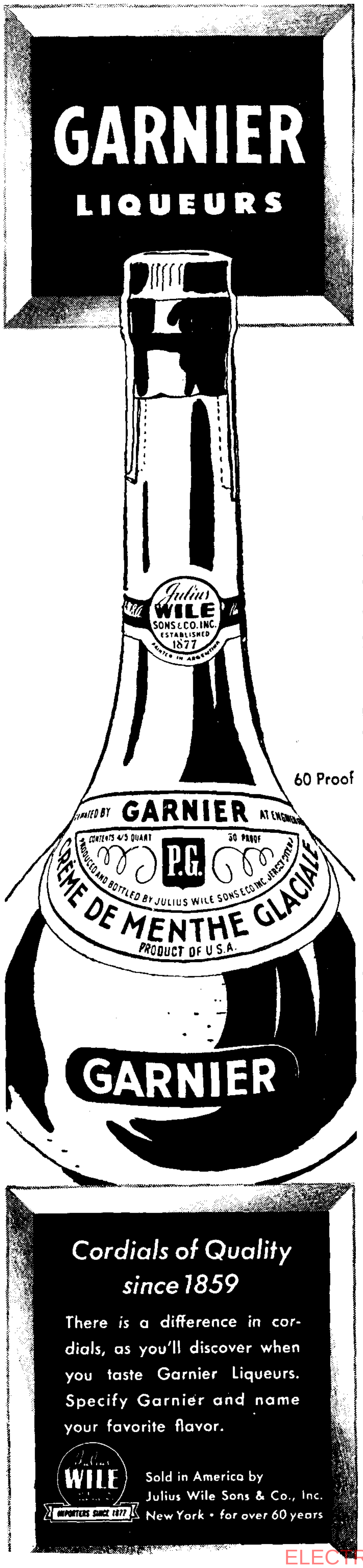

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a Bechstein grand. The music came through the wall. I listened, enchanted, until it stopped. There was a murmur of voices, then more Bach. I again sat listening until the playing ceased. Suddenly, the telephone in the corner rang, for the second time in three days. Once more, I bounded to it. "I say," said an excited male voice, "will you tell Sir Hugh that I'll be a bit late?," and rang off before I had time to say who I was, ask who he was, or find out who and where Sir Hugh was. Putting two and two together—the Bach next door, which had begun again, and the Oxford University Handbook on my desk—I discovered that Sir Hugh Allen, whose baton I had once quavered under for two years in the Bach Choir in London, was Heather Professor of Music at Oxford and that he gave "lectures and informal instruction, with musical illustrations," in the Music School Library, "housed at the top of the Clarendon Building in Broad Street."

Well, I was housed there, too, with what was probably the only telephone on the top floor of the building, sitting on my corner stool. I pushed open my door and went in search of what the Handbook called "the centre of musical teaching in the university." It wasn't easy to find. One of its walls was also one of mine, of course, but there was no other door on my landing. I had to go down two flights of stairs and up two others, listening as I went, to find the Music Library. I knocked and opened the door. Sir Hugh stopped playing and looked over his shoulder at me.

"Do I know you?" he demanded as I stepped inside.

"No," I said. He hadn't changed. I remembered the time he'd made me sing my scales fortissimo and then had remarked, "I said 'Sing out!' But I don't suppose you'll do the choir any actual harm. You may stay, and call yourself contralto." I decided this was no time to bring that up, and obviously he hadn't recognized me.

"Well, what is it, what is it?" he said. "I don't tutor many females. Where's your cap and gown?"

"I'm the Organizing Secretary to the Bodleian Appeal Committee," I said, getting it all out grandly. "I've just come to give you a message. I suppose it's from one of your students. He telephoned to say that he'd be late. I don't know which one it was, because he didn't give his name."

"Might do for any of them," Sir Hugh snorted, swinging around on the piano stool and facing me. "So you're the fellow next door making that infernal row with telephones and typing!"

"I stop when you're playing," I said.

"It's when I'm not playing that I want you to stop. You can type the rest of the time."

"I can't type when you're playing," I said firmly. "I want to listen."

"You can't type when I'm *not* playing," he roared. "I want to listen to what I'm saying and what I'm thinking. You'd better not type at all, or get one of those noiseless thingumabobs."

"I'll try," I said. "I really don't want to disturb you, Sir Hugh."

"Well, you do disturb me," he said, and swung around on his stool again, turning his back to me. I retreated, and halfway down the stairs I collided with a boy in cap and gown galloping up.

"Is he frightfully waxy?" he panted, brushing by me.

"Yes," I said, "but not at you."

"At you? Oh, I say, what a shame!" He stopped and grinned happily over his shoulder.

"Not even at me. At the modern age, which makes a noise."

"Oh, Lord, is he on *that* again?" the young man said. "Well..." He squared his shoulders beneath the ragged, dirty wisp of a gown he wore (it was the fashion to use gowns for dusters) and proceeded upward.

I went back to my office. Later that afternoon, I called on the Registrar. He looked alarmed at seeing me, but he rallied.

"Have you everything you want?" he asked.

"Yes. I just thought I'd tell you—"

"There will be a good deal of work for you later on," he said quickly. "All the Vice-Chancellor wishes now is for you to acquaint yourself with the background of the Appeal. There are books and pamphlets . . ."

"Yes, I know," I said. "I am finding those I have very helpful, very helpful indeed." After three days, I was picking up rhythms of speech. I began again. "What I've come about," I said, "is Sir Hugh Allen and the typewriter." And I told him of my experience with Sir Hugh.

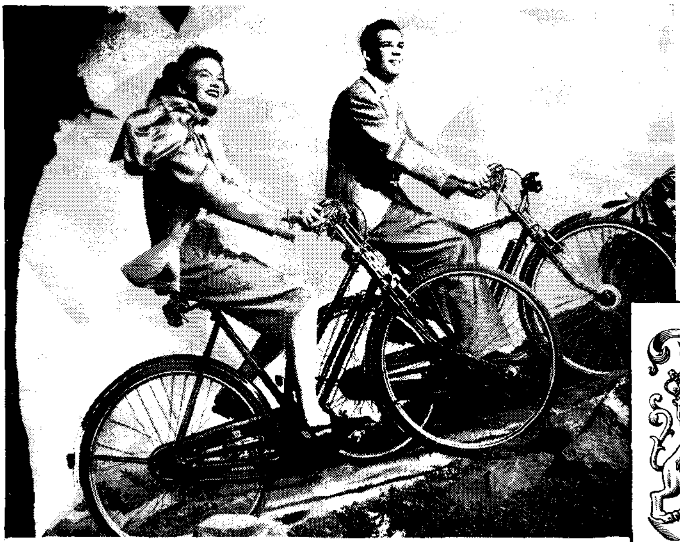
"That is something for you to bring before the Committee," Mr. Veale said. "There is a meeting summoned in—let me see—eleven days. It is your responsibility to draw up the agenda and circulate it to the members well ahead of time. You can put the matter of the noiseless machine on it. It will make another item," he added, and there was a shade of satisfaction in his voice. "It is all a little bewildering at first," he went on, smiling kindly, "but you can always call on me or on my secretary for anything you need. Oh, and here is the Minute Book." He handed me a gilt-edged, vellum-bound volume. I thanked him and withdrew, bearing it reverently.

APART from periodically mailing out the agenda, keeping the minutes of the Committee meetings was the only work I found to do. I spent a lot of time on it. I underlined names with red ink, wrote headings underlined with gold in margins, and used a special illuminator's pen to make the thin and broad strokes of the script properly.

The meetings were easy to report. The Committee consisted of a number of heads of colleges and dons, as well as six London businessmen, who were, in the words of the Handbook, "distinguished sons of Oxford." One month, we would meet in Oxford, at the Vice-Chancellor's office in Balliol; the next month we would meet in London, around an imposing conference table in a bank. Wherever we met, the procedure was the same. I would sit at the Vice-Chancellor's right hand, taking notes. There would be some leisurely conversation, ranging the universe and interlarded with Greek and Latin quips and puns, and academic jokes, understood by everyone but me. Then the meeting would adjourn, the Oxford (or the London) members would catch their train, and I would find myself back in the Clarendon Building with the Minute Book, and the minutes to invent. For instance, I would write, "It was proposed by the Vice-Chancellor, seconded by the Master of Pembroke, that a noiseless Underwood typewriting machine be furnished to the O.S. of the B.A.C.," or, perhaps, "It was the consensus of the meeting, as expressed by the Principal of Jesus, that a study should be made of the appeal of the Appeal. . . ."

I usually filled up a page, which I read at the next meeting and asked the Vice-Chancellor to sign. Then I handed typewritten copies to all the members of the Committee and the Registrar. Somehow, the items that I said the Committee discussed often materialized. I got the noiseless Underwood. Later, on my own account, I bought a score of Bach's "French Suites."

Summer came. I bought a Baby Austin, rented a cottage in Wiltshire, and drove to work. It was sixty miles. I left home every morning at seven, dropped my daughter at her day school, shot across Salisbury Plain, through Steventon and Abingdon, past Boar's Hill and Cumnor, plummeted down Headington



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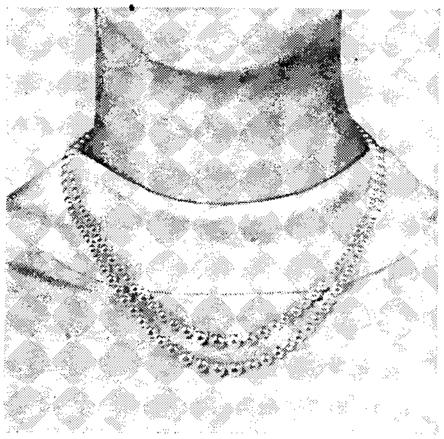

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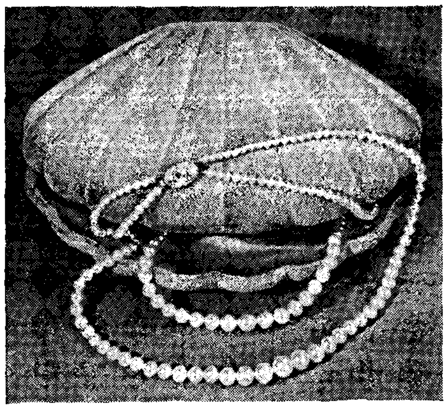

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Hill, and parked my car by St. Mary's Church. Then I ran through crowds of men and women in caps and gowns, rushed into the Clarendon Building, tossed good mornings to the Registrar and his secretary in their office on the ground floor, hurried upstairs, closed the door behind me, got the Minute Book out of its locked drawer, laid it open on the desk, and fell to work *on the novel I was writing, to the ac*companiment of Sir Hugh Allen's Bach.

Later, I lunched in the accustomed pub, returned to the office, typed out the pages I had written in the morning, and, at five o'clock, locked up the Minute Book, put away the novel, pushed through more crowds of undergraduates, leaped out of the way of bicyclists with baskets of books in front of them and gowns flying behind like tattered black flags, climbed into my Austin, and drove home, picking up my daughter on the way.

It was a well-regulated existence, and I got a lot of work done, though almost none of it for Oxford. I felt a qualm every time I cashed my salary check in Barclay's Bank, University Branch, but when I tried to suggest to the Vice-Chancellor or to the Registrar that perhaps I ought to be doing some work, they looked so distressed that I gave up. I was still somewhat bewildered, of course, but if they were satisfied, so was I—and so was Sir Hugh Allen, who had silence next door and messages over my telephone.

SHORTLY after I moved to Wiltshire, there was an addition to the personnel of the Appeal. An "organizer" joined us. His offices were set up on the floor below mine, and his title was the Organizer of the Bodleian Appeal, and since I was Organizing Secretary, I thought that perhaps I was supposed to work for him, and went hopefully to see him, *notebook in hand.* I found he had a secretary of his own and two typists. Our offices, he assured me, were to be quite distinct.

"I do hope you haven't been thinking *that I am here to take away your work,*" he said.

"Nobody could do that," I answered truthfully. He looked relieved. He was a broad-shouldered young man with blue, good-humored eyes and a frank smile, but after a week or two he wore the same baffled expression that had become habitual with me. Our techniques of coping with the situation were different. I made a point of always being in my office from nine until five; he made a point of never being in his. He

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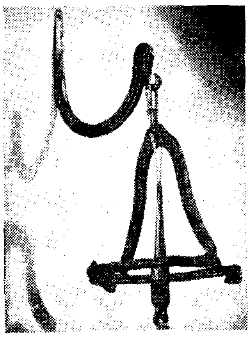

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went out organizing. His secretary knitted, his typists read *John Bull* and did the crosswords.

By the end of my fifth month as Organizing Secretary, I had reached the midpoint of my novel, and Sir Hugh, Bach's Passacaglia in C Minor. Then, one day, I returned from lunch to find a stir in the building. On my way up the stairs, I saw the Registrar in the Organizer's office, shaking him by the hand. The Organizer's secretary was beaming, his typists were beaming, and when I paused at the open door, they all turned and beamed at me.

"Come in, come in!" the Registrar cried. "Congratulations! No one could deny that you deserve a great deal of the credit."

"Quite, quite!" the Organizer said, wiping his forehead.

"There is nothing so unrewarding, so—shall I say?—tedious, as spadework," the Registrar went on.

"Quite," the Organizer agreed, giving me a faint smile.

"The Vice-Chancellor is very gratified, very gratified indeed. He is to make the announcement this afternoon."

"What time?" I asked, wondering if I could escape without giving away my ignorance of what the occurrence was.

"At three o'clock," the Registrar said. "In the Sheldonian."

"I'll be there," I said, and hurried upstairs.

Sir Hugh was playing the thirteenth theme of the "Well-Tempered Clavichord," the Minute Book was up to date, and I was too restless and curious to work. At five minutes to three, I slipped into the Sheldonian. There I learned the news, delivered in polished phrases with Latin tags, from the Vice-Chancellor's own lips. Lord Nuffield, the manufacturer of the Morris Cowley car, which had its factories in Oxford, had given half a million—twice what we were asking for—to preserve the Bodleian, thus bringing the Appeal, and my job, to an end.

Oxford did not thrust me forth abruptly. I was given a month's notice, and then paid for another month, "in which to adjust yourself." I needed it. I had become accustomed to being housed in the top of Clarendon, and to driving sixty miles back and forth, lickety-split, rain or shine, to write my novel to the strains of Sir Hugh's Bach.

—EVELYN EATON

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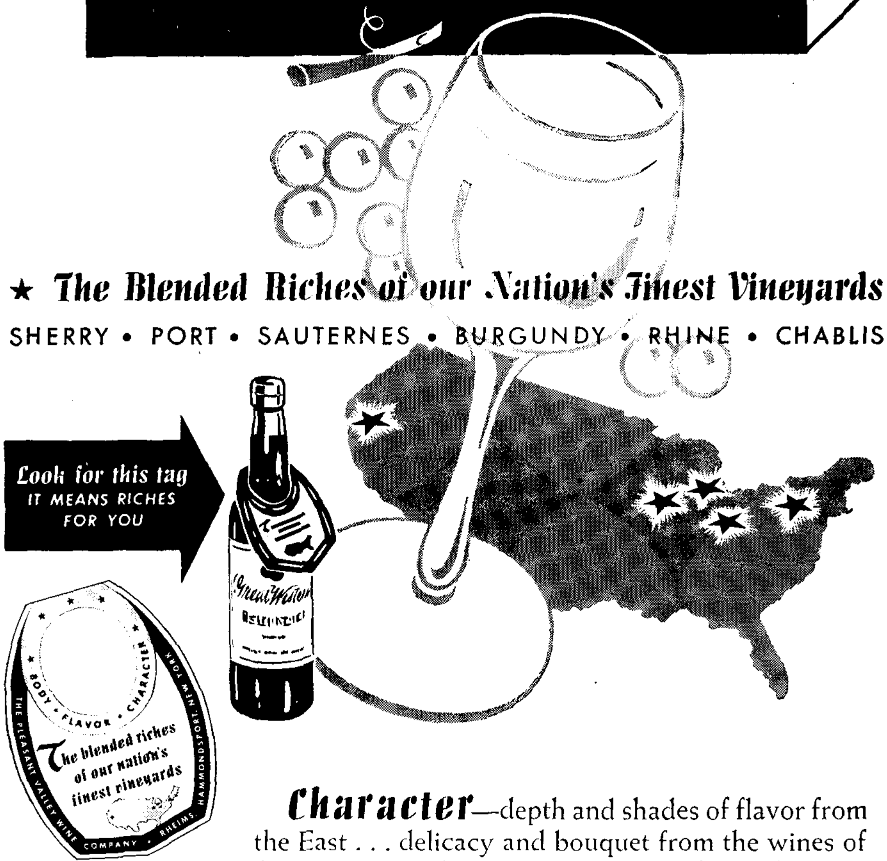
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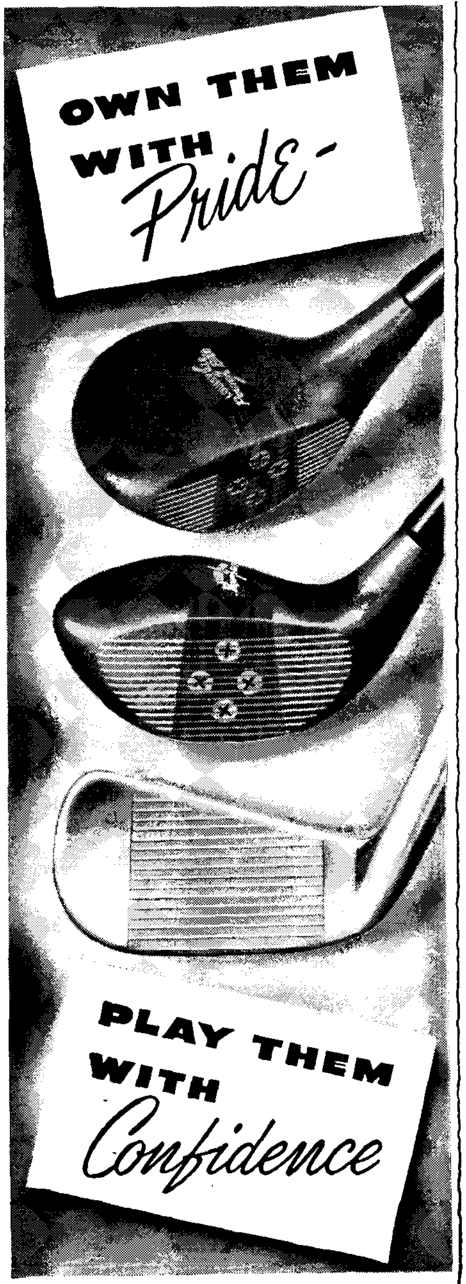

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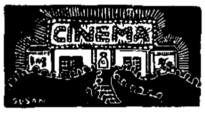

THE Danish picture "Day of Wrath" is a sombre, powerful, highly dramatic study of the effects of superstition upon the household of a Danish minister in the early seventeenth century. The film approaches the subject of witchcraft in terms of the prevailing notions of 1623, and is completely realistic and convincing about it. Before it is over, it has the spectator longing for one hint of enlightenment in the religious fanatics who populate it, but the hint never comes. The plot is simple. The minister, who has had an old woman suspected of trafficking with the Devil burned in a slow fire, finds his household coming down around his ears. His grim mother accuses his young second wife of being a witch, and his belief in God's love wavers. When he learns from his wife that she has cuckolded him with his son by his first marriage, he dies miserably of shock, leaving his widow to face the torments of a church trial. Nicely juxtaposed are scenes in which the minister wrestles with his conscience about whether to challenge his wife as one of the possessed and others that show his wife and his son caught up in the excitement of young love. In the role of the wife, an actress named Lisbeth Movin is marvellously effective as she is transformed by her love for her stepson from a shy and timorous creature into a willful, determined woman. The cast that supports her isn't far behind in talent. Altogether, this film strikes me as being one of the best ever made. It is superb in all departments—script, acting, photography, and direction, the last by Carl Dreyer.

AS a Republican candidate for the Presidential nomination, Spencer Tracy sounds no better and no worse in the movie version of "State of the Union" than the various Republicans who are currently trying to shoulder their way into the White House. His views on most topics are sturdily orthodox. He believes that the laborer is worthy of his hire and the employer entitled to a just profit. For all his innocent opinions and sentiments, though, Mr. Tracy has a hell of a tough time running for office. When he recites principles culled from what sounds like a child's

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campaign manager denounce him as a radical, and when he tries to butter up a few influential figures in national affairs, his wife complains that he's losing his sincerity. Torn between idealism and the hope of hanging his hat in the White House, Mr. Tracy goes to pieces, and it is only by renouncing his Presidential aspirations that he gets a grip on himself.

When "State of the Union" most closely follows the Lindsay-Crouse play from which it derives, it is a fairly enjoyable business, but when it lights out on its own, it becomes a sad spectacle. Still, Mr. Tracy is often persuasive, and Katharine Hepburn, as his wife, manages to say as if she meant them such lines as "Grant likes to get up on the mountains and slap the hurricanes down." Among the others in the cast, Adolphe Menjou, as a conniving politician, is most prominent.

"THE BIG CLOCK" is a slick, entertaining, often preposterous adaptation of Kenneth Fearing's novel about a publisher who kills his mistress and then puts the staff of a mystery magazine to work trying to discover the identity of a man he saw lurking near the lady's apartment on the night he did her in. The man in question happens to be the editor of the mystery magazine, and he has the difficult job of keeping the clues uncovered by his staff from pointing too obviously at himself. Ray Milland, in the role of the editor, is quite diverting, and Charles Laughton, who plays the publisher, is altogether as incredible as the building he inhabits—one of those Hollywood skyscrapers in which almost every office is as big as the Municipal Lodging House. The chase around this place that concludes "The Big Clock" has its silly aspects, but it is certainly stimulating.

IN "Not Guilty," a French film, Michel Simon plays to the nines the role of an eccentric doctor who commits three perfect crimes. He kills the part-time lover of his mistress (there seem to be a lot of these girls around this week), a colleague whom he envies, and, finally, his sweetheart. Remorseful over this last escapade, he turns himself in to the police, but he can't get them to give him credit for any of his crimes. Brooding heavily, he goes home and shoots himself, leaving a letter proving his infamy. The letter falls into the fire in his living room, so he dies without even the possibility of a posthumous salute to his ingenuity. Despite its O. Henry twists, "Not Guilty" is fine stuff.

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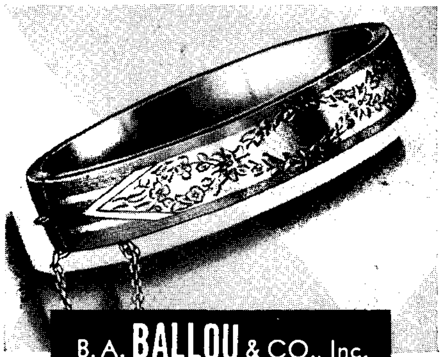

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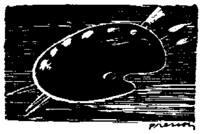
THE ART GALLERIES

Paul Klee and Two Sculptors



PAUL KLEE, some forty of whose oils, water colors, and other works are now on view at the Buchholz Gallery, was a curious phenomenon in the modern-art movement. He was born in Bern, Switzerland, in 1879, of a French mother and a Bavarian father, and he had no idea at all of becoming a painter. Both his parents were musicians, his mother as an amateur and his father professionally, as the conductor of a small local orchestra, and he soon showed an aptitude in the same direction. He seemed, however, equally talented at drawing, and in the end, after much soul-searching, he plumped for the latter. His training was for the most part extremely conventional. He went to Munich to study under the solidly traditional painter Franz von Stuck, and though he visited Paris briefly, he appears to have had little knowledge of all the rudely irreverent things the post-Impressionists, such as van Gogh, Gauguin, and Cézanne, were doing to established ideas about form and color. Yet even then his tastes were veering away from the accepted ones. After France, he rounded out the Grand Tour by visiting Italy, and he remembered later that he spent far more time in the aquarium at Naples than he did in its museums and that he much preferred the ruggedly naïve early-Christian art to that of the Renaissance.

It wasn't till some ten years later, in 1913, when Klee paid a second visit to Paris, that the modern movement really swept him up. He was living in Munich by then and had fallen in with such young German modernists as Kandinsky, Franz Marc, and August Macke (the men who, with him, later became the nucleus of the famous Blue Rider group), and this visit to Paris, where he met (or at least saw the works of) Braque, Picasso, Juan Gris, Marcoussis, and so on, did a good deal to broaden his concepts. His own work, however, still refused to fit into any category, and while he exhibited for some years with the Blue Riders and later taught at the Bauhaus, his painting, with its queer, quirky, undidactic approach, was as different from the flamboyant styles of his own group as it was unlike the strict poused. His last years, like those of so many other modern German painters, were troubled by the Nazi accession, which, of course, meant the end of progressivism in Germany, in the arts as in everything else. Klee soon escaped to Switzerland, but although his situation there was comfortable, his work must have suffered. He died there, at the age of sixty-one, in June of 1940.

His exhibit at the Buchholz, which is mainly made up of works newly brought to this country, ranges only from 1930 to the year of his death, so it gives us no direct record of the influences—Futurism, Oriental art, German Expressionism, and so forth—that in one way or another affected his early development. It does show, though, and superbly, how they culminated in the formation of his mature style. In a sense, Klee's whole career was a sort of running commentary, a set of lively, delicately italicized footnotes, on the history of modern art. Unlike Picasso, who could and still can swallow whole art movements at a gulp, Klee only nibbled at them, but he equalled Picasso in the extensiveness of his interests and in his inventiveness, and even in these late pieces we find all sorts of oblique evidence of his early enthusiasms. There are traces of African Negro art in several of the figures in "Picture Album;" there is a good deal more than a hint of the Futurist style in "Aunt and Child," "Sextette of the Genii," and "Young Moe," and of flat-pattern Cubism in "Along the River" and "Buildings on Riverbank;" and there are references to children's paintings, which became one of his obsessions, almost everywhere. Klee, however, took only what he needed and no more, and his taste and his judgment were so close to infallible that almost never does his work seem to go astray. His "Torso and Kin in Full Moon," with its bulbous, unrelated forms, and the rather heavy-handed "Awakened" are among the few in the current collection that are really failures, though now and then, as in "Sailor," "The Script," and "Mild Fruits," he had a tendency to rely too much on pure pattern to gain his effects. But even in "Sailor" the marvellous blues he used do a lot to rescue what might have been a dull picture, and in others, such as "Dancer" (one of the three pictures in the show that Klee painted just before his death), "Hot Chase," and "Movable Construction," his exact eye for color values is again revealed. I like best his "Softening," with its lovely pale greens and

and "Boats in the Inundation"—in all four of which his real genius for simplification is applied most vividly—but there are many other superlative paintings in the show.

A COUPLE of sculpture exhibitions are well worth your attention, one by David Hare, at the Kootz Gallery, and the other, at the Betty Parsons, by Seymour Lipton. Both men are abstractionists, but that is almost the only point they come together on, for Hare's work stems largely from Giacometti and Ernst and the other Surrealist sculptors, while Lipton's is more closely allied to the baroque exuberance of Jacques Lipchitz. Hare, particularly, has a feeling for the exact balance between spaces and volumes, which gives great brilliance to such pieces as the friezelike "Woman Running Through Landscape" and the more three-dimensional "Frightened Bird." His work is all airiness and delicacy; forms are whittled down to their thinnest and wiriest, and if at times, as in "Man Climbing a Tree, 1 and 2," this leads to a corresponding thinning-out of expression, it adds to other work a wonderful feeling of tense yet lightsome energy. Note especially the small, wryly appealing "Hungry" and the lively "Dancer" (here he seems to be taking a rare excursion into archaicism), as well as the tall, angular "Figure from Egypt."

Lipton, on the other hand, goes in for heavier forms and a more involved development. I found a certain repetitiousness in his design. Horned or toothlike shapes predominate, the movement of the masses is almost always concentric, and the result, while it does convey a feeling of restless, erupting power, seems at times a little strenuous for the subject matter. Lipton has, however, a true sculptor's sense of the meaning and weight of materials. Size fits subject, the emotional volume always balances the volume of the composition, and when his restlessness doesn't get out of control, or when, as in his "Moloch No. 3," "Council of the Whisperers," and the large, ambitious "Invocation," it suits the concept, he produces sculptures of considerable strength and effectiveness. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Louella Parsons in the Journal-American*]

Roy Rogers was in the Brown Derby with his two little girls dressed exactly

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SLEPT LIKE A TOP in a Canadian Pacific-built berth and got off the train rested...ready to swim and ride at Chateau Lake Louise. It's a modern manor house in the midst of glaciers, wild waterfalls, virgin forests, towering peaks...where Canadian Pacific welcomed me and took care of me. M-m-m, what food...what comfort...what wonderful service.

WENT ON TO BANFF. If there ever was a luxury spot, this is it! Even had a chance to get in some fishing at Emerald Lake. And before I forget...don't *you* forget to see the magnificent Columbia Icefield...it's the eighth wonder!

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LETTER FROM ROME

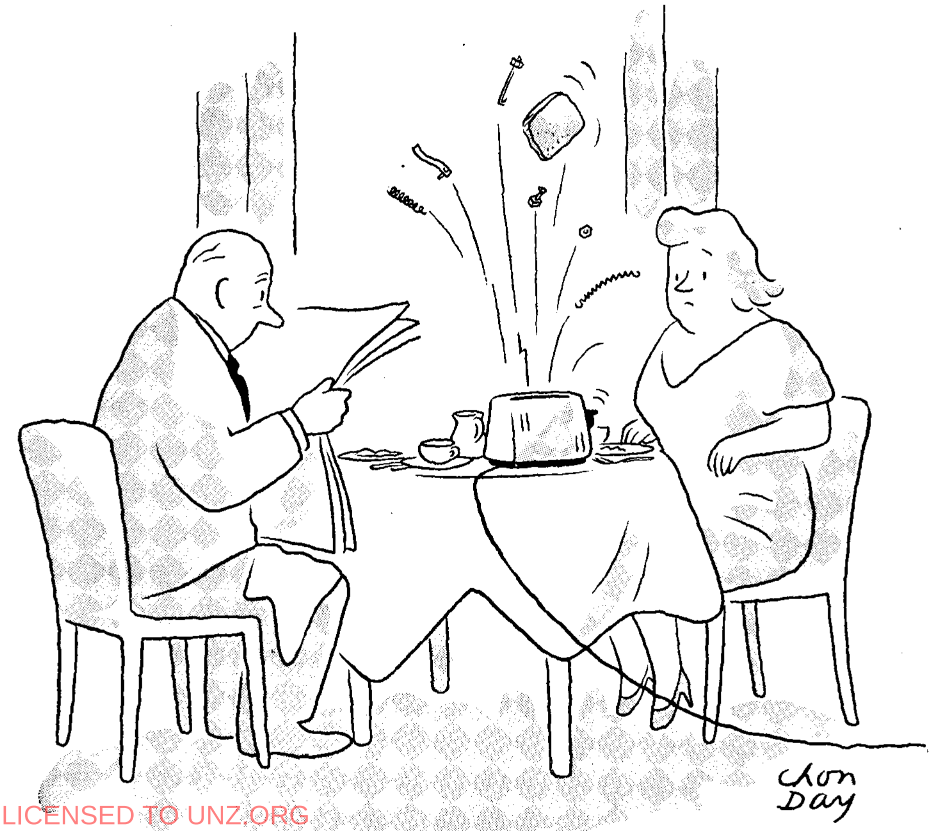
April 22

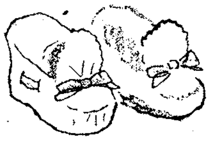
THERE were actually ninety-nine *official, registered political parties* in the Italian elections this week, but only twelve of them were major parties, so called. Of those twelve, only seven counted—the Popular Front (Communists and Left-wing Socialists), the Christian Democrats, the Socialist Unity (Right-wing Socialists), the Republicans, the National Block (Reactionaries), the Monarchists, and the Social Movement (Neo-Fascists). Of these seven, only two groups were of crucial importance to Italy and to the world at large: two great rivals, each with a famous, historical edifice as its background—the Communists and their Kremlin, the Christian Democrats and their Vatican. What the Italian elections really amounted to was a throwback to an early social revolution, the Revolution of 1848, which was fought sporadically not just in Italy but all over Europe—an uprising aimed at achieving the significant modernisms of that day, liberty and the ballot—and which failed. In the 1948 echo of that revolution, fought here precisely and successfully to preserve the ballot and liberty, the modern revolutionary side, which is Communism and in a sense is counter-revolutionary, lost once again. No one here, however, thinks that it will be the year 2048 before this war between Europa's mutating Left and Right is fought for the third time. Italy feels that it has victoriously voted itself into an anti-Communist five-year plan, for which there are in reality no Italian political plans at all, and which, if not interrupted, will make the country's history until the next Italian elections, in 1953.

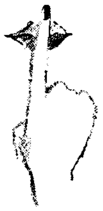
BECAUSE nearly three out of every ten Italians cannot read, the electoral campaign was carried on mostly by fabulous, entertaining, and cruelly biassed political posters, whose brilliant colors, imagery, and party symbols inflamed the buildings and piazzas of Rome, seat of a Church whose literacy and learning have been awesome for centuries. Maybe as a braggart gesture of satisfaction, because Soviet Russia claims to have taught more of its population their alphabet than any other country on earth, Communist posters featured more text and finer typography than those of their opponents. Each poster pasted up was supposed, by law, to enjoy twelve hours of visibility before a rival poster was stuck on top of it, morning or afternoon; hundreds of thousands were posted every day; and no two days' posters were alike. To miss the latest posters was to miss the latest political news, maneuvers, gibes, and attacks. The Romans, in their passion for polemics, pictorial art, and endless talk, clogged the sidewalks from morning till night, reading the handwriting on the wall. And till dawn the bill-posting workmen could be heard on the streets, slapping together their rich stream of paste and politics, in readiness for another day.

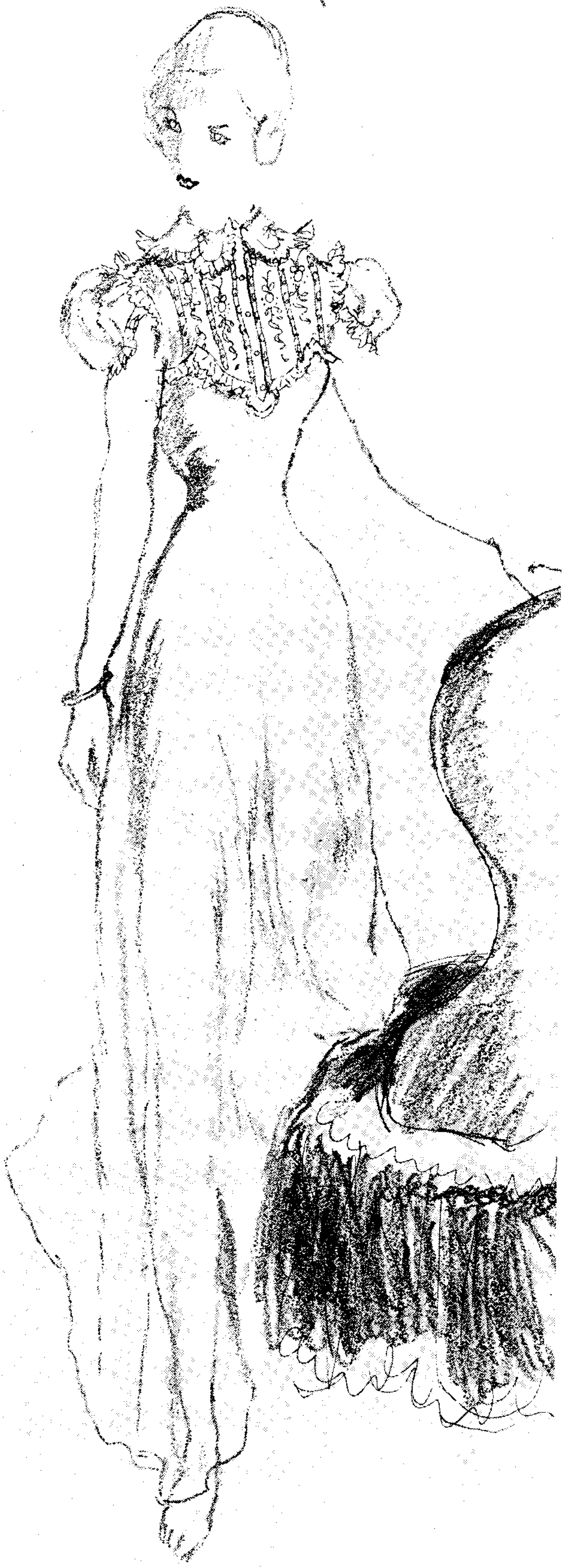
No party poster offered any program or promised any reform. Italians are used to accepting what their government chooses to give, and, anyway, they are at once too cynical and too religious to have faith in the promises of men here below. The election was simply a geographic struggle between revolutionary Moscow, in the east, and conservative Washington, in the west, and the big question was which of the two could convince the electorate that it offered, for the next five years, the most good or the most harm to Italian voters and to Italy, sitting in judgment in between, on the Mediterranean. Both the Christian Democrats and the Communists quickly developed a Machiavellian poster technique that borrowed material belonging to the other side in order to attract the eyes of its believers, who were thus beguiled into reading some nasty facts about their own party and its Russian or American home base. The Communists put out a stunning poster with Biblical quotations printed in the form of the Cross, which read all right to pious women until they came to the finale, which, in smaller letters, detailed the Church's recent painful scandal involving a priest, since unfrocked, who had been running Vatican City's profitable black-market money racket. A scorcher for pro-American Catholics was a Communist poster shouting, "Yes! Vote for America," and adding, in small letters, "the land of one million annual divorces and two million legalized abortions." The Communists' most impudent Machiavellism was borrowing a portrait of the Italian patriot Garibaldi, with his famous Zouave cap and flowing whiskers, and using it instead of the hammer and sickle as their party campaign symbol. They even resorted, in one poster, to borrowing the mastheads and lead paragraphs of year-old editions of the London *Times* and the *Economist*, in which one paper feared that the Christian Democrats looked weak and the other that the Communists looked strong, both of which fears were then justified. At the bottom of the poster were further apt quotations from the Washington *Star*.

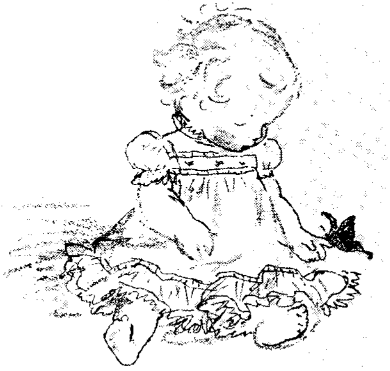
To the illiterates, the Christian Dem-



whether she's 1  21

or simply not telling 





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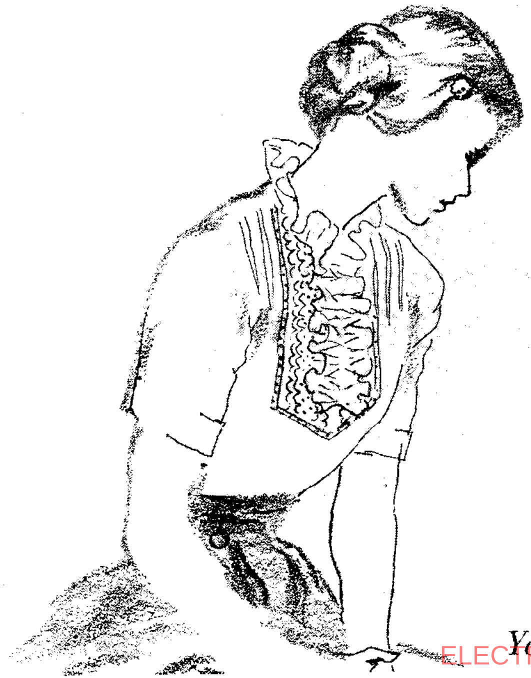

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York • Los Angeles

ocrats' outstanding poster must have been the one that displayed a huge, appetizing loaf of bread broken in two, the upper, smaller portion labelled "Forty per cent, Italian" and the lower, larger one "Sixty per cent, gift of the American Democratic people." But the Christian Democrats' all-around triumph was a cartoon strip entitled "One Day in Togliatti's Life." In the first panel, he was shown at breakfast drinking coffee sweetened with sugar labelled "American" and wearing a shirt labelled "American cotton" and a pair of U.N.R.R.A. trousers. Next he was seen at a railway station, meeting his wife, who was also wearing American contributions. The locomotive that had brought her in was labelled "Army U.S.A. War Surplus Supply" and was burning "American Aid to Italy" coal. Next he was off to his office, smoking an American cigarette, to write his daily diatribe against American help as the industrial enslaver of Italy. After a dinner of spaghetti and chocolate dessert made of American wheat and cocoa, he sneezed and went to bed with a cold, taking a dose of American penicillin.

The gayest propaganda looked like money falling from the sky—banknotes, fluttering down from airplanes, issued by the Bank of Inflation, Moscow, in the sum of five zeros, marked "good for a five-year plan of lost savings," and signed by Bank Governor Togliatti and Cashier Luigi Longo. The most pretentious effort, and one that appealed only to the highly literate, was a poster setting forth a classical ode in which alternate lines formed a scurrilous Latin description of Togliatti that was quite foreign to the tenor of the ode when read in normal fashion. The most inspired piece of anti-Communist propaganda was unquestionably one produced in Naples, where a loudspeaker and a gramophone record were wired to the city's statue of Garibaldi, who was made to beseech passersby all day, "For the love of God, and if you love me, don't vote for me." A major effort to squash Moscow's misuse of this nineteenth-century patriot as Communism's symbolic man was inducing his daughter, Signorina Clelia Garibaldi, to run as a senatorial candidate of the Republican Party and introducing her from a speakers' stand in the Roman Piazza dell' Esedra. An elderly, stout, black-coated lady, with a proud and humorous face elegantly adorned with rice powder, she delivered the shortest, quaintest speech of the campaign. "My father," approve of the use now being made of him by the Communists. He told me once, years ago, that a German professor named Karl Marx had attempted to interest him in his new party, but my father declined. *Viva la libertà, la democrazia, viva l'Italia, ora e sempre.*" This last phrase, "now and forever," was her father's political battle cry.

ALL the chiefs of the major parties were given an opportunity to make a public outdoor harangue in Rome, and in every case the meeting was formally dedicated "to the Roman people," as in the old Forum days of Julius Caesar. The dignity, calm, and tolerance of the vast audiences, massed, at sunset, against classical ruins, Renaissance churches, and palaces of ochre baroque, must have proved a disappointment to the outside world, waiting for operatic fisticuffs and melodramatic bloodshed. At the monster Communist meeting, held before the very steps of the Church of St. John Lateran, the mother church of the Catholic world, the great crowd of comrades acted as if they were at a spring fair—swapping jokes, munching the new green beans now in season, and pouring down orangeade. There was none of the fierce devotion to the speeches, the disciplined bigotry of attention, the angry affirmative shouts, the clenched fists that mark, for example, the Communist gatherings at the Vel' d'Hiv', in Paris. The fact that Moscow helped sour its campaign by snubbing the Allies' proposal to return Trieste to Italy is interpreted as possible proof that Moscow belatedly discovered that the Italian Communists, though the largest Communist Party outside Russia, are still, by inheritance, too humanistic to be trusted with a victory and the all-important management of it, which would set a standard for all the subsequent Western-democracy Communizations, if and when. Young, highly placed Communists boast of being less rigorous about doctrine than comrades they have met from France or Yugoslavia, and add, as if they were referring to an indulgent father, that Moscow says it is O.K. Their startling, unorthodox gentleness comes, or so they say, as a legacy from the founder of the Italian Communist Party, a scholarly, gifted, hunchbacked little Sardinian named Antonio Gramsci, who, after twelve years of prison under Mussolini, was finally ejected in 1937, when he was dying. His nineteen notebooks of prison thoughts, distinguished by his special alities of equanimity, humanism, and

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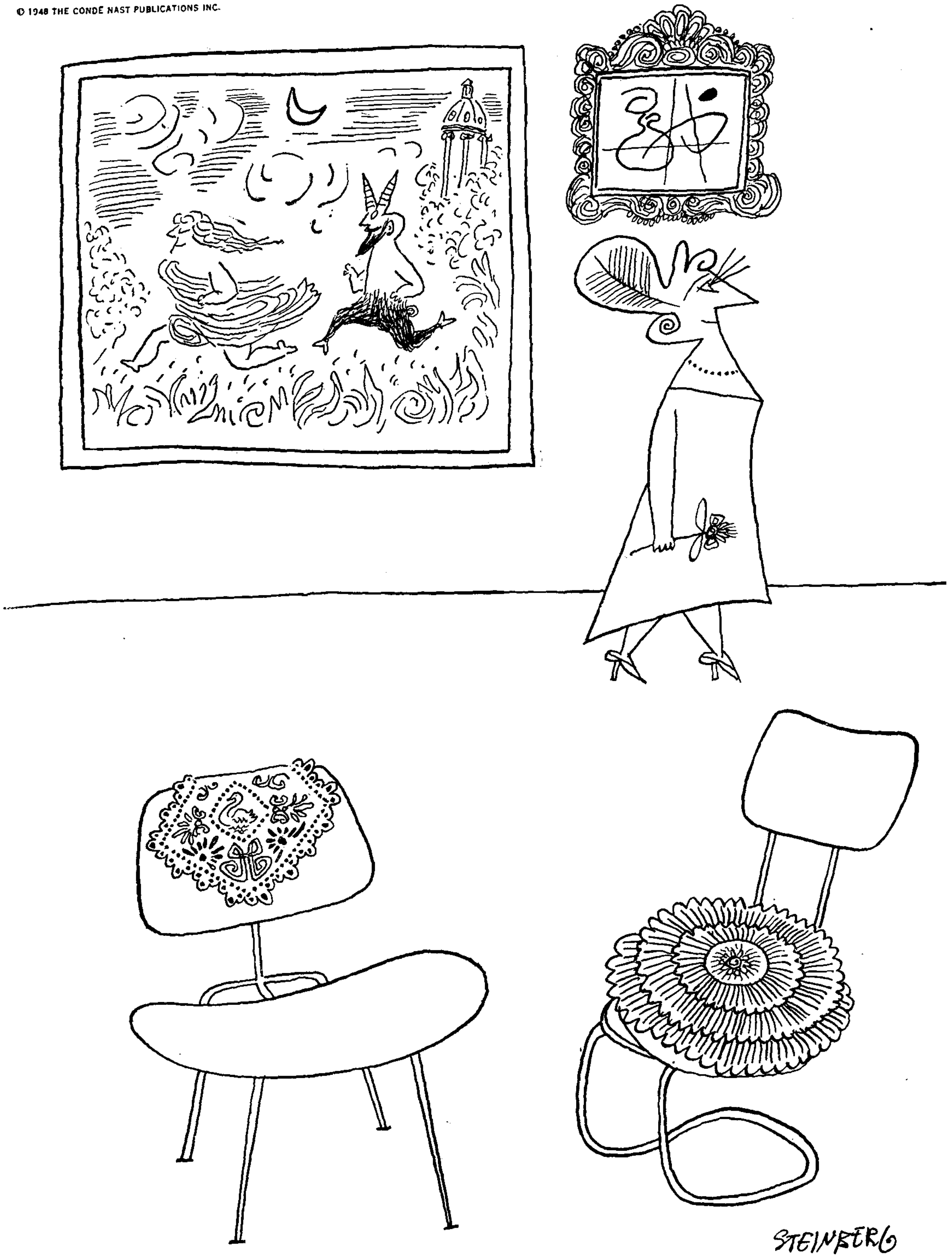

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morality, have recently been published here in a volume entitled "Historical Materialism and the Philosophy of Benedetto Croce." It seems that they were salvaged after his death by a mysterious English lady, who sent them to Moscow. There—at least according to Ignazio Silone, who is no longer a Communist but was formerly Gramsci's close political friend and literary confidant—the Gramsci manuscripts were expurgated by the Russians, and the book thus omits everything that might make Gramsci look the pure Trotskyite Silone swears he had become.

It is significant that Togliatti was under the influence of Gramsci, who converted him from Socialism, and that Togliatti, before he became too engrossed in Party friends to continue to see his non-Party friends, had an intellectual amiability the latter regard as a curious attribute for a coming Communist chief. *La Rinascita*, a monthly magazine put out by Togliatti—there is a certain touch of bookishness in the family, one brother being Vice-Rector of Genoa University—prints rather good young verse, stories, and modern art along with its strict and stodgy articles on Marxist dialectics. Non-Communists point out that, whatever Togliatti was in the early Gramsci days, he avoided Mussolini's prison by fleeing during the middle twenties to Moscow, where his aptitudes eventually made him No. 2 in the Comintern, a powerful post he apparently still holds. No one here is soggy enough with the conservative Christian Democrats' victory to think that the Communist Party has not some occult plan, as usual, that it can use profitably in defeat. It is supposed that Togliatti is the man who knows the plan and will put it in motion.

UNTIL the election returns were all in, the beautiful Piazza Colonna, with its fine palaces, was roped off from traffic, so that the Roman people might congregate there to listen to a loudspeaker blaring news from behind the column of Emperor Antoninus. During the final week of the election campaign, La Galleria (the huge pillared arcade on the same piazza) was packed each night with crowds that had come to see the posters and listen to the political arguments, and the arcade hummed, to its high, coffered ceiling, with the sound of talk. To a visitor accustomed to violent Paris street conversations, these nocturnal *stoa* gatherings seemed positively sheltered in calm. Yet more than once there came a sudden roar of sirens, and a trio

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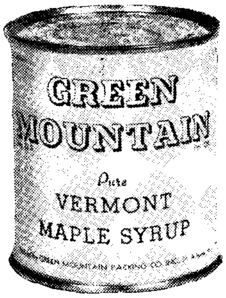

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of jeeps, bringing the *celere*, or riot squad, charged over the sidewalk and into La Galleria's pillared aisles. Before them and their menacing motorized antics, the crowds agilely dissolved, half of the people zooming across to Antoninus's column, where they might watch in safety, the others darting back into La Galleria's interior rotunda. Inexperienced stragglers flattened themselves against pillars as the jeeps darted up one aisle and down the next or scurried sideways in reckless exhibitions of chauffeurship. It was like a jeep rodeo, dazzling to see at close range. During this Tuesday night's raid, your correspondent found herself unexpectedly sharing a pillar with a lunatic beggar woman whose hands were full of wilted tulips she had been trying to sell. Throughout the five or ten minutes of the spectacle, she sang and waved her flowers while the jeeps went through their careening patterns. The half-dozen special police who filled each of these little open cars were uniformed and helmeted, like soldiers. All carried tommy guns in their hands. Their handsome faces were expressionless. These *celere*, like gangster police, are what the duly elected new Christian Democrat government has declared it will use against the Communists if the Communists try force. The use of force has become the world's gravest communicable disease. —GENÊT

●

Before the ceremony, which was performed by Dr. Rayborn L. Zerby of Bates College, the bride and bridegroom, both accomplished flutists, combined with Seldon T. Crafts, former head of the Bates music department, in presenting a musical program which they had arranged. From the second floor of the Chase home, the bride played "Scottish Dance" and "Bluebells," and in answer, from the first floor, the bridegroom played "Dutch Tune" and "I Love a Lassie." Mr. Crafts' selections were "Thanksgiving Hymn," "Robin Adair" and "Loch Lomond." Following the ceremony, members of the bridal party and out-of-town guests had dinner at 61 Denison House, and later the bride and bridegroom, who are ardent cyclists, started out on their wedding trip on bicycles. —*Lewiston (Maine) Daily Sun.*

Piping as they went?

●

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[*Adv. in Variety*]

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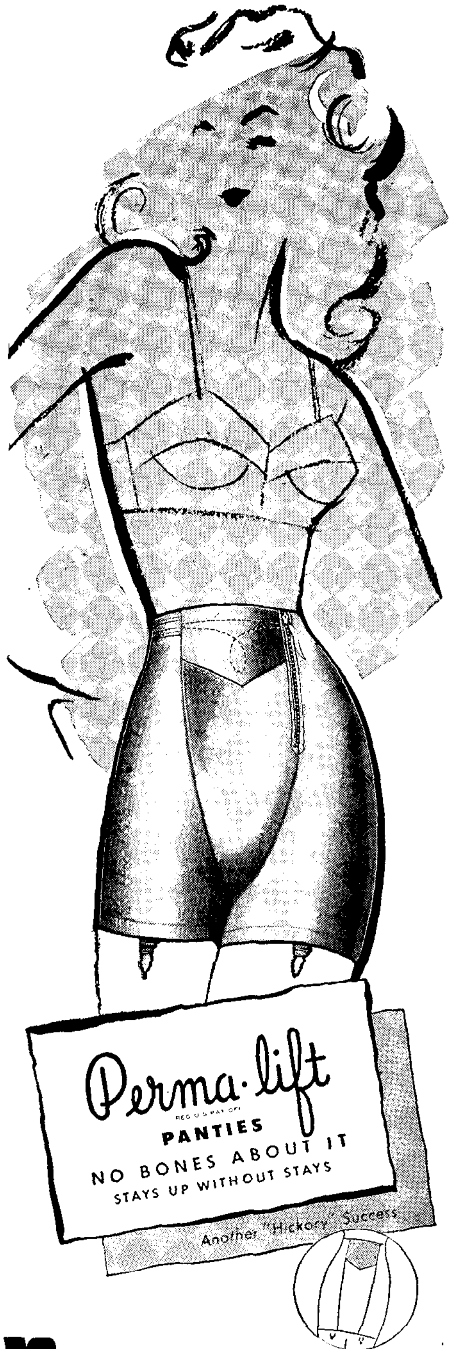

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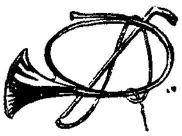
HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Maryland Cup



BACK in 1939, when Mike Smithwick was ten years old, he received five dollars from a Baltimore newspaper for an essay in which he predicted that he would someday ride the winner of the Maryland Hunt Cup steeplechase. It is not surprising that he was dreaming of a future as a rider, rather than as, say, a streetcar conductor or a fireman, for his father, the late Alfred P. Smithwick, was famous throughout Maryland not only as an importer of Irish horses but as Honorary Huntsman of the Harford County Hounds down there. At Gilman, in Baltimore, where Mike went to school, he distinguished himself as a football and lacrosse player, but the Maryland Cup remained his real objective. Well, last weekend, Mike, now nineteen and a handsome six-footer who lives on the family farm at Hydes, Maryland, won the steeplechase, on Peterski, a big bay stallion owned by Edward Q. McVitty, of Garden City. His victory, however, was not in the least according to his juvenile plan. He was galloping Peterski toward the eighteenth fence, six lengths behind Carolina, who was ridden by Eddie Bennett, when he noticed that Carolina jumped the obstacle on the wrong side of one of the flags marking the course. Thereafter, Smithwick did not attempt to catch up, for he was confident that the judges would disqualify Carolina. He was correct.

As usual, there were large tangles of spectators at most of the twenty-two fences on the Worthington Valley course, which is four miles long, and the crowd at the eighteenth, a formidable post-and-rail affair, obscured Bennett's view of the flag. Bennett, who is such an enthusiastic alumnus of Princeton that his friends call him Tiger, did not know that he had made the error until the race was over. Henry Cadwalader, the owner of Carolina, was so pleased with the fine performance of his mare, who had been regarded as a negligible competitor by everybody except Bennett, that he took the disqualification lightheartedly and wrote the loss off as a "moral victory," a phrase with which alumni of Princeton, among other colleges, have from time to time been familiar. Carolina's pedigree is unknown; he picked up for a few dollars at a

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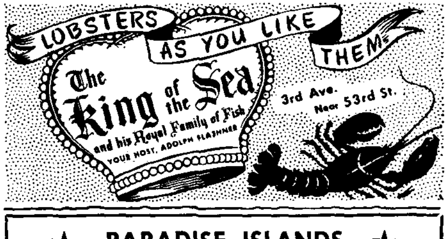
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sale of ordinary horses, attended mostly by Mennonite and Amish farmers, in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. She is seven years old, races like a thoroughbred, and will be after the Maryland Cup again next year. Peterski, the first stallion ever to win the Cup, is the product of exceptionally careful breeding. His sire was Petee-Wrack and his dame, Sauge (another McVitty animal), is descended from the Dollar line, a family of French horses almost as celebrated as the steamship company used to be over here. Peterski, who, at twelve, has already sired several competent racers, will now go to the stud for keeps.

Nine horses started the race, and the favorite was Big Mike, owned by Mrs. G. Bliss Flaccus, who flew in from Arizona to watch her property perform. Big Mike acquitted himself as a favorite should and was well in the lead until, shortly after the first turn, he apparently let his intelligence get the better of him and decided that his ability had been so clearly established that further effort would be wasted. Thereupon, he pinned down his ears, stuck his toes in the ground, and stopped dead, a hundred yards from the next fence. Jimmy Arthur, his rider, was furious, but Big Mike, an old show horse who is accustomed to halting after moving once around the ring, simply would not start again. Two of the other animals also failed to finish; Hobo II went down at the thirteenth fence and Curwick Tim at the fifteenth. Clifton's Dan bobbled at the eighteenth, but Walter Brewster, his rider, remounted and went on to finish third, just behind Darkofthemoon, who followed Peterski by a dozen lengths.

Big Mike's refusal to keep running reminded veterans of the 1909 race, in which Princeton, who had won the Cup three times, stopped cold after going around the course once. Princeton, incidentally, had the most solicitous groom in Maryland Cup history. On one occasion, when Princeton hit a fence, taking out a panel, Joe Joyce, his groom, rushed out on the course, stood behind the gap, and shouted at an oncoming rider, "Don't you-all come through this gap! This here is Princeton's gap!"

POSTSCRIPTS: When Mike Smithwick arrived home after winning the Cup, he found a cable from his older brother, Paddy, who is visiting relatives in Ireland. It announced that Paddy had just won a steeplechase in County Meath. All in all, it was quite a weekend for the Smithwick

(*Advertisement*)

by CEDRIC ADAMS

MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

THE NORTHWEST ANGLE, that little piece of Minnesota that juts up into Canada, made history the other day. Whooping cough had caused a delay, but the school in the Angle Inlet district has finally sent its infantile paralysis contribution. The school can be reached through the United States only by plane or water. The fourth grade is the largest one in the school. There are two pupils in that. All the rest have but one student. The total collection for the paralysis fund was $12.03. Pretty good, huh? . . . Alaskan authorities are now urging states residents to stay out of Alaska this coming spring and summer if it's work they're looking for. Unemployment has gained by leaps and bounds up there and if there's an influx, they'll be stranded with no facilities available for unemployed.

★

LET'S NOT LOSE all our faith in human nature. In a small Upper Midwest town the other day an old gent walked into the local funeral parlor and paid a balance of $66 that was due on his wife's funeral which had taken place 14 years ago. Since that time, the old gent had become eligible for old age assistance and had saved a dollar a month from the source of his income to be able to square the account.

★

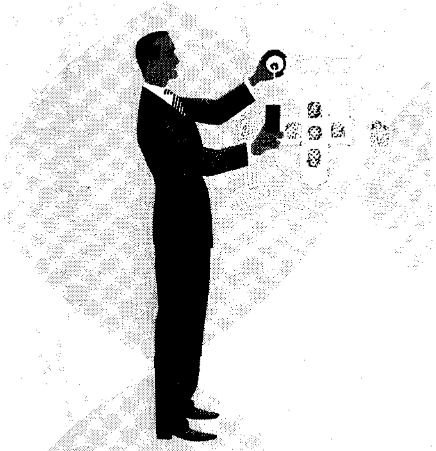
CARS BY THE POUND are old stuff now, with one of the Big Three running at 56 cents a pound. But the Minneapolis Contractors and Builders association boys have now put houses on a per pound basis. An average house weighing around 22 tons sells for $11,000, which makes a house a fairly good thing at 25 cents a pound. . . . I hope you never have to make the choice, but in case you do have to pick between electrocution and hanging, take hanging rather than the chair. Electrocution takes a split second longer than hanging. In hanging, the spine snaps and death is instantaneous. Pleasant little thought, isn't it?

★

PRETTY SMART MOTHERS we have in this area. I mentioned the other day that makers of dresses for girls between 10 and 14 had a knotty little problem in naming the girls in that age bracket. Some of the suggestions which have come from mothers of girls in that group certainly should fill the bill. And some sound reasoning there is back of the thinking of the mothers. Examples: Mrs. Robert Wagmaun suggests "Teenettes—because they're a smaller edition of the teenagers." George Chant offers "Subteen." Mrs. V. Matson likes "Tweenagers" and she thinks the girls in that bracket deserve a name all their own. J. L. Kumpf (I should have given a little credit to the fathers, too) wants "Junior Highs." That has the approval of his 12-year-old too. Inasmuch as Minneapolis has several dressmaking firms specializing in apparel for this age group, we hope these suggestions may help.

★

YOU KNOW, I've mentioned the "Upper Midwest" once or twice In This Corner of The New Yorker. It just occurs to me that some of you would be interested in knowing that Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota and western Wisconsin comprise the Upper Midwest region . . . and that the favorite newspapers in the Upper Midwest are **The Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 435,000) and **The Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: more than 565,000).



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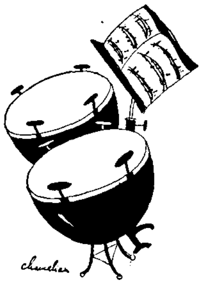
MUSICAL EVENTS

Murder at the Met



"FALL RIVER LEGEND," a new ballet by Agnes de Mille, with music by Morton Gould, which was given its world première last week by the Ballet Theatre at the Metropolitan Opera House, is an imaginative, absorbing, and impressive work. It was, according to the program notes, "suggested" by the Lizzie Borden case, but it is certainly not a mystery story in dance form. It departs from the unhappy history of Andrew J. Borden and his second wife and explores, again in the words of the annotator, "the passions that lead to a violent resolution of the oppressions and turmoils that can beset an ordinary life." Miss de Mille has achieved this ambitious purpose by presenting, in a series of flashbacks, the life of a girl accused, like Miss Borden, of murdering her father and stepmother. "Fall River Legend" is concerned with the death of the girl's own mother, the persistent and pervasive malevolence of the stepmother, and, eventually, the application of an axe to the stepmother and the father. The only fault I have to find with the ballet is that there is a bit too much of it. If certain striking embellishments, mostly extended incidental dance patterns, were abridged or eliminated, the piece would, I think, gain in dramatic unity. The music is excellent.

The production of this rather difficult ballet was a fine one. The performances of Alicia Alonso, as the accused murderess, and Muriel Bentley, as the stepmother, were superb, and the rest of the cast danced capably. Oliver Smith's settings, Miles White's costumes, and Peggy Clark's lighting were all noteworthy.

CHARLES WEIDMAN and his Dance Theatre Company, who ended a short engagement at the Mansfield Theatre on Saturday, offered, among other things, Mr. Weidman's own choreographic version of four of James Thurber's "Fables for Our Time." These dance sequences, involving such disparate specimens of wild life as a unicorn, an owl, a shrike, and a few chipmunks, are bright, skillful, and informal. As the stories were being en-

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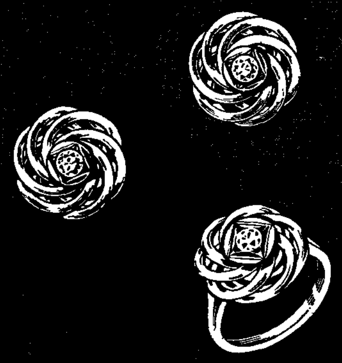

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acted, they were recited by Jack Ferris, whose role was that of a peripatetic spectator examining and commenting on the actions of the protagonists. Piano music, composed by Freda Miller and played offstage, furnished an agreeable background for the dances. The presentation was, altogether, one of the most adept and entertaining that I've seen in a long time.

THE National Orchestral Association all but took over Carnegie Hall last week. First, the Association's orchestra, which, as you probably know, is composed of youngsters being trained to break into adult groups, gave its final Monday-evening concert of the season, under Leon Barzin. On Wednesday, Mr. Barzin led the National Alumni Orchestra, made up of veterans of the younger outfit, in stimulating performances of works by Glinka, Villa-Lobos, and Fuleihan. On Friday, the undergraduates returned to join the accomplished Dessoff Choirs in a sensitive, moving version of Haydn's great and fascinating oratorio "The Creation," conducted expertly by Paul Boepple, the director of the choirs.

THE Musicians' Guild finished its second season at Times Hall last week with a first-rate concert featuring two violists, a violinist, a pianist, and the Kroll Quartet. The quartet came up with an eloquent rendition of Ross Lee Finney's Quartet No. 4 in A Minor, an important addition to string-music literature, which was composed in 1947 and had never been publicly performed in New York before. Lillian Fuchs, a violist, played Bach's Suite No. 6 in D Major magnificently, and Joseph Fuchs and Leo Smit offered a valuable interpretation of Virgil Thomson's attractive violin-and-piano sonata. The Kroll group, joined by Carlton Cooley on the viola, closed the program brilliantly with Mozart's Quintet for Two Violins, Two Violas, and Cello in G Minor.

THE Juilliard School of Music provided an ingenious, inventive production of Stravinsky's opera-oratorio "Oedipus Rex" at the school's concert hall, on Claremont Avenue, last week. The principals went about their formalized activities with a masked chorus and a narrator in twentieth-century evening clothes in the background. The music, under the direction of Edgar Schenkman, was played charmingly, and the staging, which was directed by Frederic Cohen, was clever and interesting.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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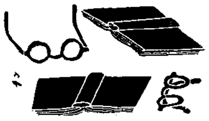
BOOKS

An Analysis of Max Beerbohm



THIS department is a little late in getting around to Max Beerbohm's "Mainly on the Air," which was brought out by Knopf last year; but it may be pleaded that the book itself is not strictly up to date, containing as it does three pieces that first appeared in the early twenties and two that have been published before in earlier volumes of Max's essays. The other pieces, with one or two exceptions, are not—agreeable reading though they make—quite of the author's best. About half of the thin book is made up of B.B.C. broadcasts—three from the thirties, three from the forties—which deal mainly with the London of Max Beerbohm's youth (music halls, glimpses of Gladstone, the old quiet London squares), and most of the non-broadcast pieces are in a similar mild, reminiscent vein (top hats and Charterhouse school days). So the occasion, not important in itself, may conveniently serve as a pretext for a general discussion of the author.

The book has been already so used by Mr. Louis Kronenberger in an admirable little essay called "The Perfect Trifler," in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. Mr. Kronenberger begins by assuming that Max is already a classic, and he tries to discriminate the qualities that are likely to ensure his permanence. I agree with Mr. Kronenberger that Beerbohm is likely to last much longer than certain of his British contemporaries—Chesterton and Belloc, for example, who at one time attracted more attention. These were journalists, whose whole stock in trade was asserting with much verbal cleverness a set of violent and rather barbarous prejudices. Their prose is unreadable today, when Beerbohm's seems even better than it did when it first appeared. Though I am not much given to rereading books, I have often reread Max Beerbohm, and my respect for his writing has immensely increased since the early nineteen-hundreds, when it was natural to see him as a mere minor sparkler suspended in rather an anomalous position between the constellation of Wilde, Beardsley, Whistler, the *Yellow Book*, and the Rhymers' Club and that of Shaw, Bennett, Wells, Chesterton, Galsworthy, and Barrie. But for an expert appreciation of his writing, I refer you to Mr. Kronenberger. What I behind Max's engaging mask and analyze the point of view which gets expression in his writings and his caricatures, and which it seems to me that Mr. Kronenberger has made to look somewhat simpler than it is.

The truth is that Max is quite complex, and that complexity and the intelligence it generates are what—given his double talent, a complexity in itself—have made him interesting beyond what one might expect from work that seems at first sight so playful. We learn from the memorial volume edited by Max for his half brother, the actor Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, that their father, who was born in Memel, was "of German and Dutch and Lithuanian extraction," and that he "settled in England when he was twenty-three," where he became a successful grain merchant in London and married a lady with an English name. His three sons by this first marriage were sent to be educated in Germany, at the same college where the father had studied. Thereafter one of them went to Cape Colony and decided to spend the rest of his life there, another explored Patagonia and wrote a book on the subject, and the third took to the stage (adopting the name of Tree, derived from the original *baum* of Beerbohm), where he enjoyed, if any actor ever did, a life of fantasy that blithely soared above his actual milieu and era. When, later, their mother died, their father married her sister, and Max was born when his father was sixty-one. (There has always perhaps been about Max something of the *enfant de vieux*, with his frailness, his elfin aspect, and that poise and air of experience that caused Wilde to say about him, in his twenties, that he had mastered the secret of perpetual old age.) These are the only data available in regard to Max Beerbohm's antecedents, but they suggest a mixture of foreign with English blood, and an element unassimilated by England that inevitably gravitated away from her. Max himself did not study abroad; he was sent to Charterhouse and Oxford, and seems to have grown up entirely in England; yet, though odd, it did not seem unnatural that, when he married in 1910, this master of English style, who had absorbed so much of Oxford and London, this popular English caricaturist, who had depended on first-hand observation of Parliament, the Court, and the theatre, should, at the age of thirty-eight, have taken his wife to live in Italy, and should only have returned, under pressure of events, just before the second World War. There had always been

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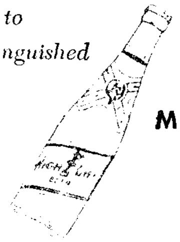

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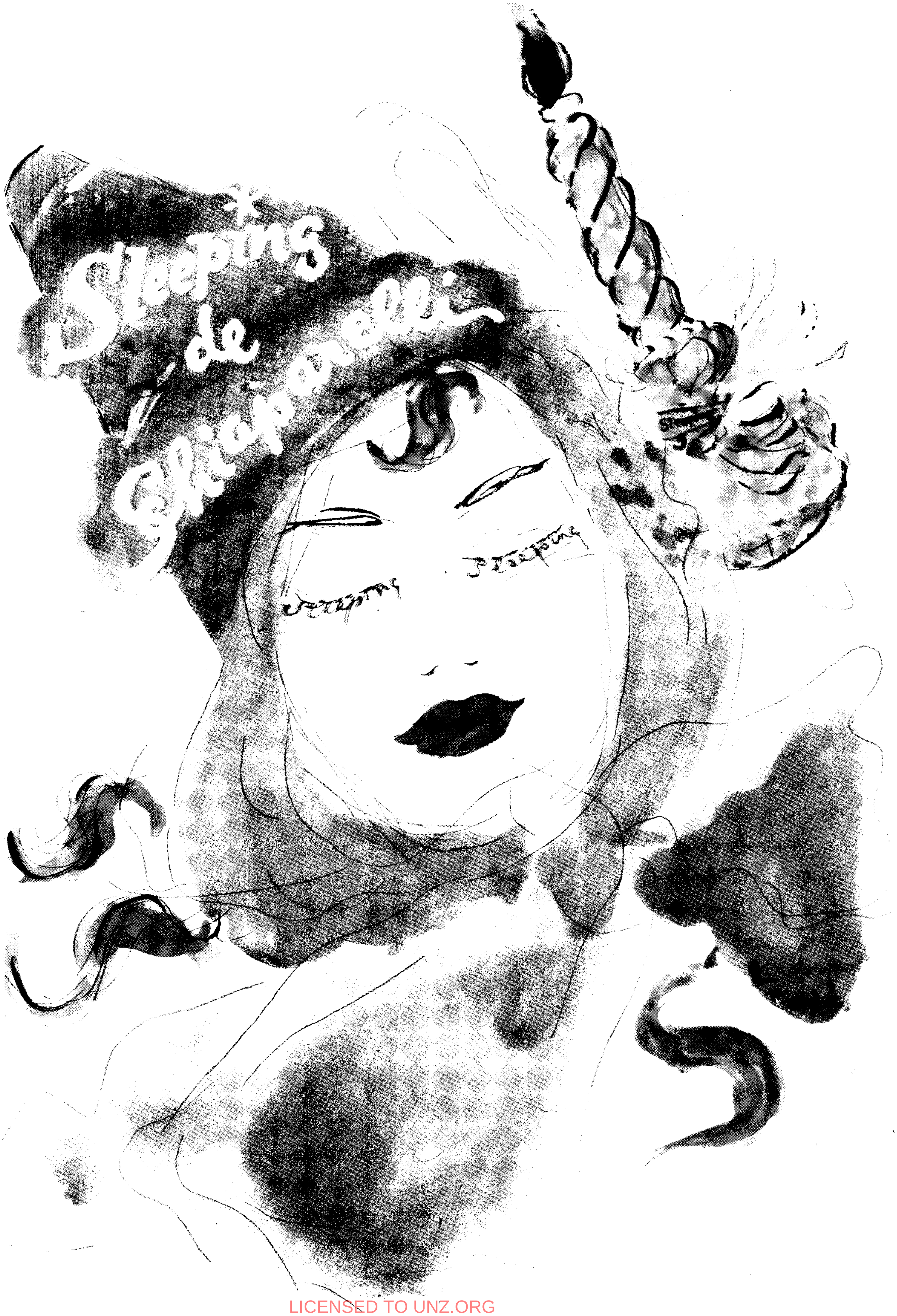
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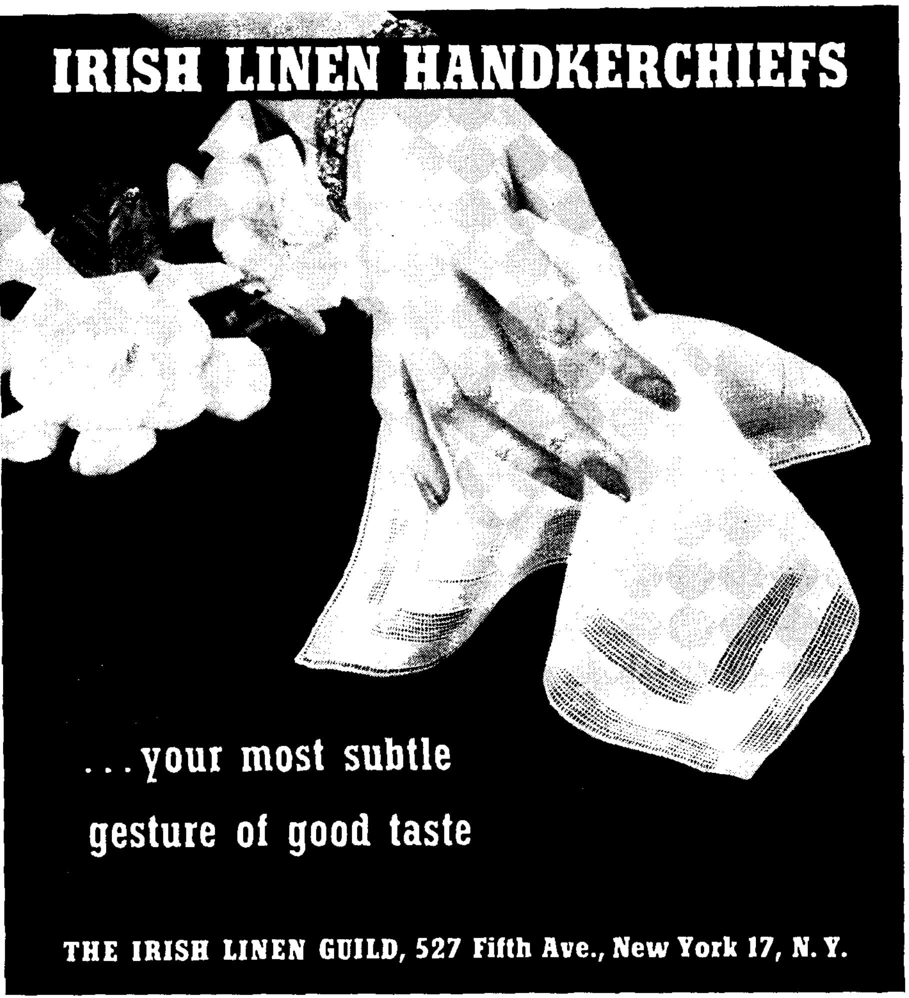
present in his work an alien whose instincts and fancies were not amenable to English standards.

This alien side of Max Beerbohm makes its fullest and frankest statement in the album of drawings called "Rossetti and His Circle," published in 1922, when Max had lived more than a decade in the country of Rossetti's origins. "Byron, Disraeli, and Rossetti," he explains to us in his preface, "these seem to me the three most interesting men that England had in the nineteenth century. . . . To be interesting, a man must be complex and elusive. And I rather fancy it must be a great advantage for him to be born outside his proper time and place." As for the drawings themselves, they are mainly a set of variations on the theme of Rossetti's relation, not to his romantic art, but to the influences of Victorian England that try to distract him from it. You see him—preoccupied, obstinate, brooding, unkempt, ill-dressed—resisting importunity and pressure: the blighting smugness of the academic Jowett, the slick eloquence of the fashionable Leighton, Meredith's self-conscious nature cult, Mill's shy, pale, and gentle rationalism, the bohemianism of Sala, and Browning's society ladies.

For the alien element in Max is at least as exotic as Rossetti. He says somewhere in his theatrical criticism that the rococo is his favorite style; but this element, when he gives it its head, does not stop with being rococo. In its gemminess, its artificiality, its excrescences of grotesque fancy, it sometimes becomes positively Byzantine. The Englishman in Max, on the other hand, is moderate and unassertive, dominated by common sense—and not merely correct and prosaic, but even occasionally a bit of a Philistine. It was the Byzantine that made him love the nineties and led him to find Beardsley enchanting; it was the Englishman that kept him steady, so that, almost alone of his group, he survived the *fin de siècle* without tragedy, breakdown, or scandal—and he walked out of the pages of the *Yellow Book* and into those of the *Saturday Review* as politely and unperturbedly as he might have gone to dine at Simpson's after absinthe at the Café Royal. It was the Byzantine that pricked him to cultivate his early preciosity of style; the Englishman that taught him the trick, exploited through his whole career, of letting this preciosity down, with deprecating and comic effect, by a descent into the flatly colloquial.

This mixture of contrasting tendencies appears in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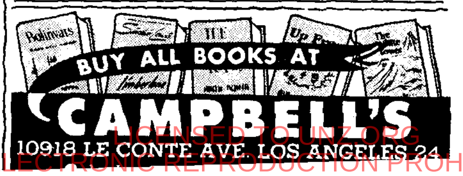
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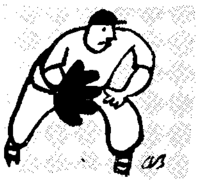
sometimes with confusing results. In the title of "Zuleika Dobson," there is a simple juxtaposition of the exotic and the British; but in the novel itself the two are entangled in a curious way. I agree with Mr. Kronenberger—though I know we are in a minority—that there is something unsatisfactory and, as he says, "unpalatable" about this book. The trouble, I believe, is due to the fact that in this case the two sets of colors, instead of being blended in a fabric, have got into a kind of snarl. What is the pattern or the point of "Zuleika"? Is it satire or parody or nonsense or what? It is full of amusing things and patches of clever writing, but it has also tiresome stretches of the thoughts and conversations of characters who do not even have the two-dimensional kind of life—like that of the people of Congreve or Firbank—that is possible within a comic convention. Max Beerbohm may be trying to satirize the admiration of Oxford for a duke, but, just as he frankly himself adores Oxford, so he seems fascinated, less frankly, by his duke, who sets the fashion for all the other undergraduates. (One remembers Max's eulogy of Ouida; and his attitude toward the Duke is closely related to his attitude toward royalty, a subject with which he was preoccupied in his first two collections of essays and to which, in both his writings and his drawings, he has constantly returned. Though he has made a good deal of fun of English monarchs and their royal households, one feels that he has been somewhat beglamoured by them. The waspishness he sometimes displayed at the expense of George V and his family—whom he saluted with satirical verses at the time of the coronation and later caricatured so sharply that a protest from an official source compelled Max to remove certain drawings from one of his exhibitions—seems largely to have been prompted by resentment at their failure to be glamorous enough.) But though it is English to love a duke, the Duke of Dorset projected by Beerbohm is Byzantine and apocalyptic. The hyperbole of magnificence here has its effectiveness, poetic and comic, but it is surely not of Oxford. The wholesale suicide at the end of the book is also apocalyptic, but it seems to me completely unreal, completely unamusing. An exotic imagination has lost touch with an English subject.



And Max Beerbohm's imagination has in itself never been very strong. It to my taste at any rate—in this department of fairy-tale fantasy that he is usually least successful. Neither "Zuleika" nor "The Happy Hypocrite" is a favorite of mine among his works; and "The Dreadful Dragon of Hay Hill" is perhaps the only really bad thing that he has allowed to get into a book. These stories force unworkable conceits; they get queerly out of range of Max's taste. He is much better when—in "Enoch Soames" or "Not That I Would Boast"—he sticks closer to a real background. Yet this is not enough, with Max, to produce one of his first-rate stories: the feeblest of the "Seven Men" are the ones that are least fantastic. Max's talent for impersonation, extraordinary in its way, is almost exclusively literary—that is, he can give you a poem, a play, a letter, a speech in Parliament, but he is unable to give you people—the heroine of "Zuleika," for example—whose style can have no basis in reading. When Zuleika begins to talk like a book, she has to explain that she has picked up the habit from a certain Mr. Beerbohm, "who once sat next to me at dinner." The two short stories mentioned above are the virtuoso pieces of a parodist, as is the best thing in "Mainly on the Air," a portrait of a sententious old fraud called "T. Fenning Dodworth;" and "Zuleika," it seems to me, succeeds only when the comedy is verbal, when it arrives at its own kind of parody by exploiting a half-burlesque preciosity.

THERE is another set of contrasts in Max's work which should probably be approached in another way. The alien in Max Beerbohm has, one guesses, adapted himself to England at some cost to his better intelligence, but he takes his revenge in indirect ways and at unexpected moments. He has learned the most perfect manners. "Before all things, from first to last," he wrote, or quoted, *on the flyleaf of his first book*, "I am utterly purposed that I will not offend." Yet his writing is full of hoaxes: he loves to disconcert the reader with bogus historical characters and invented literary references, as he is reported, in private life, to be addicted to such practical joking as pasting indecent words into the text of John Drinkwater's poems and leaving the book on the night table of his guest room.

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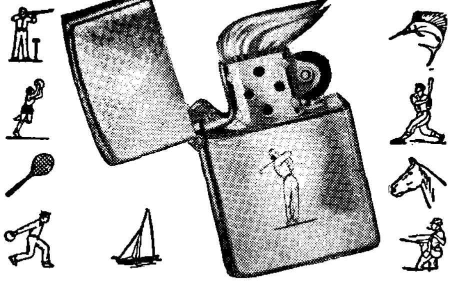

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series of surprises that are so much more spontaneous in Max's work, and so much more piquant, than the mechanical paradoxes of Chesterton or even, sometimes, than the systematic efforts of Shaw to "put the obvious in terms of the scandalous." And Max's digs that have a background of demureness leave, in some cases, real scars. It is true, as Mr. Kronenberger says, that Max, in his later years, has been a little in danger of slipping into the role of the professional old fogy. Yet he has not been always a conservative, nor has he always been a gentle "trifler." It was no doubt an exaggeration for Bernard Shaw to say, in 1917, that Max was "the most savage Radical caricaturist since Gillray," and that "Zuleika" was "only his play, not his work." But the series of political cartoons, done during the Boer War and called "The Second Childhood of John Bull," as well as many of his other drawings between then and the first World War, would go a long way to bear this out. Max gave at that time the impression of being something of a middle-class liberal. In any case, there was sometimes in his caricatures, less often in his writings, an unmistakable accent of anger. His impudence was by no means so childlike as his caricatures of himself, wide-eyed and wispy-limbed, seemed calculated to make one expect; but his animus was never derived from political or moral principle: it was simply an intense dislike of certain vulgarities, stupidities, impostures. What one feels is irrepressible contempt in his drawings of Sir Edward Carson, in his caricature of "Mr. Charles Whibley consoling Mr. Augustine Birrell for the loss of the Education Bill by a discourse on the uselessness of teaching anything whatsoever, sacred or profane, to children of the not aristocratic class," and its effect is none the less deadly because the comment appears to be humorous and made, as it were, in passing.

The series called "Tales of Three Nations," done in 1923, in which Max cartoons the shifting relations, between Napoleon's time and our twenties, of Germany, France, and England, shows a point of view quite free from nationalism and a consistent sympathy with the underdog. He was frightened, however, by the Russian Revolution, and it provoked some of his bitterest pictures. He seems always to have been biassed against Russia, and one suspects that here a British provincialism combined with some Baltic inheritance to produce an unreasonable prejudice. But, aside from the

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things were taking dismayed him. In "A Survey" (1921), he explained, in an epistle to Britannia, that he "used to laugh at the Court and at the persons around it; and this distressed you rather. I never laughed with you at Labour. Labour didn't seem to me quite important enough yet. But Labour is very important now, very strong indeed; as you have found. And I gathered, this year . . . that you thought me guilty of not the very best of taste in failing to bow my knee to your new Baal." In "Observations" (1925), his last volume of topical caricatures, he has a drawing of Civilization wedded to the hideous Industrial System: "You took me for better or wuss in younger and 'appier days, and there'll be no getting away for you from me, ever;" and another, of the Governing Classes booted, bewigged, epauletted, and equipped with a silk hat and an umbrella, assailed by a demon-eared Communism brandishing a knife and a torch. It is really the whole modern world that Max Beerbohm despises and dreads; but he has never worked out a consistent line for dealing with contemporary problems. His point of view is instinctively that of the cultivated merchant class. He may admire the feudal nobility, but he is not necessarily sympathetic with them. He prizes the security and freedom of the old-fashioned middle-class gentleman, but he hates all the horrors and rigors, on the masters' side as well as the workers', which have eventually resulted from the system upon which these advantages were based. The difficulties of his position are disarmingly exposed in his essay called "Servants," in "And Even Now"—it appears that he does not like to be waited on and wants to see domestic service abolished—in which he announces himself a Tory anarchist.

THIS is deplorable from the point of view of the man who thinks "art is a weapon" on one side or other of the class war; but it has not prevented Max Beerbohm from being one of the great critics of his time. Max the critic has a personality somewhat different, though never quite distinct, from Max the storyteller and personal essayist. The writer that emerges, for example, in the two volumes of theatrical notices contributed to the *Saturday Review* has stripped himself, after the pieces of the first few months, of the coyness which Mr. Kronenberger rightly complains of as Max's worst vice. Max tells us that this weekly journalism, which his friends thought a waste of time, actually helped his writing. In the course of his twelve years of service, he had reduced the preciosity of his early work to the sobriety of his later prose; and one meets here, as in no other department of his work, the mind that gives a base to the whole: very flexible, very free from prejudice (he has dropped his undergraduate poses), but completely sure of itself (though he has sometimes to revise his first verdicts), very definite and firm in its judgments, and very direct and courageous in registering unpopular opinions. In its different way, this body of writing is as remarkable as the dramatic criticism of Max's predecessor Shaw—who suggested him to fill his own place on the basis of the young man's attacks on Shaw's volume of "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant." Max's caricatures of contemporaries, which are a criticism of public life, also give us the tougher Beerbohm (though, for some reason, the forewords to the albums are sometimes pitched in his coyest lisp). But the field in which his critical faculty is happiest and most at home is that of literature, and here the parodies of "A Christmas Garland"—the most searching, except Proust's, of our time—have their place in a body of comment which has undoubtedly left a deeper imprint than the lightness of its tone ever promised.

It is now a long time, however, since Max Beerbohm the literary critic has played his bright pocket torch on the present. One gets the impression that Lytton Strachey was the last contemporary writer in whom he has felt any real interest. One would like to know, by word or picture, what he thinks of T. S. Eliot, Virginia Woolf, Hemingway, Priestley, Maugham. The only ray of light that has reached me on Max's opinion of Joyce has been by way of an anecdote which, since it brings out the discrepancies of our subject, may furnish this piece with an appropriate close. I had the story at first hand from one of the younger English writers, who had shown Max a copy of "Finnegans Wake." The veteran of the *Yellow Book* period, who had defended in his earlier days some unconventional and shocking work, examined this outlandish production. Then, "I don't think he'll be knighted for that," he said. Max himself *had* just been knighted.

—EDMUND WILSON

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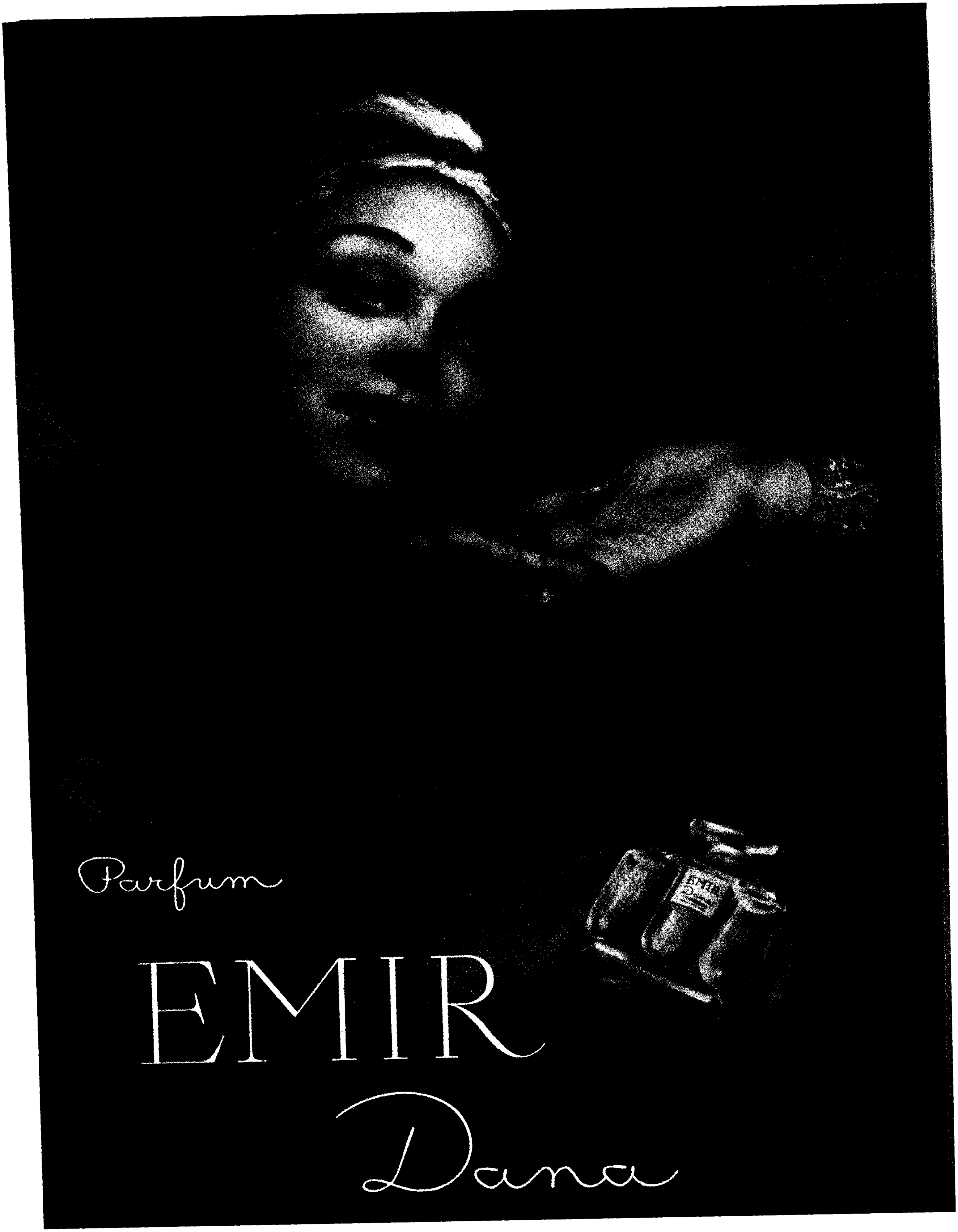
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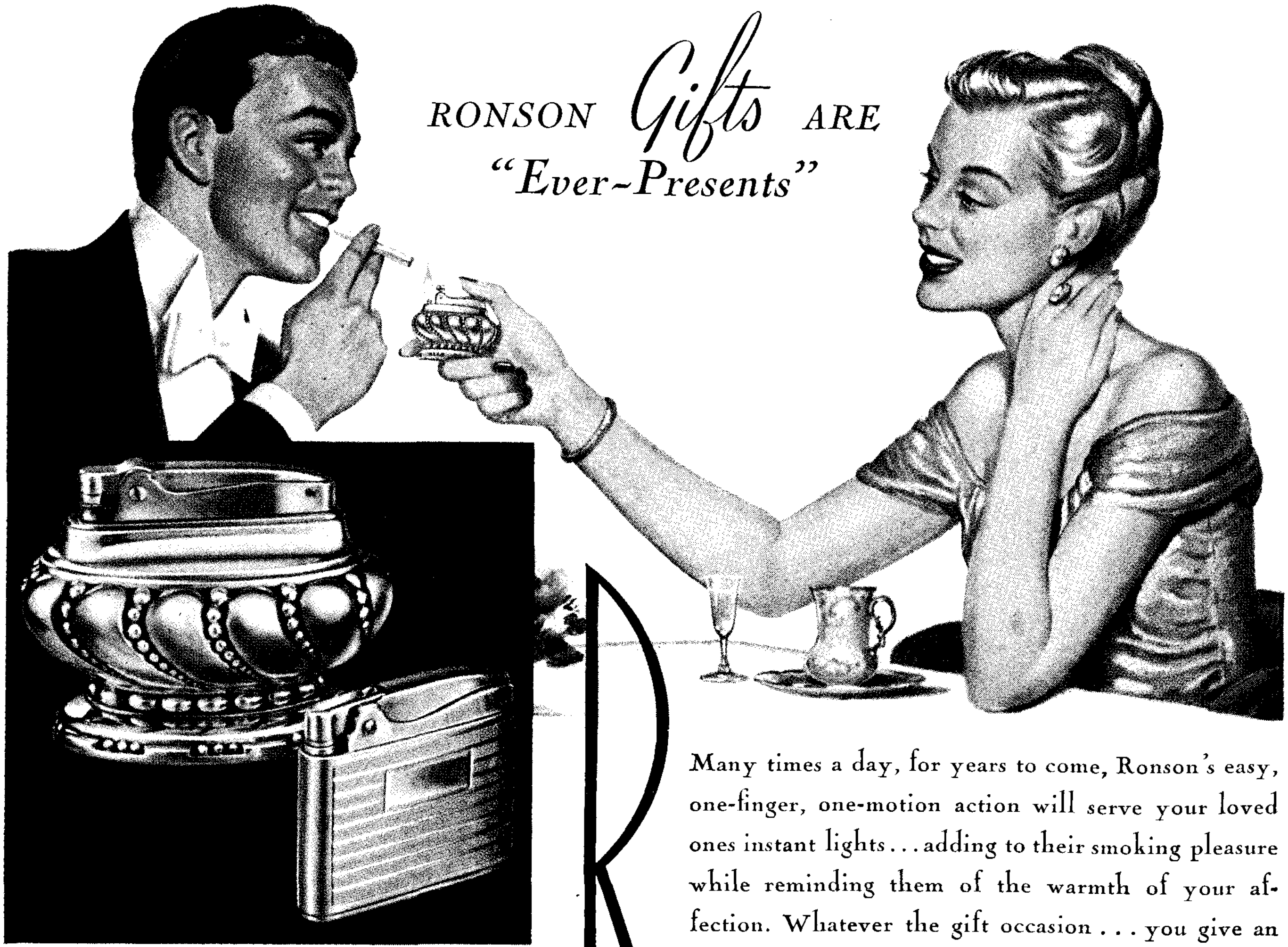

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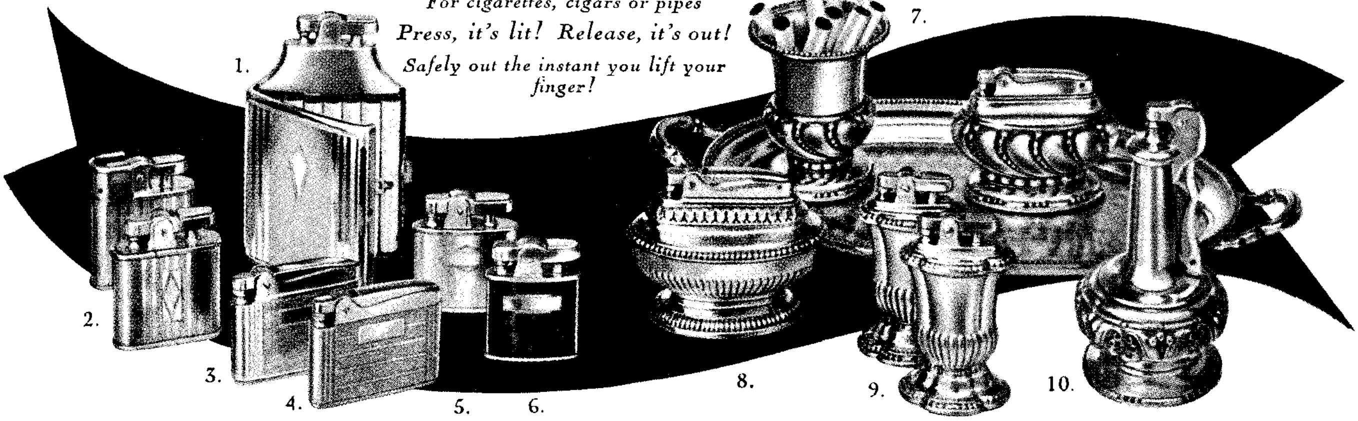
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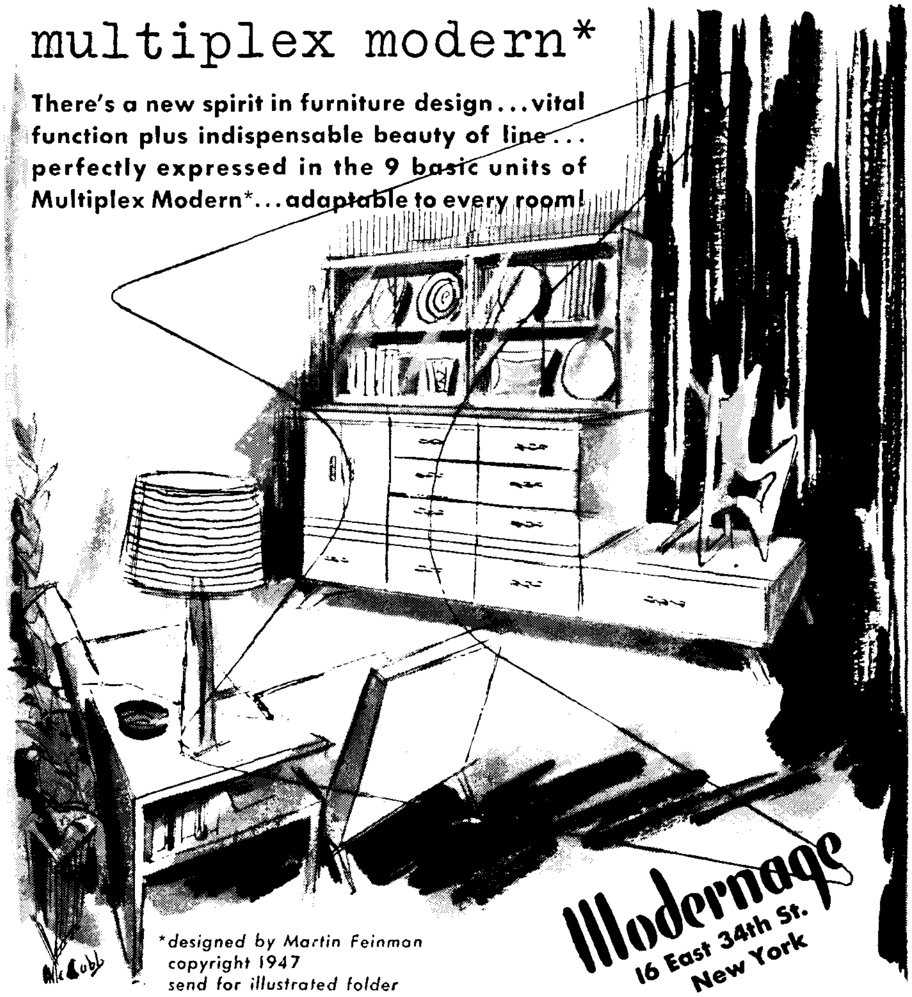
Arabesque, by Geoffrey Household (Atlantic-Little, Brown). A story of wartime espionage in the Middle East that is equipped with *tous conforts modernes*—gunfire, discussions of world politics, and a seduction. The principal character is a young Englishwoman, who is involved in everything except the shooting. After a dubious fling at free-lancing as a pro-Allied spy, she takes a civilian job with the Army. When her new employers get word of her ambiguous undercover past, she is peremptorily dropped from His Majesty's payroll and left to get along as best she can, which turns out to be dancing in a cabaret in Cairo. From that low estate, she salvages her reputation as a loyal subject of the King by spying brilliantly for the British when Rommel threatens the city. Not on a par with the bevelled craftsmanship the author displayed in "Rogue Male."

Something's Got to Give, by Marion Hargrove (Sloane). Mr. Hargrove on the radio industry. He, too, considers it a silly and unreal business, and he emphasizes his opinion by describing the adventures of two young couples who plunge heedlessly into radio's golden net. Their success on a chatty little program dealing with the care and feeding of babies is immediate and overwhelming. They soon discover, however, that the strain of being esteemed radio personalities is more than they can stand, but by that time they are committed to a contract that it is beyond their means to buy off. Their escape is finally engineered by a gossip columnist, who runs down their program until the sponsor is shamed into firing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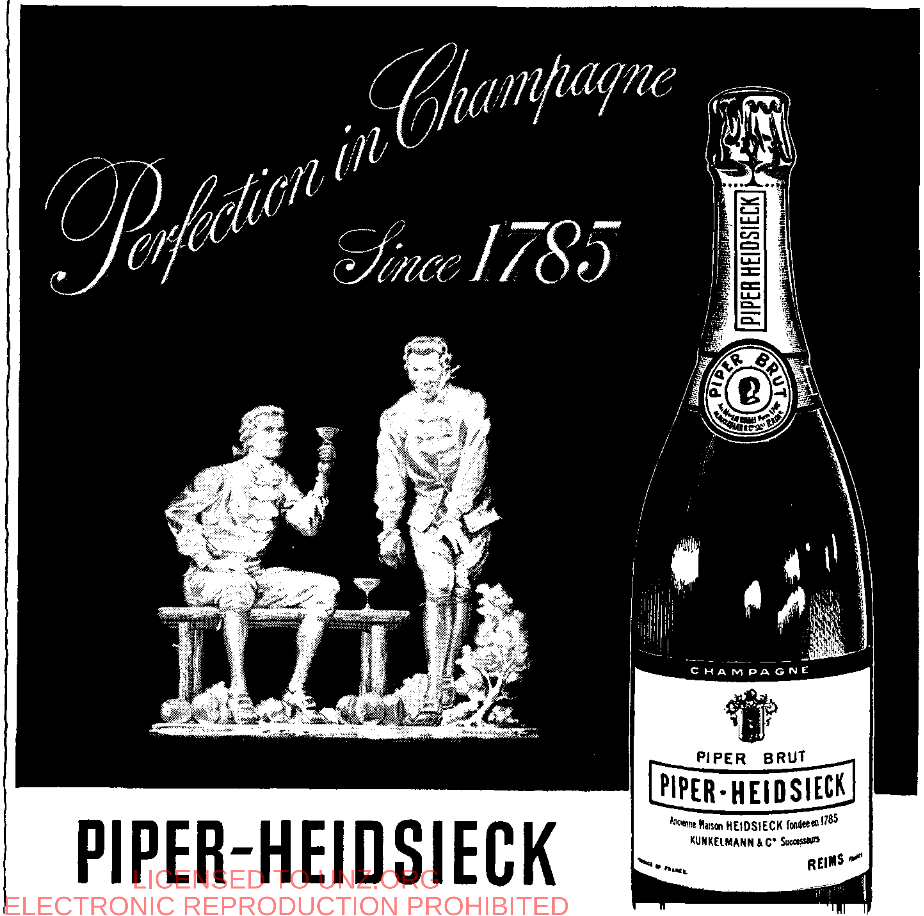
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depend on what you think of the author's brand of humorous writing, which contains a high percentage of rather obvious bounce.

Another Year, by R. C. Sherriff (Macmillan). An enterprising exposition of the popular notion that a short stay in Hollywood corrupts and permanent residence there corrupts absolutely. Unlike the protagonists of most novels dealing with Hollywood, who sense overripeness in the California air only after breathing it for months, Mr. Sherriff's central character, an English vicar visiting in the film colony, detects a threat to his integrity before he has completed his first role, which he undertakes because his daughter is the star of the picture. Nevertheless, when he is offered a long-term contract to play clerical parts, he is tempted to forget about his parish in East London. His decision to return home, because a boys' club he founded has greatly deteriorated in his absence, is scarcely more dramatic than the rest of the story, even if it would seem to be one of the more singular victories of God over Mammon.

Tobias Brandywine, by Dan Wickenden (Morrow). The story of a destitute actor's liberalizing influence on the members of a staid New England family. At the time of the hero's appearance at their back door in search of a free meal, the future beneficiaries of his advice and example—a fifty-year-old maiden lady and her somewhat younger brother—are leading cramped and joyless lives under the critical scrutiny of their father, a reverberating United States senator. Nine years later, when the actor at last relinquishes his place at their table, the maiden lady is openly keeping company with a gentleman of approximately her own age, her brother has fulfilled an ambition of long standing by taking a trip to Mexico, and the senator is in his grave. Harmless.

A Bridge at Branfield, by Josiah E. Greene (Macmillan). Postwar trouble in a small town in Connecticut. Some of the turbulence is a by-product of the ennui and economic disappointment prevalent among the town's returned soldiers, but the paramount instance of disorder, a murder, is the handiwork of a youth who escaped going to war because of a mental ailment. The author's endeavor to indict the entire adult population of the community for the crime because of its collective indif-ference to the spiritual needs of the young people, is fatally weakened by his portrayal of the murderer, whose mental aberrations are grave enough to mark him for disaster even among the most solicitous of neighbors.

The Marriage of Claudia, by Rose Franken (Rinehart). In this sixth installment of her saga of the modern American woman, Miss Franken attempts a eulogy of the joys of middle-class marriage. Unfortunately, her effort, which depicts the heroine and her husband gallantly sharing relatives, the logistic problems of family picnics, and worries about money and the children, emphasizes not the joys but the unavoidable tedium of such a state.

GENERAL

The Goebbels Diaries, edited by Louis P. Lochner (Doubleday). These journals of Dr. Goebbels, which cover the period from January, 1942, to December, 1943, constitute a literary monstrosity that has several interesting characteristics, historical as well as psychological—or pathological. The diaries give further evidence of the extent of the Doctor's wartime powers (second only to Hitler's), the astonishing range of his interests (he poked his nose into everybody's business, usually to everybody's sorrow), the vastness of his conceit, and the depth of his baseness. The entries are often unconsciously amusing, especially when the author writes himself into a state of ecstatic admiration for Dr. Goebbels and all his works. Obviously put together by a man with an eye on history but with no apparent awareness that he was suffering from grotesquely distorted vision. The Book-of-the-Month Club selection for May.

Stranger in the Earth, by Thomas Sugrue (Holt). A well-known writer and critic, now in his early forties and partially paralyzed, tells the story of his life, fitting it into the form of a long dialogue between himself—as he lay in a hotbox taking fever treatments for his mysterious affliction—and the clock on the wall. This fanciful device might easily trip up authors of lesser talent, but Mr. Sugrue handles it adroitly as he weaves in and out of his memory, speculating on sickness and society and God and men and women with humor, insight, and pleasantly deadpan malice.

The Mechanical Angel, by Donald Friede (Knopf). An informal autobiography by a partner in the now extinct publishing firm of Covici, Friede, concentrating mostly on the twenties, when the author was working and playing overtime to help establish the traditions of the Lost Generation. Mr. Friede, who, as a wealthy young man, went into publishing in 1923, acting on the advice of his psychoanalyst (which meant taking something of a flyer in those days), was also a dilettante art dealer, theatrical angel, and impresario. He put on George Antheil's "Ballet Mécanique" at Carnegie Hall and so sponsored one of the noisiest fiascoes in American musical history. He reminisces about many of the well-known characters who inevitably turn up in books dealing with the era he writes of, spills some not too savory publishing secrets, and throws in numerous bits of shoptalk, including an account of how he persuaded the sedate president of the Fifth Avenue Bank to lend him ten thousand dollars to publish "The Well of Loneliness."

A Russian Journal, by John Steinbeck, with pictures by Robert Capa (Viking). A record of a trip the Messrs. Steinbeck and Capa took to the Soviet Union last summer for the *Herald Tribune*, in which some portions of this book originally appeared. The two journalists went to Moscow, ate and drank Russian, talked English, visited collective farms and the ruined Ukraine, but never got out of the vacuum customarily provided by the Soviets for aliens in their midst. Both of them thought there was little likelihood of their getting any new or significant material on Russia, and they were proved right. It is, therefore, the quality of the text and pictures that recommends this work.

Civilization on Trial, by Arnold J. Toynbee (Oxford). Thirteen essays, most of them written in the last fifteen months, in which Mr. Toynbee considers various urgent issues of the day; they are related only insofar as they reflect his superior historical background and breadth of vision. Among the questions he considers are whether history necessarily repeats itself (no, says the author), what event of the twentieth century will seem most significant to future generations (the revolutionary impact of Western civilization on all other contemporary societies, is his guess), and whether there will be political unification of the world in the near future (a foregone conclusion, he is confident). As usual, Mr. Toynbee writes

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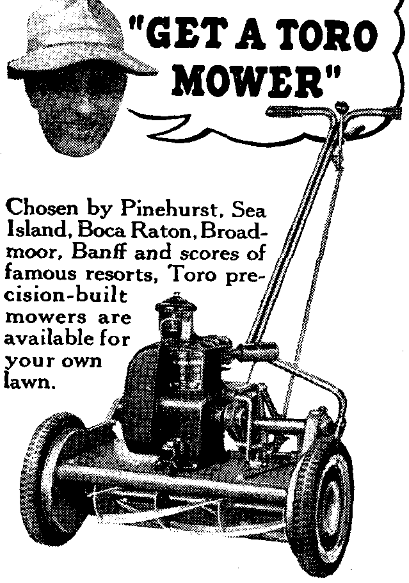

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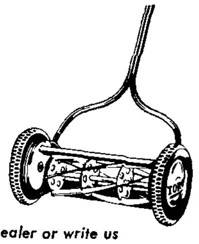

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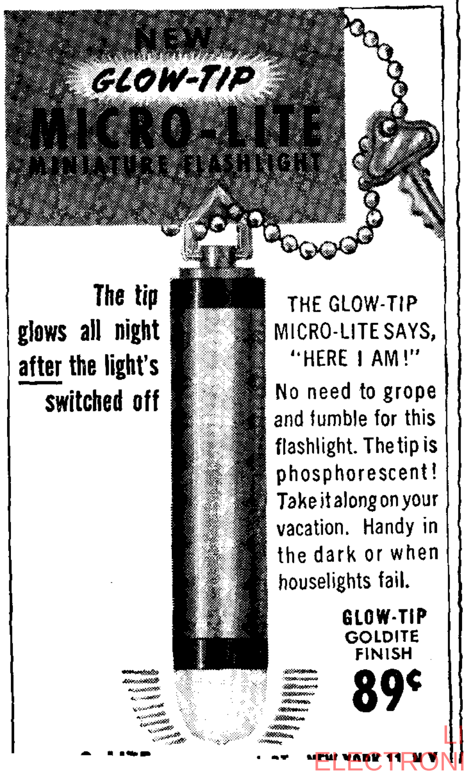

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mixture of philosophical honesty and light irony.

JEFFERSON THE VIRGINIAN, by Dumas Malone (Little, Brown). The first of four volumes of a projected work to be called "Jefferson and His Time." If the three to come are up to this one, the final result should be one of the classic biographies of the subject. "Jefferson the Virginian" covers the first half of the future President's life, during the better part of which period, whenever he spoke of "my country," he meant Virginia. It is concerned with his ancestry, boyhood, and education, his early years as a lawyer and architect, his governorship, and his drafting of the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Malone carefully details Jefferson's environment, intellectual and otherwise, to provide a basis for a solid understanding of the man. Illustrated.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE DEVIL AND DESTINY, by Theodora Du Bois (Doubleday). The Jeffrey McNeills, who go about their amateur detective work in a nice, unobtrusive fashion, ponder the problem of which one of the guests at a musicale given on an estate near New York drowned the dipsomaniac hostess by pushing her into the swimming pool. One of the principal suspects is a young lady who is convinced that she's under the thumb of Satan himself, and some psychiatric research that Dr. McNeill has been doing in a hospital proves useful indeed in clearing things up. Most improbable, on the whole, but smoothly presented.

●

The Balinese people lead a very irregular life, eating when they are hungry . . . and sleeping when they are tired.—*From "The People of Bali," by Philip Hanson Hiss.*

You can't civilize dopes like that.

●

WANTED—2 women to learn reproduction business; must be strong; good pay to start, with increase as soon as able to produce. M 61, Globe office.—*Adv. in the Boston Globe.*

Well, it'll take a little time at best.

●

DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Bayside (N.Y.) Times*]

A lifetime pen was presented to Fred Bender of 48-27 211th Street, Bayside, last week, as a memento of 30 years as a Bank

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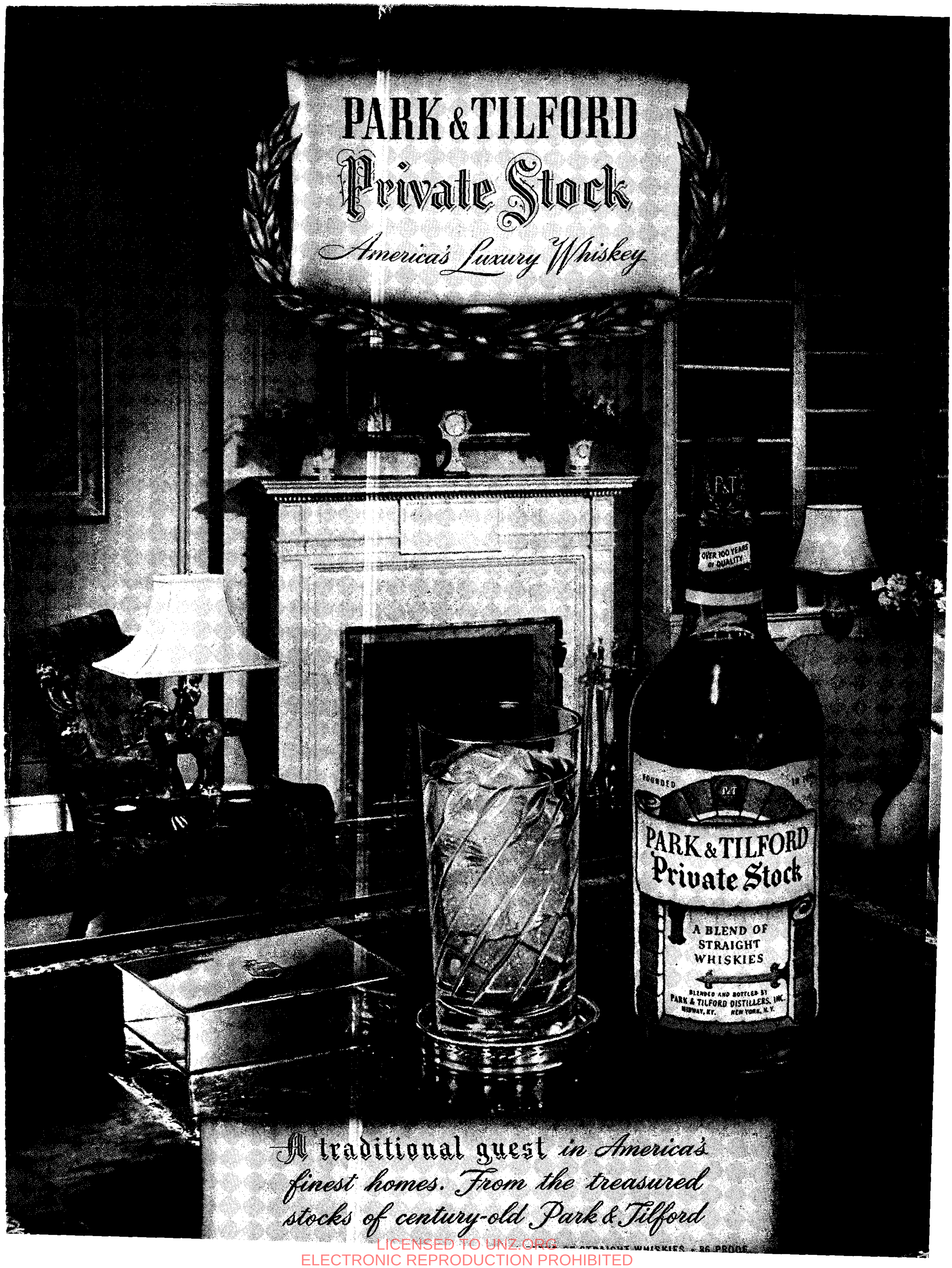
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